

The Australian

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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22 AUG 1951

# Sister

In this crisis, Fran realised, she must act a mother's part, instead of the sister role she had played in the past

ILLUSTRATED BY RON LASKIE

FRANCES FARNUM counted every fretful tick of the small alarm clock on the table beside her bed, but she refused to look at the luminous dial. Frances knew that it must be very close to morning. She had lain in the darkness for hours without closing an eye, and sleep was farther away than ever. Her fair hair was damp and tumbled from restless turning on her pillow. Her slender body was tense, and her head throbbed with fatigue and anxiety.

This was a new experience for Frances. She had heard other mothers tell of wakeful hours of waiting for their daughters to come home. And Frances had laughed at them, declaring that they had forgotten what it was like to be young.

Now it was happening to her—and for once in her lighthearted life Frances Farnum was unable to laugh. The anxious-parent role was not for her, she'd often said blithely. And even now she could hardly believe what was happening.

It should have happened very differently. Frances was to have gone to the country club dance with Bob Stanley. But Bob had been called out of town. Otherwise, Frances would have arrived at the dance at the same time as her young daughter, Susan.

If all had gone well, Frances would have worn a black taffeta that was a duplicate of the one Susan was wearing. Their short blonde hair would have been done in the same new fashion. And, as usual, their friends would have teased them about looking and acting like sisters.

Instead, Susan had gone out and her mother had stayed at home. But at the usual hour Susan hadn't come home. At first Frances had been almost amused at her own uneasiness. Then she had been annoyed. Finally, and for a long time now, she had been thoroughly frightened.

Suddenly she felt she couldn't bear the anxiety alone for another moment. She certainly didn't want to make an idiot of herself. But shouldn't she get up and call Eleanor? Years before, she had chosen Elea-

nor Davis as her partner in the Style Shop because Eleanor was pleasant, sedate, and practical.

The problem was what to tell Eleanor that made sense. You couldn't rout a person out of bed just to report that your daughter hadn't come straight home from a dance. And certainly Frances wasn't going to tell Eleanor about the queer telephone call this afternoon. It probably had nothing at all to do with Susan's tardiness, anyway.

But all these long hours she hadn't been able to forget about that man's voice, demanding Susan. It was a deep voice—rather theatrical, Frances had thought. At one time, Frances had known all of her daughter's friends; but Susan was studying singing this year and had made many new acquaintances.

Frances supposed this was some young singer Susan had met there—a young man preparing for a career in opera or musical comedy.

Susan—waving a bottle of her mother's hair tint—had come out of the bathroom to take the call.

"If this is a beau you're not using, I'm free to-night, remember," Frances said with a grin.

"Get lost, will you, darling?" her young daughter said pleasantly. Frances made a grab for the hair-tint bottle.

"Stop using that stuff," Frances said. "You're blonde enough. I'm the one who's got a grey hair. I found it this morning."

Susan yielded the bottle, yanked the belt of her dressing-gown about her diminutive middle, and said, "Hi," into the telephone. Frances saw her smile suddenly stiffen.

"Fade, please," Susan told her mother. "This is private."

There was nothing unusual about her affectionate impertinence. Under their code, eavesdropping was out. Frances had gone quickly towards her room. But before she reached the door Susan had said, "Yes. All right. I'll be there." And that was all.

The code didn't permit personal questions. Susan came into her mother's room a little later. But Frances didn't even lift an eyebrow. Susan said, "Don't get dinner for me. I might eat at the club."

Frances went on sewing and only observed, "You'll be there for the dance to-night, of course. If that fat Mr. Stevens cuts in on you, step on his toes for me."

Her daughter pulled on her gloves and smoothed the collar of her jacket. "Sorry to walk out on you, Fran, when your favorite boyfriend's away," Susan said.

"One Saturday night at home will do my character and my wardrobe good," Frances said. "I've meant for weeks to mend these slips."

Susan's farewell kiss was rather too casual, and Frances guessed that something out of the ordinary was happening to her daughter. It was the strain of a new, untried, unproven date, probably. Frances would hear about him when Susan came home from the dance.

They'd go into their regular Saturday night ritual then—sip hot cocoa and talk over the dance. Until then, Frances would have to wait.

Now the dance had been over for hours and still she was waiting. She



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# Act

By  
RUTH  
ADAMS  
KNIGHT

would have to call Eleanor, she decided, even though Eleanor probably would say the Farnum girls had no more sense than a pair of kittens, and this was what came of treating a youngster of seventeen like an equal.

Eleanor belonged to the old school and for years she'd been full of the direst warnings. "After all, you are her mother," Eleanor would say.

Yes, Frances was Susan's mother—and her father, too, and all the family she'd had in her seventeen years. When Susan was small, they sewed doll clothes and rode bicycles as if they both were a couple of kids.

As Susan grew older, they played tennis and went skiing together. Now they were swapping dresses and switching each other's gloves.

Frances heard the distant town clock strike. She counted. One, two, three, four! Four o'clock in the morning. She felt real terror now. She would call Eleanor.

The telephone rang just as she pushed the bedclothes aside. She'd imagined its sound so many times already that for a second she doubted it was real. It shrilled again. Frances stumbled towards it in the darkness, her heart pounding. She lifted the receiver.

"Mrs. Farnum? This is Bennie," said a rich Italian voice. "Bennie—you know me? You come sometimes to my cafe on the River Road."

Frances remembered. Bennie's was a pleasant Italian restaurant where she and Bob Stanley often drove for spaghetti and red wine. Bennie, friendly and middle-aged, always served them himself. They'd been there only a few weeks ago and taken Susan.

"Yes, Bennie. What is it?"

"Mrs. Farnum—" He hesitated. "Mrs. Farnum, your girl—the little Miss Susan. Has she come home yet?"

Frances caught the excitement in his voice. Something had happened; something that concerned Susan. Instantly and instinctively, Frances was defensive. If Bennie believed Susan were home, he would think she already knew about it—whatever it was. He would talk freely.

She made herself say calmly, "Must you talk to her, Bennie? It's pretty late."

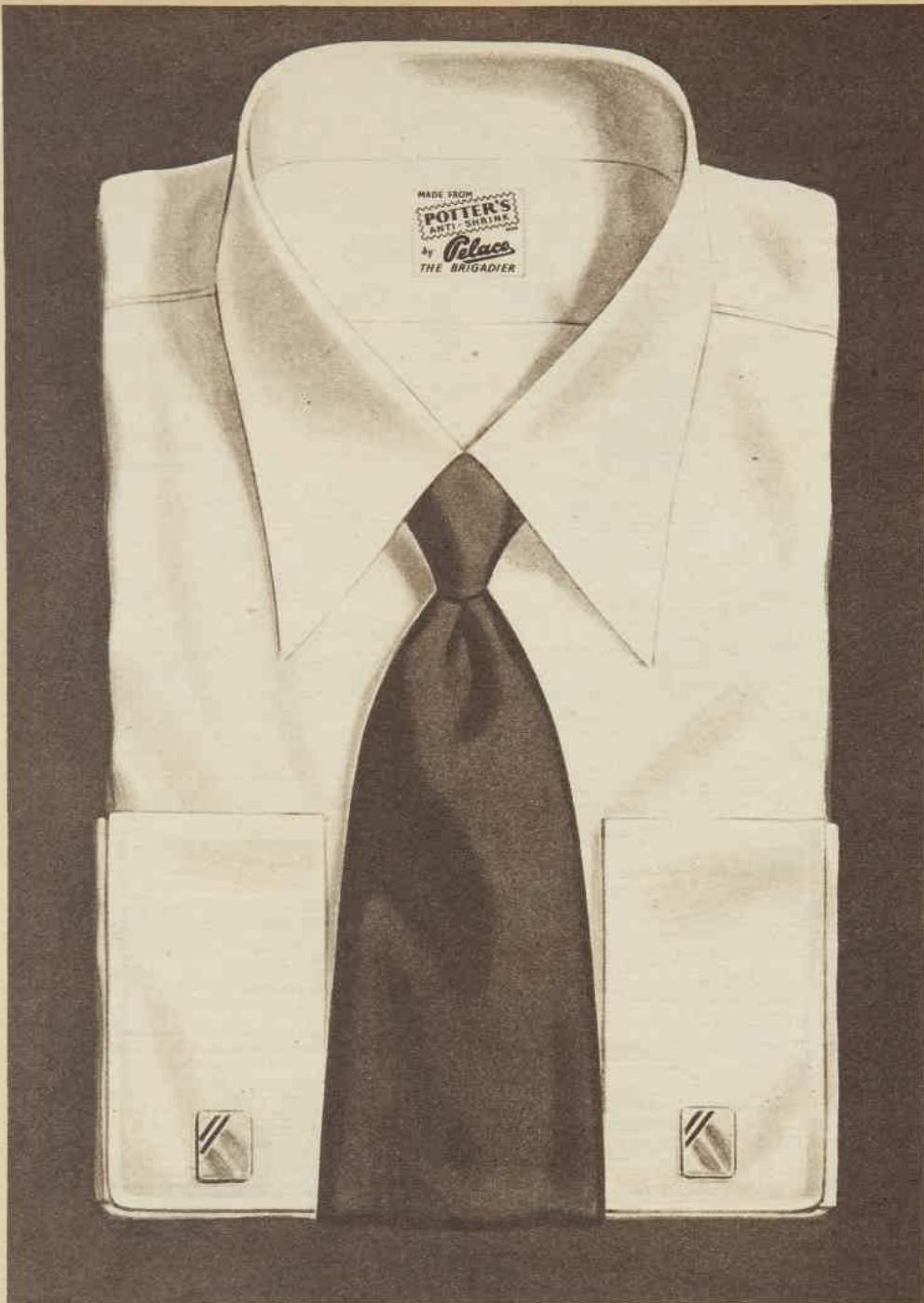
"That is why I am scared when I found she had disappeared—poof—like smoke. I look for her every place. But she is gone." He spoke with pathetic earnestness, as though he were close to tears. "Mrs. Farnum, believe me—such a dreadful thing never before has happened in my restaurant."

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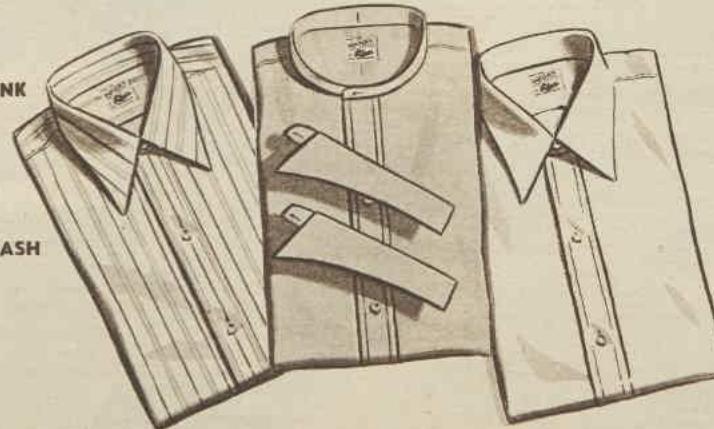
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"Susan, why didn't you come home last night, instead of going to Eleanor?" Frances asked quietly.





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 CANNOT STRETCH  
 CANNOT FADE  
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 EASIER TO DRY  
 EASIEST TO IRON



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 26, 1950

# A TOWN

# LIKE ALICE

PART THREE OF A TEN-PART SERIAL

JEAN PAGET unexpectedly finds herself sole heir of her deceased uncle, wealthy Douglas Macfadden. The will, however, provides that the estate must remain in trust until she is thirty-five, and NOEL STRACHAN, elderly solicitor, has charge of her affairs.

Jean was in Malaya during the Pacific War, and one evening she surprises Strachan by saying that she would like money to go back there and build a well. Explaining this, she tells him for the first time of her war experiences. She was one of a party of civilians taken by the Japanese in their advance through Malaya . . .

The women and children are separated from the men of the party. Then, because there is no prison camp for them, they are sent away under guard to walk to the nearest camp.

But they pass on wearily from village to village still without reaching any camp, and suffering badly from exhaustion and privation. One woman dies, and there has been a great deal of illness among them when they stumble into yet another village, only to hear that there is no camp for them here either.

MRS. HORSEFALL, who has assumed leadership of the party, protests to the Japanese officer in charge of a nearby encampment, demanding that they should be given proper food and medical attention. NOW READ ON:-

WITHIN an hour, a Japanese doctor, very young, came to the schoolhouse where the women were quartered. He had them all up one by one, examined them for infectious diseases, then left without further comment.

They stayed in that schoolhouse under guard, day after day. On the third day they sent for the doctor again, for Ben Collard was obviously worse. Reluctantly the doctor ordered his removal to the hospital in a truck. On the sixth day they heard that he had died.

Jean Paget crouched down on the floor beside the fire in my sitting-room; outside a change of wind had brought the London rain beating against the window.

"People who spent the war in prison camps have written a lot of books about what a bad time they had," she said quietly, staring into the embers. "They don't know what it was like, not being in a camp."

They stayed in Klang eleven days, not knowing what was to become of them. On the twelfth day Major Nemi paraded them at half an hour's notice, allocated one corporal to look after them, and told them to walk to Port Dickson. He said that there might be a ship there to take them down to Singapore; if there was not they would be walking in the general direction of the prison camps.

That was about the middle of March, 1942. From Klang to Port Dickson is about fifty miles. It took them till the end of the month. They had to wait several days in one village because Mrs. Horsefall went down with malaria and ran a temperature of a hundred and five for some time.

She recovered and was walking, or rather tottering, within a week, but she never recovered her vigor and from that time onwards the leadership fell more and more upon Jean's shoulders.

By the time they reached Port Dickson their clothes were in a deplorable condition. Very few of the women had a change of any sort, because burdens had been reduced to an absolute minimum.

Jean and Eileen Holland had nothing but thin cotton frocks that they had worn since they were taken; these were now torn and ragged from washing.

Jean had gone barefoot since the early stages of the march and intended to go on without shoes; she now took another step towards the costume of the Malay woman. She sold a little brooch for thirteen dollars to an Indian jeweller in Salak, and with two of the precious dollars she bought a cheap sarong.

A sarong is a skirt made of a tube of cloth about three feet in diameter; you get into it and wrap it round your waist like a towel, the surplus material falling into pleats that permit free movement. When you sleep you undo the roll around your waist and it then lies over you as a loose covering that you cannot roll out of.

It is the lightest and coolest of all garments for the tropics, and the most practical, being simple to make and to wash. For a top, she cut down her cotton frock into a sort of tunic, which got rid of the most tattered part, the skirt, and from that time she was cooler and more at ease than any of them.

At first the other women strongly disapproved of this descent to native dress; later most of them followed her example as their clothes became worn out.

There was no haven for them at Port Dickson, and no ship. They were allowed to stay there, living under desultory guard in a copra barn, for about ten days; the Japanese commander then decided that they were a nuisance, and put them on the road to Seremban.

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By NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH DALGLEISH



The Australian smiled down at Jean. "You're English, dinky-di? All the way from England?"



# The lady needed clothes

By WILLIAM E BARRETT

**Hortense was dumb and she creaked in the joints at times, but she really started Dan on the road to success with his business as well as with Connie.**

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

**C**ONNIE DAWSON was one of those girls who can wear anger like a new hat, like something colorful added to something nice. Her blue eyes became bluer when she was angry and her tiny figure became taut. Her voice did not become shrill; it merely acquired a husky quality. When she clenched her fists, the gesture emphasised the fact that her hands were small, totally unfitted for violence, and made for gentle deeds. She reduced Dan McKenna to the status of spectator-participant in every quarrel they had.

"No man has the right to break a dance date on the afternoon of the dance," she said furiously.

"You don't understand, Connie. Max is a good chap, and he's in trouble."

"All of your clients are good chaps. And all of them have trouble and none of them have money."

There were tears in Connie's eyes. Tears were becoming to her, too. McKenna had to take a firm grip on the impulse to do something about them. His impulses were always being throttled or slapped around when he was near Connie.

He just could not do anything about her except take up her time and keep other male people away from her; he could not even ask her to marry him in the vague future. As she said, none of his clients ever had any money. A man made a pretty thin living out of the poverty of other people.

He faced her, standing on the walk in front of her house.

"If you break this date I'm never going anywhere with you again, Dan!"

There had been quarrels before, many of them, but no ultimatums. On the other hand, client's right to his lawyer's time and effort was comparable to a patient's right to a doctor's time and attention. There was professional faith and integrity involved.

"I'll try to get back in time, Connie," he said. "I may be late, but—"

Her eyes stopped him. "That's not good enough, Dan!" she said.

She turned swiftly, and there was a flash of nylon-clad legs as she ran up the two steps and across the verandah. The door slammed decisively behind her.

Dan McKenna slowly throttled the impulse to run after her and just as slowly turned towards his car. It was forty miles to Bannerton and Max Riddel. His enthusiasm for Mr. Riddel was running low.

Max, he told himself, had only himself to blame for everything that happened to him. He had come out of the army with two ambitions: to marry a girl named Betty and to go into business for himself. The bonds he bought with his army savings financed the wedding and a loan financed the business.

He let Betty select the business, and they went into a small style shop, ladies and children's wear a specialty. Betty convinced him that she knew the business; by the time Max discovered that she didn't know anything about it, he was bankrupt. Betty walked out on him.

McKenna reviewed the dreary story as he drove to Bannerton. There was nothing about the town to lift his spirits. The buildings were squat structures and most of them needed paint. Max Riddel's place had gold letters on the window, and black letters on a

swinging sign spelled out "Chez Riddel." That was Betty's idea, and it had been a mistake. The farmers who shopped in Bannerton called it "Cheese Riddel," and their wives ordered clothes out of mail-order catalogues.

Inside the store Max sat on an empty packing-case. He was a short, thin man in his late twenties, with the gentle, suffering eyes of a poet and the lined face of a man who has been through war and bankruptcy. Dan McKenna towered over him, husky, deep-chested, embarrassed.

He looked around the stripped store.

There were crushed cartons on the floor, and torn paper ankle-deep, a broken mirror resting against a wall. There had been a creditors' auction and this was all that was left.

"I'm sorry, Max," he said.

Max shrugged. "This trouble is all over. I've got more coming up. It's Betty again. She's suing me for divorce."

"What grounds has she for divorce?"

Max looked bitter. "I don't know. Non-support, maybe. Or mental cruelty. Or maybe talking back to her. Marriage is no good, Dan."

McKenna frowned. "Everybody doesn't have to marry Betty. Let's look into things."

Looking into things took time. The affairs of Max Riddel were in no sense simple. He owned a house in another State. Betty's father held a mortgage on it and Betty's brother was renting it. His brother-in-law owed him money and he owed money to his father-in-law, and Betty was divorcing him. There were other complications.

McKenna made notes on the back of an envelope, then split the envelope and made notes on the inside.

It grew dark in the store, but the street lights in the courthouse square threw light into it in two long shafts.

When McKenna stood up to go, Max lifted a detaining hand. "Wait a minute!" he said.

He went into the back room and McKenna heard him stumbling around. When he came back he was carrying a window model—a cheerful, black-haired girl in a torn gingham dress. He stood the figure carefully in one of the shafts of light and raised one of her arms in a greeting sign. The figure seemed very happy about everything, and Max was smiling, too.

"I hid her in the wash-room," he said. "I like her, Dan. Around this store for months she's been the one cheerful thing." Worry came back into his dark eyes as he looked at Dan McKenna. "I couldn't put her up

for auction. I want you to take her."

"Me?" There was protest and shocked surprise in McKenna's voice, but he was looking into the face of Max Riddel, into the face of a helpless, incompetent client who asked much and could pay nothing, the son of a domineering father who had married a domineering wife, and who had too many relatives. There was a desperate need in Max Riddel to give something to a man who had helped him.

McKenna drew a deep breath. He patted the shoulder of the model. "I call her Hortense," he said. "Don't ask me why."

McKenna did not ask him why. He did not ask him, either, what a lawyer was supposed to do with a plastic model for women's wear. Max never thought about to-morrow because he was always worried to death about to-day. Max just wouldn't know.

**D**AN MCKENNA'S office was on the third floor of the Farmers' Exchange Building, a fairly good building, but not first rate. Nothing that Dan McKenna had was quite first rate. He walked down the corridor from the elevator at eight-fifteen in the morning and stopped with his key in his hand. Through the frosted glass of the door there was a new touch, the shadowy silhouette of a woman seated at the typewriter desk.

McKenna opened the door slowly. Hortense had her head slightly tilted, and her welcoming smile greeted him. He had seated her there last night, without attempting to pose her, and he had the illusion that, somehow, she had slipped into the pose herself.

"Good morning, Hortense," he said gravely.

He felt good, amused. He so seldom started a day with a sense that life was amusing. The scantly clad, shapely figure behind the typewriter gave him a sense of lift. He could see what Max meant. Life would never get Hortense down.

"I'll bet I'm the only lawyer in the world who has one," he said.

There was a letter in the typewriter, half written. He had left it because it was stilted and futile and unconvincing, even to himself. It was a letter to Caleb W. Irker in a town named Bent's Lodge. Mr. Irker owed Walter Johnson a small sum of money, and Mr. Johnson had given McKenna the job of collecting it. That was a sample of the legal business he had been attracting.

Mr. Irker would ignore the letter, as he had ignored all of Walter Johnson's letters. It cost too much to collect small sums from people in places like Bent's Lodge, and Mr. Irker knew it. Walter Johnson would not blame Dan McKenna; he would go along, as he had been, giving his other legal business to Arlington and Arlington.

McKenna snapped his fingers. "You finish it, Hortense," he said. He sat in his own swivel chair and leaned back.

Nothing in the office had fulfilled his dream of what his office would be. He was twenty-eight and he wasn't getting anywhere. There was dust on the law books which stood so imposingly in his bookcases, and his desk was half buried under piles of unimportant papers and trifling correspondence. The colorful figure in the secretary's chair dramatised the shabbiness of it all, the outward signs of inward failure.

He glanced at the desk calendar. Yesterday's date was uppermost, and there was a cryptic notation: "Fred Tucker, United Importers, Arlington."

Dan McKenna stared for a long time at that notation. Fred Tucker was his client, another hapless penniless stray, who had been hit by a truck owned by United Importers and Wholesalers, Limited. McKenna had telephoned United Importers' solicitor yesterday. He had telephoned twice and left his number. Nothing had happened. The second time, he had told Grover C. Arlington's secretary that he was representing Fred Tucker.

His silent phone mocked him now. The whole silent office mocked him. Hortense seemed to be waiting for something to happen. So was Dan McKenna.

"That's the trouble with you," he told himself. "You sit around waiting—like a dummy. One dummy per office is enough." Dan McKenna reached for his phone.

A voice said: "Good morning, Arlington and Arlington."

Dan McKenna rocked his chair. "Mr. Arlington, please," he said.

"Mr. Grover C. or Mr. Clarence?" McKenna grimaced. Inwardly he thought, "Whoever wants to talk to Clarence, for crimes' sake!" He kept his thoughts out of his voice. "Mr. Grover C. Arlington," he said.

"Just a moment. I'll connect you with his secretary." The voice sounded the way Hortense looked, stupidly cheerful and anxious to be liked.

McKenna stared at his own name in reversed lettering on the door. "That," he thought, "is wrong. Dan McKenna" sounds like a poor man's lawyer."

Another feminine voice, crisper and not so cheerful, said, "This is Mr. Arlington's secretary."

McKenna's chin stiffened. "This is Daniel W. McKenna," he said, "and I want to talk to Arlington."

"I'll see if—  
"You put him on the phone!"

There was a gasp, a wait; then a cool, detached, masculine voice: "What can I do for you, McKenna?"

"Not a thing. If you're representing United Importers, you can do something for them. I'm representing Mr. Frederick Tucker."

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Page 7

# FIVE STRAY LAMBS

By BARRY PEROWNE



**T**HE idea of getting some good, for once, out of his five elderly aunts first occurred to Rex Bellmer while he was playing squash.

He was a large, pink, self-indulgent man of thirty-five, with crinkly, dark, well-barbered hair. He regarded the best of everything as no more than his due, and for some days he had been preoccupied with greedy speculation as to how he could manage to get a couple of de luxe months at Monte Carlo on the current limited travel allowance.

Into his slightly protuberant brown eyes, as the thoughts of his aunts occurred to him, came a naturally stupid man's look of inspired cunning, and he entirely missed a chance to bring off a simple drop shot.

His laughter echoed in the hollow-sounding court as he shouted boisterously, "Hole in the racquet, old boy!"

He could see no hole, however, in the scheme for which he proposed to recruit his five elderly aunts. It seemed to him a natural. He was astounded that he hadn't thought of making use of them before.

After his shower he got into his big, low-slung car, standing outside the squash club, and headed straight down into Surrey, where his aunts lived together in a rather cramped, red-brick villa.

He once heard a girl-friend of his describe his aunts as "perfect lambs," but it was now some time since he had visited them, and, as he drove, he wondered with a twinge of uneasiness if they would receive him with cordiality.

He had inherited his considerable fortune from his uncle, the late Simon Lent, of Lent Hall. While there had been no question of hanky-panky about the will, the late Simon Lent had been a quick-tempered, eccentric man, given to the tearing up and remaking of wills at the drop of a hat. It so happened that he had been taken off by a peremptory apoplexy during the currency of a will in favor of his nephew, so that everything had come to Rex.

Simon Lent's five sisters, of whom three were spinsters and two were widows, each had a modest income of her own. Living together as they did they had quite enough, Rex considered, for old ladies to get along on. And, in fact, they had made no complaint about their exclusion from their brother's will, except for a mild reprobation—especially from Aunt Bernardine Lent—when Rex had let them know that he expected them to move out of Lent Hall.

Very naturally, Rex had decided to make his own country home at Lent Hall. The excellent shooting and fishing would have been totally wasted on five old ladies; and for them to have remained there when he was constantly bringing down gay parties from London would have been very disturbing for them, bad for their nerves.

The kindest thing to do had been to suggest that they make a nice little labor-saving home together somewhere else, fairly far away.

It was true that, as Aunt Bernardine was apt tediously to point out, Lent Hall had been their childhood home; but this constant harking back, this dwelling among old memories, seemed to Rex to be pernicious for them, quite unhealthy. Anyway, going down to Lent Hall while they were there always made him feel like Bramwell Bronte on an off-day at Haworth Parsonage.

The door was opened by Aunt Tosti—so-called because, as a girl, she had been a great hand at singing Tosti's "Goodbye." A suggestion of far-off drawing-room musicals still remained in her elaborate grey coiffure, her opulent curves, and the magnificent shot-silk she wore over her black dress.

"Goodness!" she cried, with well-controlled delight. "Why, goodness, it's Rex!"

Her thrilling, still musical, contralto voice brought Aunt Hilary into view between the red-sashed, white lace curtains of the narrow hall. Aunt Hilary was little and fragile, with frizzy auburn hair; she wore many rings and lockets and had a gold watch pinned to her dress.

*Please turn to page 48*

ILLUSTRATED BY  
BOOTHROYD

*"Well, aunts, I have wonderful news for you!" Rex said.  
"I'm taking you all for a holiday."*

*It was a man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo,  
Rex had heard, but his aunts made it quite clear  
to him he should not believe everything he heard*



The Australian Women's Weekly,  
August 26, 1959 — Page 6

# Adelyn

announces a lovely  
range of the new seasons  
styles in Grafton anti-shrink  
fabrics now available at all  
leading stores. Here is a  
typical Adelyn in  
Grafton Lavenelle



## Sister Act

FRANCES waited for him to explain, afraid to ask the questions forming in her mind.

"Mrs. Farnum, how was I to know?" Bennie said. "Maybe the first time they came here together I should have said to you something. Believe me, thinking of that woman I have not been happy. But the Signor Paul is a big man—a teacher. So I told myself there can be nothing wrong—that even a wife like his could not suspect the little Miss Susan. But to-night when she finds them here—together—she made a terrible scene."

This was the result of lying there fretting for so long, Frances told herself. She was having a nightmare. In her dream, Bennie's voice was pouring out details of some fantastic story . . .

Susan was having dinner in a private room with a man called Signor Paul. And an angry woman was struggling with Bennie, who couldn't keep her out, though he told her over and over: "Nothing is wrong here. I give you my word they come only to talk the music."

"Talk—while I sit at home he is with this babyface," the woman had screamed. "This time I have caught him! This time I will have a divorce!"

Everyone in the place could hear her. Bennie had shoved away the curious ones who came crowding in from the bar. But the woman had no shame.

"Let the whole world see how faithless is this Paul! Let them know about this husband stealer, this—" She called Susan a name then, a very bad name.

It had taken Signor Paul and Bennie together to get her into Signor Paul's car. Then Signor Paul said, "Bennie, take care of Miss Farnum for me." Bennie went to find her. But Susan was gone.

Now Bennie was calling because he could not sleep until he knew she was safe at home. His voice seemed to come from a great distance. But Frances realised by now that this was no nightmare. This was really happening. And if she were going to faint she'd better not do it until she had said something . . . and the right thing . . . to protect Susan.

"It was a very unfortunate misunderstanding, Bennie," she heard her own voice saying matter-of-factly. "Of course, the woman must have been drunk."

"That one was not drunk," Bennie said. "I know her for a long time. Always she is like that . . . crazy in the head when she is jealous. Mrs. Farnum, take care of the little one. For believe me, here is a very dangerous person."

Frances put the receiver back in its cradle. She sat quite still, trying to think carefully. Out of the tumult in her mind she picked certain facts.

Signor Paul was a teacher, Bennie had said. That must be Susan's instructor in dramatic art. Paul Armando. She'd mentioned him earlier in the year, laughing. The girls were all mad about him, she'd said. But she hadn't shown any special interest herself.

And yet to-night, in a private room at Bennie's, she had been with him. And his wife had found them there together . . . the wife who was going to tell the whole world Susan Farnum was a bad woman.

Frances went into her bedroom. She began to dress, her fingers moving automatically. With her coat on she walked into Susan's room and stood frowning at the empty bed. Where was the girl who should have been sleeping in it now? Where should she begin looking?

Out of the chaos of her thoughts came a sudden memory: a chance remark by Eleanor Davis. "What about the time when she needs some-

*Continued from page 3*

one older and wiser, Fran? Where will she go then?" The question was its own answer.

Where, indeed, but to Eleanor?

Frances rang the doorbell, and almost at once Eleanor let her in. Eleanor had a net over her hair and was in her tailored robe. She looked competent and dependable, but the expression on her face was accusing. Frances pushed past her into the living-room. Susan's small face was pale as she huddled beside the empty fireplace. A figure of hopelessness, she looked up at her mother.

"How did you know I was here, Fran?" she asked.

"Bennie telephoned."

"Oh, no . . ."

"Don't look so tragic." She kept her tone, her words purposely light. "He said you got pulled into the floor show at his place. I figured if you wanted heavy advice you'd come to Eleanor for it."

Susan's blue eyes were those of a lost child. "Eleanor says there's nothing to do," Susan said. "She says it's too late now——"

"She has got herself into a simply hopeless mess," Eleanor said. Out of their years of association Frances knew Eleanor was using irritation to cover a very real heartbreak, but that her opinions would be honest. "I don't see how you could have let a thing like this happen, Fran——"

"You know me—the national featherbrain champion. The question is: What do we do about Susan?"

"What can you do about a girl in a case like this?" Eleanor asked. "If the woman's bent on ruining Susan's reputation in this town she'll do it, whether her charges stand up in court or not. Once the papers get hold of her story——"

**C**RYING softly, Susan said, "Eleanor, I told you it isn't true—what she said."

"If there's a scandal, Susan, will the scholarship committee you're trying so hard to impress care about details? Or the stuffy mothers of your friends at the club? They'll even take it out on Frances. We might as well close the Style Shop now."

"But, Eleanor," Susan said unhappily, "she can't prove a thing. No court will give her a divorce without real cause——"

"The thing she obviously wants most is revenge," said Eleanor. "She knows she'll get that by blackening your name. And the more you fight her charges, the more publicity there'll be. The best thing that can happen will be for her to get her divorce quickly. After you marry this Paul of yours, people may forget."

"That's what you think Susan should do, Eleanor?" Frances asked quietly.

"It's the only way to stop the gossiping tongues," Eleanor said. "Fran, you know communities like this. The Farnum girls have been very popular here. But you're two women alone. You're attractive, both of you. You make other women uneasy. There will be plenty of them ready to believe this, and act on it."

"Do you want to marry this man?" Frances asked Susan. She thought of all her plans for the future: the scholarship, Susan's career, the nice boy she'd find one day.

The girl looked close to collapse. "I'll have to tell you the whole story now, I suppose, Fran——"

Have to tell! Susan, with whom she shared everything, had said that.

*Please turn to page 24*

## Interesting People



COLONEL CHARLES SPRY

... security chief

DIRECTOR - GENERAL of Security Service, Colonel Spry is noted for his ability to cut through red tape. His appointment will interest Army men who served with him in the Middle East and New Guinea. A Dunroon graduate who served in India on the Northwest Frontier, he has just completed two years as member of the Commonwealth War Book Committee and is now turning his energy to Security. Brisbane-born, he is married, with three children.



MISS ENID BLYTON

... children's books

AUTHOR of 200 books for children, Enid Blyton finds time to write at least 10,000 words a day. In private life wife of surgeon Mr. Kenneth Waters, Miss Blyton has two daughters, Gillian and Imogen. The family lives at Beaconsfield, England, where Enid Blyton combines home and career. As well as this she writes a fortnightly children's magazine, and receives fan-mail from young readers all over the world. Her books are not sensational, but reflect her interest in the doings of a normal home-life.



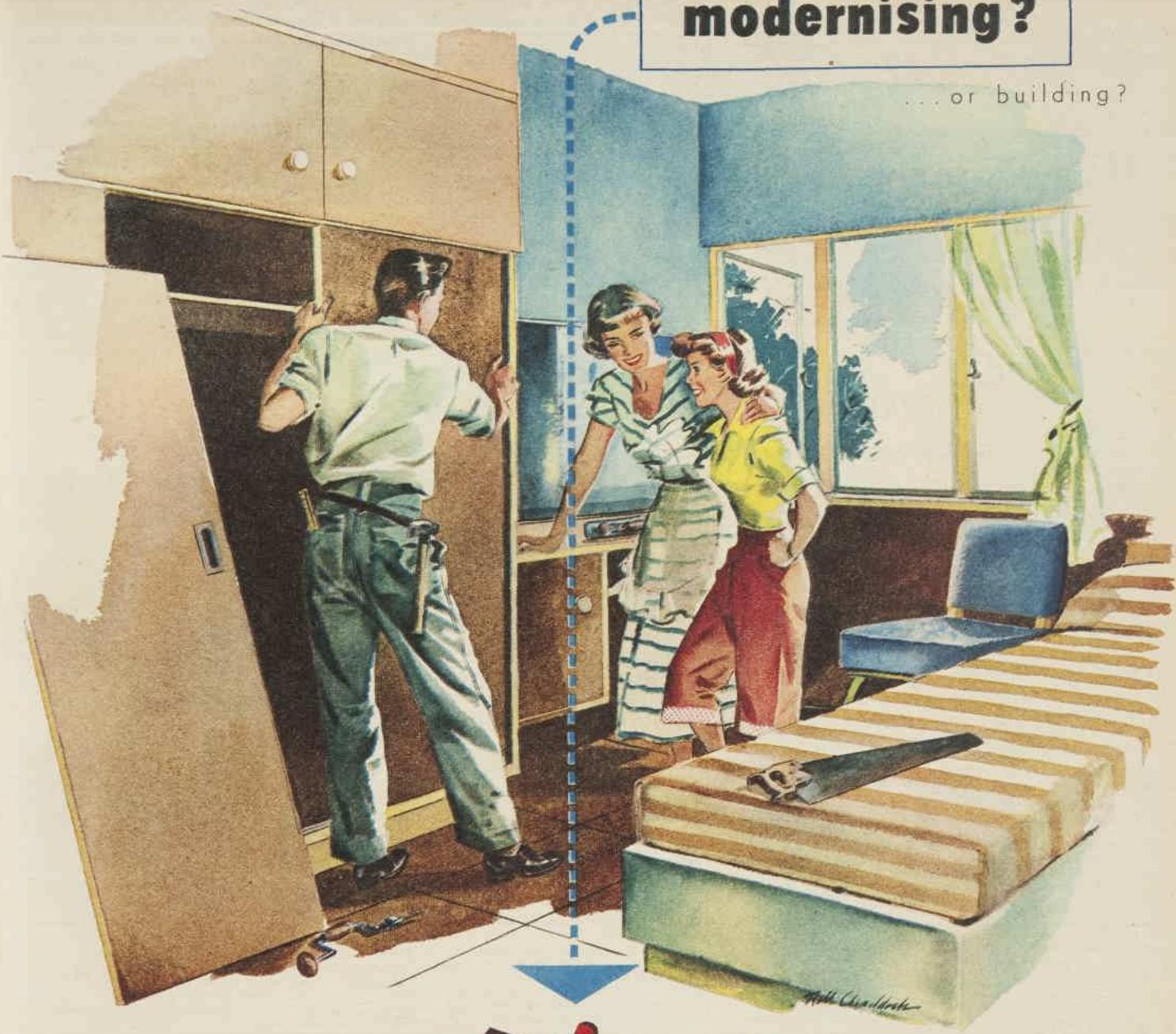
MR. WILLIAM CONSTABLE

... stage designer

CHIEF regret of artist William Constable is that while overseas he missed the premiere of the ballet "Corroboree," for which he did the decor. In his two and a half months away he was impressed by the plays "Ring Round the Moon" and "Venus Observes," presented in London. "Touching on stage design, I saw nothing overseas that hasn't been used here," said Mr. Constable. "Olivier thought he had something new with fluorescent lighting, but in Singapore most Chinese theatres were using it in garish red and green effects."

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## Navy in war theatre ...



*MARRIED last December. Stores Assistant Warwick Randall, of Northcote, Melbourne, and his pretty wife, formerly Florence Bonnell.*

### Action stations, but ships still fight for pin-up girl

From MASSEY STANLEY, our correspondent with U.N. forces

After making a brief operational trip with the destroyer Bataan, I returned to find the frigate Shoalhaven in port.

THUS within little more than a week-end I was able to meet the crews of two ships representing the Royal Australian Navy in Korean waters. I found the spirit of both crews wonderful, especially considering that Shoalhaven at the moment the crisis broke out was about to be relieved in Japanese waters by Bataan after 18 months away from home.

That must have brought the reality of war home to Valma Mohr, of Lismore (N.S.W.). She and Able Seaman Graham Renaud, fitter and machinist, were to have married the first Saturday in August. Though keen about the unexpected opportunity for active service and experience new to most of both crews, Shoalhaven men would not be human if they were not disappointed at the sudden indefinite postponement of the home trip.



Chief Cook A. M. Plotzki.

SHIPS of the Royal Australian Navy are in the Korean war zone, doing duty with United Nations forces under General MacArthur. First on active service were the destroyer Bataan and frigate Shoalhaven, which were in Japanese waters with the Occupation Force. The destroyer Warramunga sailed on August 6 to join them. On these two pages are stories of how the war is affecting the lives of Australia's men at sea—and those left behind.



*MISSED WEDDING. Miss Valma Mohr and her fiance, Able-Seaman Graham Renaud, were to have married first week in August.*

five years ago. Because her name—an exception among Australia's Tribal Class destroyers—is a compliment to the Supreme Commander's most memorable Pacific engagement, she is America's favorite among R.A.N. ships.

Mrs. MacArthur invariably pays a social call when Bataan is in Tokyo. In the suite of the captain (Commander William Beresford Marks) is a signed photograph of General MacArthur with a hand-written inscription: "To H.M.A.S. Bataan from one who fought there.—Douglas MacArthur."

During spells in harbor Bataan is the centre of a conflict that the various navies take almost as seriously as the Korean war. Americans and Australians not serving in the destroyer concede Bataan to be at present the senior ship, because prominently displayed in Bataan's wardroom is a seductive picture of Esther Williams, swimming film star.

No mere pin-up is Esther, of black lace brassiere. The R.A.N. adopted her in 1943, when escort vessels provided for the Burma campaign were based in Trincomalee.

Esther Williams' picture became a trophy in a probably unprecedented intership contest, limited to ships of the destroyer class and below.

The rules were—and are—that "fighting copy" of Esther had to be displayed in the wardroom and left in an easily detachable position. If members of any other qualified wardroom captured the fighting copy by fair means or foul, the defeated ward-

Action stations meant that from 6 a.m. until the "All clear" sounded, which was at 10.30 a.m., the ship services were reduced to the barest minimum and the galley were closed.

Working through the previous night, Plotzki and White made 300 bully beef, pork and bean, and cheese sandwiches.

Bataan has been a focus for very pleasant British-American contacts ever since she began occupation duty

# ...duty separates newlyweds



LEADING SEAMAN PAUL FIMERI says good-bye to his wife, formerly Daphne Hoye, of Camperdown, N.S.W. The couple were married only a month when Fimeri sailed in Warramunga.

room had to send them the original copy the following day.

The contest for the Esther-Williams trophy became international after the Japanese surrender, and Americans have held Esther for most of the occupation period.

Whatever other experiences she has, Bataan is certain to be a target in several port raids, as a signal has circulated through American and Australian ships, "Where is Esther?" and Bataan has had to own up.

Shoalhaven—like most of her crew and the crew of the Bataan—has no previous war service. Bearing the name of a New South Wales coastal district, she was built by Walkers Ltd., of Maryborough, Queensland, in 1947.

Her captain is Commander Ian Hunter McDonald, originally of South Australia, who married Sydney newspaperwoman Marjorie Goodison.

Shoalhaven has not as many trophies or works of art as Bataan, but it's proud of one—an original watercolor of a Shoalhaven landscape painted by Leonard H. Long and presented by the Municipal Council and Chamber of Commerce in Nowra, New South Wales.

## R.A.N. pay better

SEVERAL men in both Bataan and Shoalhaven have been transferred from the Royal Navy. They include, aboard Bataan, Petty-Officer J. J. Smith, of Southport, Lancashire, with 13 years' naval service, almost three on detachment to the R.A.N.

He has two children, Barbara (8) and Barry (6), both born in England. Like Mrs. Smith, they are very happy with their Australian home at Narrabeen (Sydney).

Petty-Officer G. K. Sharp, of Plymouth, has been in the Royal Navy 11 years. He hopes before the end of this year to marry Miss Eileen Scullion, of Balgowlah (Sydney), and spend their honeymoon in Tasmania.

Royal Navy men say there is not a great deal of difference between the navies but a great deal of difference between English and Australian pay and conditions.

"I couldn't keep a family decently on R.N. pay, even in Britain," Petty-

Officer Smith told me. "But by English standards we get by on my R.A.N. pay."

From my experience of Bataan, conditions on board naval ships are certainly improving. I remember being astonished at seeing an ice-cream plant aboard an American cruiser years ago. But on Bataan we had ice-cream every day. Supply Petty-Officer R. J. Hall, of Canterbury, Sydney, told me that in Far East waters Australian ships got ice-cream powder from the Americans. In fact, eight per cent. of the R.A.N.'s provisions—mainly eggs, bacon, and potatoes—are from American supplies.

I didn't see any parrots aboard, but several men have hobbies. In both ships, Christmas dolls' houses were under way. One man was doing a rehabilitation course in carpentry.

On the night we returned from the mission we had picture entertainment. As a member of the R.N. Film Association, Bataan gets 16-millimetre films every fortnight. One we saw that night, "The Lady Vanishes," with Dame May Whitty, must have been in circulation a long time, but everybody enjoyed it.

Life that pleasant night seemed idyllic, but I had been aboard less than three days. The rest of 250 men had been cooped up in a small ship for nine days.

You should have seen the faces of the young matelots next day when over the public address system came the announcement that the commander had granted shore leave for the afternoon and evening.



STEWARD Matt Douglas, ex-R.N., of Warramunga, who married Wyong girl Mavis Roberts in July, carries tea for the morning break. The couple hastened their marriage when Matt received sailing orders. Mavis works in Melbourne, but she waited in Sydney until Matt sailed for Korea.

By SHEILA PATRICK

THE two most unfortunate men on board the destroyer H.M.A.S. Warramunga, on her way north to join the United Nations force in Korean waters, are Leading Seaman Paul Fimeri, of Kogarah, and Steward Matt Douglas, of Lakemba.

Both left in Sydney brides of only a few weeks.

Successful amateur boxer and ex-R.N. Matt Douglas met Mavis Roberts, of Wyong, last year. They became engaged and were going to marry at Christmas. When Matt received his sailing orders they hastily prepared for their wedding in 14 days and were married on July 20.

Leading Seaman Paul Fimeri comes from North Adelaide. He had been engaged to dark-haired Daphne Hoye, of Camperdown (N.S.W.), for 20 months when word came that he was going overseas. They decided to marry immediately.

Although married only a month when the ship sailed, Mrs. Fimeri is resigned to being left behind. "I knew when we became engaged that being a sailor's wife is a tough life, so I can take it," she said. "I'll be lonely, but it will be all the



HAPPY TO BE OFF to the Korean campaign, Captain's secretary, Lieutenant-Commander Robin Angel, R.N.



OFFICERS IN MESS aboard Warramunga (from left): Lieut. Ted Lesh, of South Yarra, Vic.; Lieutenant-Commander Robin Angel; Lieut. Deane Bennett, of Handorf, S.A.; Lieut. Neville Crosthwaite, of Beechworth, Vic.; Lieutenant-Commander Geoffrey Gladstone, of Lane Cove, N.S.W.; Lieut. John Griffin, of Adelaide.

more wonderful when my husband comes home."

Veterans of World War II, who were in the Warramunga when she was commissioned in 1942, Chief Petty-Officer Ron Evans, of Warraba Street, Hurstville, and Engineer's Writer Frank Gough, of Glenora, Tasmania, both have families.

## Wants Daddy home

CHIEF PETTY-OFFICER EVANS, who served on board H.M.A.S. Napier as well as Warramunga during World War II, said: "I think we may as well be in it now as wait until it's too late. My wife is used to my going away. I've been in the Navy for 15 years. It's my little girl who doesn't like her Daddy leaving. She's only five."

Frank Gough thinks it is a good thing that Warramunga is going to Korea. "My wife and family in Tasmania don't agree with me, but sailors' families are used to saying good-bye," he said. "We'll have to go sooner or later and I'm glad we are getting in early."

Two officers who are itching to get to Korea are bachelors Lieutenant-Commander Robin Angel,

R.N., of London, and Lieutenant John Griffin, of Adelaide. Dark, good-looking Lieutenant-Commander Angel came to Australia in 1948 on loan from the R.N. for two years and likes it so much he hopes to have his term extended. "I love being in Sydney, but think a bachelor is safer at sea," he said.

Lieut. Griffin is an observer with the Fleet Air Arm, and is aboard Warramunga to obtain his sea-going watch-keeping certificate. "I'm glad to be going back into a bit of action," he said. Lieut. Griffin served in the R.A.A.F. during World War II, attached to R.A.F. Mosquito Squadron 239 in England. "The only drawback about not being married is having no one to knit woollen comforts," he said.

Warramunga's new captain, Commander Humphrey Becher, D.S.C., of Sydney, has as distinguished a war record as the ship herself. He spent much of his war service in destroyers, and recently was ship's commander in aircraft-carrier H.M.A.S. Sydney. He has been transferred from his post of Commanding Officer of the Radar Training School at Watson's Bay to take command of Warramunga.



LIEUT. D. H. SMYTH, who was A.D.C. to the Governor-General (Mr. McKell), serves with the destroyer Bataan.



PETTY-OFFICER J. J. SMITH, formerly of Lancashire, serves with Bataan. His wife and two children live in Sydney.



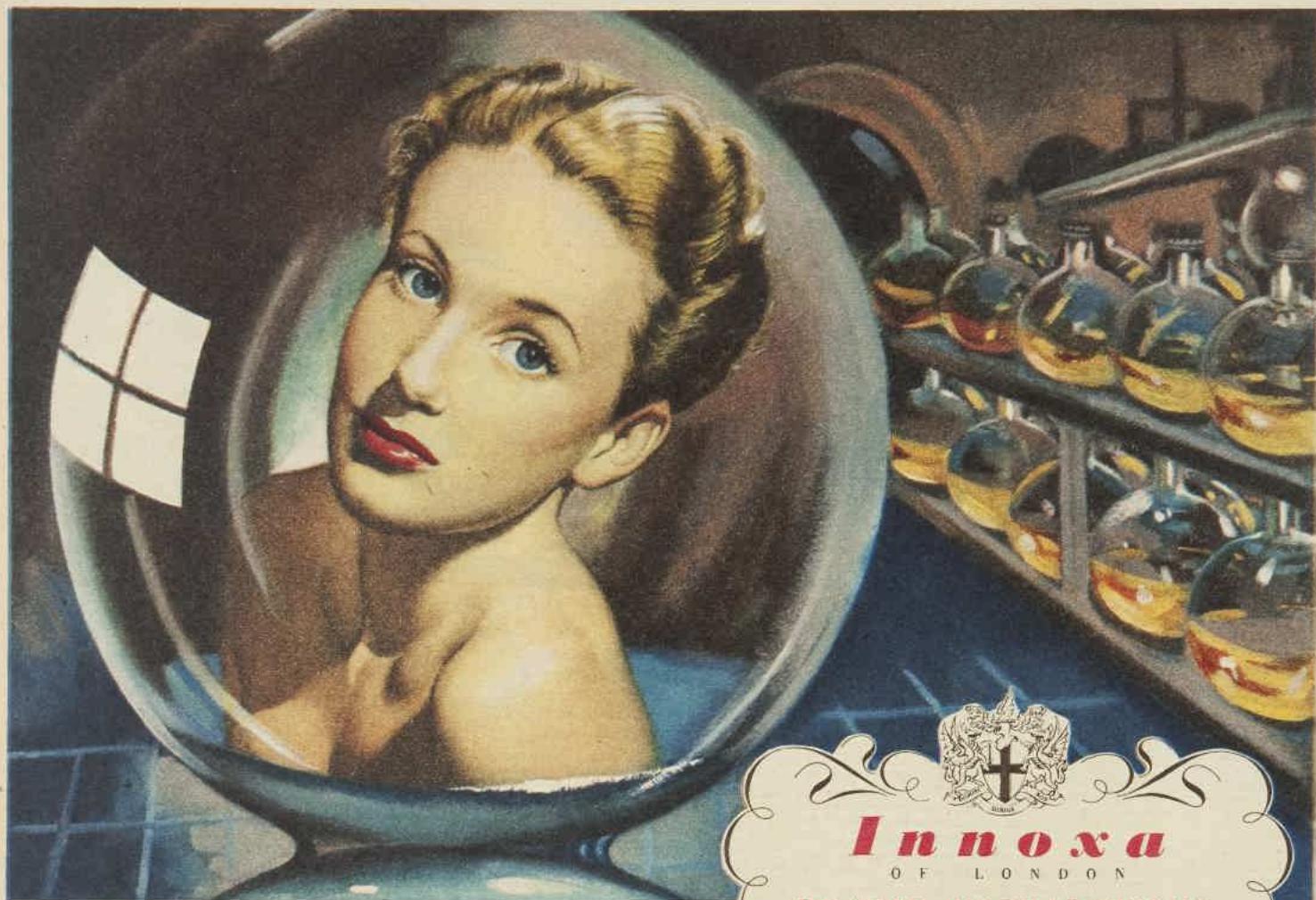
PETTY-OFFICER H. J. HALL, of Devonshire, is trying to get a transfer to Australia. Serving with Shoalhaven.



PETTY-OFFICER G. K. SHARP, of Plymouth, hopes to marry Miss Eileen Scullion, a Sydney girl, before the end of the year.

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# Village doctor achieves world fame

From MARCIA PICKARD  
in London

In the heart of the North Riding of Yorkshire, over the hills from the Bronte country, a country doctor and his wife are busy preparing for a visit to Australia.

THEY are Dr. and Mrs. William Pickles, who will visit Australia next year as guests of the Australian Post Graduate Federation in Medicine.

Perhaps it seems strange that a self-styled country general practitioner should have something to tell doctors in Britain, U.S.A., and Australia. The answer is simple. Nineteen years ago, prompted by the unique opportunities a country doctor has, Dr. Pickles began his now famous system of charting the spread of infectious diseases. The charts have thrown much light on the periods of incubation and infectiousness of epidemic germs.

Dr. Pickles has two young partners, Dr. Bernard Colman and his wife, Dr. Katherine Colman. Mrs. Pickles prepares the charts.

Mrs. Pickles, though untrained in secretarial work, would be a credit to any big business organisation. She is a very active woman, not noticeably inconvenienced by her deafness, which has afflicted her since early childhood.

As post-graduate lecturer in Australia for 1951 Dr. Pickles will speak of his work in Wensleydale—a dale so delightfully green in summer, so grey in winter; so remote from London and yet only 270 miles away.

Dr. Pickles' home is in Aysgarth, which is one of 20 Wensleydale villages that he includes in his practice. About 2600 people live in

## Germs from seaside

Aysgarth village, with a population of 300, including those on outlying farms, has four shops, a smart garage, a blacksmith and plumber, a monumental mason, and an antique but comfortable pub, the George and Dragon. There is a pretty church, St. Andrew's, out of the village over Aysgarth's Upper Falls, but a chapel in the village draws the congregations.

The doctor finds his district just as much as he can cope with. The practice extends five miles up the dale from Aysgarth and five miles down the dale. Then there are side dales, each of them 10 miles long.

I went with Doctor Pickles on his rounds to see people in Aysgarth, Thornton Rust, Worton, and Ask-

rigg. Through the dale the river Ure winds, eventually becoming the Ouse, on which stands the ancient Roman capital, York. In the local tongue Ure is Yore, and hence the name of the county.

The country is packed with history. Across the river from Aysgarth towards Redmire is the decayed Castle Bolton, where Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned for nine months. Lord Bolton lives in one wing.

The green dale-country of Wensleydale, the hillsides divided by typical Yorkshire greystone fences, is dotted with black-faced sheep and well-fed cattle. It is a prosperous district.

In winter the snow falls deep and the cattle and sheep are hustled into the grey barns, which are built of the local stone that gives a characteristic greyish to all the buildings in the district. But when I was there it was time for hay-making while the sun still shone.

If Dr. Pickles has a chance to get away from the cities of Australia he will be among country people, watching the work of country doctors. He is a country man, aware of the supreme importance of the simple life. He is a genial and outspoken as the Yorkshire dalefolk he loves.

"We country doctors stand on a

strategic pinnacle for the investigation of infectious disease," he said. "Country doctors tend to remain in

one practice and to become part of their district.

A country practice is like a ringed fence—you attend everyone. You know just what is going on.

"I know what markets the farmers frequent, the schools their children attend, the young people's love affairs, the visits to large towns for shopping, the yearly expedition to the pantomime, and the summer trip to the sea."

Dr. Pickles says that annual trips to the seaside and the pantomime almost always result in at least one child returning home with a germ of measles or influenza.

Few people in the medical world knew of Dr. Pickles' important work until May, 1939, when the doctor published a limited edition of his book, "Epidemiology in County Practice." Since then, there has

been scarcely a week without some medical man arriving at Aysgarth. Last year Dr. and Mrs. Pickles entertained at their home 73 doctors and medical students.

Early July brought Professor F. M. Burnet, of Melbourne, to Aysgarth for his second visit within four years. Professor Burnet and his wife stayed a few days, and have promised "to be on the quay at Melbourne" when the Pickles arrive there.

Other Australians who have been to Aysgarth this year are Dr. and Mrs. Bob Wall, of Tasmania. Dr. and Mrs. Gray Anderson and Dr. and Mrs. Norman Wettenhall, of Melbourne, were there last year.

Dr. Pickles' book, dedicated to the people of Wensleydale, describes the path along which epidemics travelled to isolated villages. The charting system is simple. Down the left-hand side of a large sheet of graph paper Dr. Pickles (or Mrs. Pickles) marks the names of villages. If a disease breaks out in a village, a square is colored opposite the appropriate name—red for influenza, blue for measles. As the epidemic spreads the graph shows how many are down with the disease and on what day they succumbed.

On his rounds Dr. Pickles takes

notes in a pocket diary to supplement the charts.

Much of the type of Dr. Pickles' book was destroyed by German bombing in 1941. The demand for the book grew, and it was entirely reset and reissued without change in 1949.

Dr. Pickles' achievements are the outcome of a true love of medicine—a family trait. His father was a



DR. AND MRS. WILLIAM PICKLES outside their home in Aysgarth, York. The Pekingese pup, Nu-ki, belongs to Mrs. Pickles.

doctor and four of his five brothers were doctors.

William, who graduated from Leeds Medical School in 1909, is the only survivor in his family. Since 1912 he has lived in Aysgarth with only the war years 1914-18 away from the dale. At that time he served with the R.N.V.R.

The zenith of his fame and success, in which he takes a delighted pride, came recently when his old school—the medical school of the University of Leeds—conferred on him an honorary doctorate. He was announced there not just as the Dr. he claims he is, but as a distinguished Yorkshire doctor who has been the Milroy lecturer at the Royal College of Physicians, the Finlayson lecturer in Glasgow, the Cutler lecturer at Harvard, and a Woodward lecturer at Yale.

The Pickles' were married in 1917, Mrs. Pickles being the daughter of a Lancashire business man "in cotton," who had crossed from his own country to settle in the dale.

They have one daughter, Patience, who returned to her mother's county when she married.

Dr. Pickles and his wife will work in Australia as a team, just as they did two years ago when they visited

U.S.A. and Canada, staying at 17 centres in two brief months. At lectures Mrs. Pickles looks after lantern slides while Dr. Pickles explains his methods of studying epidemics.

Some of the most delightful trips these two have made together have been to Oxford, where as a member of the Nuffield Trust Medical Advisory Council Dr. Pickles has attended a number of meetings. At Oxford the eminent Adelaide neurosurgeon, Sir Hugh Cairns, Nuffield Professor of Surgery at Oxford, suggested to Dr. Pickles the Australian visit.

Those who hear Dr. Pickles in Australia will be listening to a man who is a scientist in the best sense of the word. His book—he gave me a copy of it—is a delightful account of systematic research arising from a country doctor's experiences.

It carries an inscription that expresses the ideal Dr. Pickles has followed through his life of science.

From T. H. Huxley Dr. Pickles repeats: "Sit down before fact as a little child: be prepared to give up every preconceived notion: follow humbly and blindly wherever nature leads, or you shall learn nothing."



ANCIENT CASTLE BOLTON is also in Dr. Pickles' area. Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned here for nine months.

AYSGARTH VILLAGE, where Dr. and Mrs. Pickles live. The scene is typical of 20 Wensleydale villages that Dr. Pickles includes in his rounds.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 26, 1950

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 26, 1950

# Soldiering in Korea is job for tough men

## Ambushes continually threaten in rugged, mosquito-ridden country

From MASSEY STANLEY, our correspondent with United Nations forces in Korea

Australians who volunteer for service in Korea will find that this war demands toughness of the highest order.

I have seen all of South Korea still held by the United Nations—front line and base areas.

I HAVE been twice to Parallel 38 (the border between North Korea and South Korea) on air-bombing and strafing missions with the Americans.

And I would say to ex-soldiers among volunteers: "Think of the worst places you've soldiered in and you get some idea of what Korea is like."

Korea has extremes of temperature. Since the war began there has been unbearable heat, but if the war lasts until winter, troops will have to fight in bitter cold.

For Australians the preliminary period in Japan will be pleasant—in such spells as the still training programme will allow.

It is no longer news after the B.C.O.F.'s four years of experience that Australian soldiers have never had better conditions anywhere than in Japan. That is what makes the contrast with conditions 100 miles or so across the water so stark.

No part of the countryside I have passed through shows any sign of poverty, but the peasants, whatever the size of their rice paddies or vegetable gardens, live drab lives in mud huts reminiscent of Arab dwellings, except that the roofs are gabled and thatched instead of flat.

The dirt and litter of their towns, villages, and houses would horrify a Japanese peasant.

Everywhere fleeing Southern Korean trudge along in the eternal white clothes, carrying incredible burdens, men with wooden frames strapped on their backs and women with loads on their heads. The misery of the scene has been enhanced by a constant stream of refugees from the north, swelling as the retreat continues.

When Taegon fell, the only modern town left to United Nations forces was Pusan. Divisional headquarters were always set up in a school.



MASSEY STANLEY, our correspondent in Korea, knows his battlefields. He sailed early in 1949 with the 2nd A.I.F., and served as a sergeant in the Middle East.

As a war correspondent in New Guinea, he followed the Kokoda Trail campaign to describe from personal experience the difficulties of jungle fighting.

The rugged nature of the country lends itself to ambushes, which are a constant danger.

However far forward a correspondent goes—seven are dead or missing through being ambushed or cut off in sudden withdrawals—to file his dispatch he must return to headquarters, which possess the only means of communication with the outside world.

A correspondent, like everyone else, then has two choices. He takes his single blanket outside or he doses on the schoolroom floor.

Whatever he does heat, mosquitoes, and fleas are just as bad.

Korean conditions are so widely tough that even air crews—those not based in Japan—have to rough it.

The compensation for the great risks faced by airmen has generally been that if they get back to base it is clean and comfortable, with all conveniences. But air crews based in Korea are no better off than infantrymen.

At the front the issue is "rations dry." The only warm issue is an occasional dixie of coffee.

The primitive conditions, especially in trains, are very hard on the wounded.

Not since the jungle warfare in New Guinea have the wounded had such a rough time. Much of their transport is improvised.

Front-line doctors generally get the wounded away in jeeps. Further back the men are transferred to regular ambulance wagons, now without red crosses, which North Koreans have consistently fired at.

Up to now it has not been possible to provide even a minimum of comfort for the worst cases until the tortuous journey to the railhead ends. Comforts have taken a long time to arrive, but Red Cross packets now go forward as regularly as rations.

Australians will stand up to the hardships better than the first American troops, mostly green rookies of the 24th Division. The Americans were not only green. They had led a soft life on the west coast of Kyushu, one of the most pleasant places in Japan.

### Not soft now

SELDOM have a bunch of youngsters had such a searing experience—but they are no longer soft.

After the arrival of the First Cavalry Division and 25th Division they were stationed in an area south of Taegon, ostensibly to "rest." But they got very little rest. Within days they had to take the brunt of a Communist attack from the southwest through Chinju, and they fought doggedly every inch of the way.

In Japan Australia's fully trained 3rd Infantry Battalion, which is a ready nucleus of the Anzac force now being raised, is exercising in mountainous terrain similar to Korea.

The battalion's Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. F. S. Walsh, of Melbourne, explains that this is only to keep the men in the alert. The battalion is fit enough to leave for Korea at a moment's notice.

The exercises are being held a long way from the battalion headquarters, at pretty Nijumura, four



MOUNTAIN BATTLEFIELD. (Above) United Nations forces are fighting in difficult country like this. Here a soldier of the Republic of Korea peers from a camouflaged position overlooking a valley near the 38th Parallel. (Right) A forward American communications group under camouflage of straw.

miles from Kure—formerly the Japanese Navy's greatest dockyard and shipbuilding centre, but B.C.O.F. headquarters since February, 1946.

Mrs. Hopkins, wife of Major-General Hopkins, Deputy Chief of General Staff, gave Nijumura its pleasant name, which is Japanese for rainbow, more than three years ago.

Not one member of the battalion stood back at a special parade organised to enlist volunteers for service "outside Japan." Enlistment in the R.A.N. and R.A.A.F. automatically involves service anywhere. But Australian infantrymen in the B.C.O.F. were enlisted for service in Japan, and could not be ordered to any other theatre outside Australia without formally volunteering.

Absence of the men while training is preparing the few wives in this largely bachelor battalion for the longer separation to come.

Five weddings this year have increased the number of battalion wives in Japan from four to nine.

Altogether there are 119 B.C.O.F. families—the B.C.O.F. is now 100 per cent Australian—living at Nijumura.

Following Mr. Menzies' announcement that the B.C.O.F. would be disbanded, all B.C.O.F. wives at the time the Korean war broke out were packing up for a return to Australia ahead of their husbands.

Now the order disbanding the B.C.O.F. has been suspended, but the wives and all dependents are still being sent home. Most will sail before the end of August.



MAZDA  
They Stay  
Brighter  
Longer!



ELECTRIC LAMPS

AUSTRALIAN  
GENERAL ELECTRIC

Representative in Australia for The British Thomson-Houston Company Ltd. England

## Blueprint for car travel without care

It appears to be the commendable custom of author Frances Dale, her husband, and two congenial friends to pool their resources each year and go to Europe for their holidays by car.

Written for what its author calls "financial in-betweens," like herself, a friendly and instructive little book, "Bon Voyage," or "How to Enjoy Your Holiday in Europe with a Car," has grown out of their experiences.

SOME chapters might equally well be entitled "How to Enjoy Your Holiday in Australia with a Car."

Anyone who has ever faced the seemingly impossible task of finding space for the assorted luggage necessary to even the shortest motoring trip will recognise the author's wisdom when she writes:

"Assemble your luggage on the pavement. (If you do not garage the car at home.) Ignore the rather ostentatious way in which pedestrians swerve into the road to avoid the mounting mass. Gather together suitcases, bags, coats, open all the car doors, and the lid of the boot.

"Make perfectly sure that the car is quite clear of any ordinary day-to-day litter, take a deep breath, light a cigarette, and begin."

Miss Dale presents herself as an eminently sensible woman, who is sufficiently feminine occasionally to lose her head.

Perhaps because of this she is adamant on the thorough preparation that must be made.

For the smooth running and enjoyment of your holiday, do not, she begs, drive into your garage the day before departure and conduct a conversation like this:

You: "I wonder if you'll just give my old bus the once over? I'm leaving for France" (or Alice Springs) "in the morning."

Foreman of Garage: "Well, sir" (change to "mate" for Australian edition), "we're rather short handed at the moment, with Tom away sick and two of the boys on holiday."

You (ambiguously): "Well, just do what you can. I don't want to get stranded somewhere in France" (or Tennant Creek). "And you might fill her up with oil while you're about it, and shove a spare inner tube into the boot."

On the question of finance she is equally firm.

"There is nothing" she says, "more shaming than the spectacle of four of one's nationals squabbling in a restaurant in foreign parts with a heap of notes and small coinage before them, catching in the butter, sliding under the plates, and generally causing confusion."

"Let one person pay . . . and divide the total expenditure by four at the day's ending."

"Decide whose arithmetic least resembles Mr. Heath Robinson's inventions. Appoint that member treasurer . . ."

It must not be inferred that the author is concerned only with purely creature comforts, at the expense of the aesthetic and historic.

Here she is in Baedeker vein:

"Now we are heading for San Remo, which still holds a curious aura of Edwardian frilliness. In the steep streets the facades, hung with linen, fringe-edged canopies, move slowly, drawn by neatly hatted

maids or butlers, driven by incredibly decrepit coachmen, and mostly occupied by very old ladies with hats, veils, gloves, and a thick layer of paint upon their faces."

Frances Dale can consider herself appointed this column's permanent travel director, if for no other reason than that she knows where to get a dinner of gnocci, fritto misto, escalope Milanese, and zambonini, plus wine, coffee, liqueurs, and rhumba band, for less than a pound.

Reading "Bon Voyage" you feel that it would be fun to go on one of her annual European jaunts with Miss Dale. Not only because you would be assured of good lodgings, good food, and efficient organisation, but because in her company you'd have a lot of fun.

The second half of the book, "Loop Across Europe," deals with an actual car trip made by the author, her husband, and two friends last year.

They visited France, Switzerland, and Italy, taking 21 days. For those who want to do the trip in 14 days there is an amended schedule.

For those not to be seduced by Continental cookery, fine wines, and friendly anecdote, there are two pages of international road signs, maps, a glossary of motoring terms in French and Italian.

Read Miss Dale on the sort of Europe she considers expensive, a waste of time, and better left to those with fat cheques - books and no real desire to discover for themselves the odd and enchanting.

She is describing the Villa d'Este at Como, once the home of Queen Caroline of England, and now one of the super luxury hotels of the world.

"Pale blue silk-backed chairs, pink table-lamps, white lace cloths, a dancing floor in the open beside a colossal tree, the orchestra playing softly, superb food, fine wines, and the most amazing array of bored humanity . . . The service is flawless, of course; the rooms the height of luxury."

Such was not the case with Queenie's Bar Normandie, down by the main bay at Antibes.

"Queenie, charming, hard working, infinitely obliging, runs her place so intimately that presently, like all of us, you will come to know the bar by her name and make it your aperitif rendezvous hereabouts. It is a simple, unpretentious place, famous for the fondue of cheese, or the egg and bacon which you can have at two in the morning; for the garden of fairy lights and slender trees, and for the remarkable cheapness of everything."

If you aren't planning a trip to Europe at the moment, "Bon Voyage" will make you wish you were.

But it won't altogether surprise readers to learn that the author has also written a cookery book,

"Bon Voyage" is published by John Lehmann, London. Our copy from Grahame Book Company.

## Editorial

AUGUST 26, 1950

### LIVES IN JEOPARDY

TWO new Australians figured prominently in the news recently.

One was Dr. Serge Udovikoff, of the Heard Island Expedition, stricken with appendicitis on the Antarctic island.

The other was an eight-pound baby boy born ten miles from Mungindi, N.S.W., in a lonely farmhouse isolated by floods.

The myriad life-saving resources of modern times were used in an effort to save the life of the doctor, and the cruiser H.M.A.S. Australia was sent to rescue him.

*That was a necessary and appropriate action, applauded by all who gave the matter any thought.*

There was little help for the young mother having her first baby, with only her husband and a youthful woman friend there, and the telephone out of action.

This happening points to the need for additional well-organised emergency services somewhat on the lines of the N.E.S. of war days, which could be organised to meet disasters such as floods or fires.

If permanent committees were established, members could contact doctors for names of expectant mothers when the first warnings of flood or fire were received.

A transport service independent of ambulances, which might be needed for urgent casualties, could be organised.

*Such a scheme would have a just claim for a Government subsidy, for cost must never be counted when lives are in danger.*

Lists of townsfolk willing to accommodate the mothers in emergencies could be made and kept up to date.

Then the lives of new Australians, still our most valuable migrants, and their mothers need not be jeopardised in this way, and parents would not have to face such terrifying experiences as the young couple at Mungindi did.



POLO CLUB BALL. Government Whip, Jo Gullett, and his attractive wife dance at ball which is held by Molonglo Club at Queanbeyan Show Pavilion despite abandonment of polo because of waterlogged ground.



SYDNEY VISITORS. Geoffrey Gibson, of Murrays, and Robin Brockhoff, of Bellevue Hill, with Marcus Meallife, of Yass, at Molonglo Polo Club Ball.



AMERICAN PARTY. Guest of honor Mrs. Donald Smith (centre), wife of the Supervising Consul-General for the United States, chats with vice-president of American Women's Club, Mrs. Stella Wilson (left), and secretary, Mrs. Maurice Samuels, at club's party at Kinnell.



SYNAGOGUE WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Gross after their marriage in the Great Synagogue. Bride is the only daughter of Mr. A. Landa, M.L.A., and Mrs. Landa, of Vaucluse, and her husband the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Gross, of Caulfield, Melbourne.



PARIS PEEPSHOW. Mr. Darrell Hall (left), Mrs. Clive Hall and her husband, and Mrs. Hunter Kerr watch Henriette Lamotte's Sunday night Paris hat parade at Romano's Case of French wine disposed of for £70 brought proceeds to £30 for Royal Industrial Blind Institution.



WED IN LONDON. Desmond Mooney and his bride, formerly Grace Eagle, only child of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Eagle, of Elizabeth Bay, leave St. Andrew's, Frogmore, London. Wedding had true Australian flavor as cake, champagne, and wedding frocks were made here. Bridegroom is son of Mrs. E. Bentley, of Randwick.

## Intimate Greetings

MUCH disappointment in Canberra when the Molonglo Polo Club is forced to abandon polo carnival because of waterlogged ground, but visitors and locals enjoy gay week-end with polo ball and parties.

Club President Arthur Campbell and his wife, of Woden, Queanbeyan, receive guests at ball at Queanbeyan Show Pavilion, and chilly night makes supper menu of steaming turkey, chicken, and ham welcome.

Parties before ball include dinners given by the David Campbells and Joan Andrews at the Hotel Canberra, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Harts' cocktail party, and a "drop in for an hour" party hosted by Philippa and Jeanne Marie O'Hanlon.

AMONG dancers were the F. Snows, of Cuppacumbalong, Queanbeyan, the Neville Milsons, of Huntley, Canberra, and members of the Hyles family.

Visitors from Yass were the Lance Kellys and daughter Joan, the Fred Humes, Arthur Erdys, Geoff Connells, and Pam Ledger. The Jim Maple Brownes come from Goulburn, and Tim Brownlow from Narrabri.

Following night barbecue arranged at Cotter Dam by Mrs. Jack Johnson and Mrs. John Rabson winds up with supper dance at the Gloucester, and the next day young people have grand finale with ski party at Mt. Franklin.

• • •



COUNTRY BRIDE. Mr. Keith Nugent, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Nugent, Campania, Dubbo, and his bride, who was Enid Fletcher, elder daughter of Mrs. E. Fletcher, of Kensington, formerly of Cooma, and the late Mr. H. Fletcher, with flower-girl Betty Nugent at St. Mary's Cathedral. Couple will make future home at Dubbo.



DENTISTS WED. Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Rice leave St. Mary's Cathedral after their marriage. Bridegroom is only son of Mrs. R. F. Rice, of Bellevue Hill, and the late Mr. Rice, and his wife, formerly Adele Ruhle, is youngest daughter of Mrs. D. C. Ruhle, of Eastwood, and of the late Mr. Ruhle. Couple honeymoon at Surfers Paradise, and return to flat at Bellevue Hill.

HOSTS of Melbourne guests invade Sydney for wedding of Josephine Norrie and Gordon Grant. Josephine is elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. H. F. Norrie of Bondi, formerly of Hawthorn, Victoria. Gordon is eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Grant, of Werribee, Victoria. Ceremony at St. Michael's, Vaucluse, on Saturday. Bride wears ivory faille ballerina frock and is attended by her sister Dorely, in shell-pink faille. Best man is Mr. David Burnet, of Toorak, and guests include Toorak folk Mr. and Mrs. Keith White, Mrs. B. Carrington, from Portland, and groom's brothers Ian and Bruce, from Werribee. Couple hope for a few weeks of Southport sunshine before moving into their home at Canberra.

DOWN from Lithgow to be best man at his sister's wedding, Dr. Donald Stanger attends Ian McNaughton, younger son of Mrs. J. J. McNaughton, of "Birchambone" Pokataroo, and the late Peter McNaughton, when he weds June Stanger, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Stanger, of Murrays. Bridegroom's mother and lots of guests can't make Sydney because of floods, but Mary McDougall comes from Brisbane to be bridesmaid with Jean McRae, of Murrays. Couple will motor north for honeymoon and live at Greenslopes, Brisbane. Ian is lecturer in history at University of Queensland.

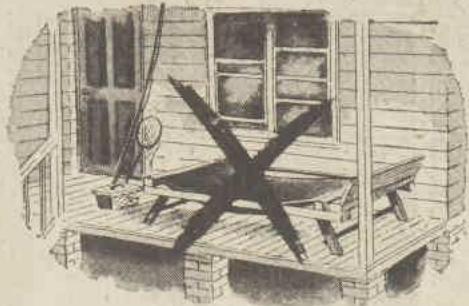
WHILE architect Mrs. Florence

Taylor talks enviously of push-button food services in America at welcome given her by Australian-American Association in Royal Empire Society's rooms, hostesses on floor below are equally verbal in a different vein about Sydney's gas supply as they prepare afternoon tea on spirit stoves for 160 guests. When in Washington with her sister, Miss Anna Parsons, Mrs. Taylor met Sydney girls Gaby George, Nola Laxford, and Dorothy Dorn.

HEAR that overseas they're clamoring for prints of Bill Dobell's Wynne Prize painting "Storm Approaching Wangi-Wangi," and that 17 carrying his signature have found their way to England, France, and U.S.A.

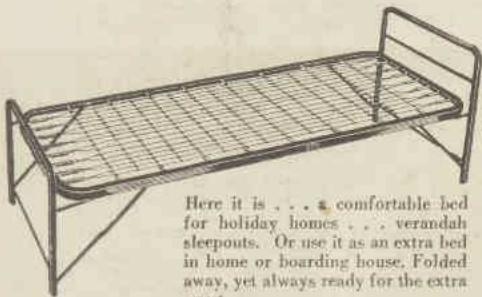
CROWDED audience of fashionable women at Germaine Rocher spring show see styles which Madame Rocher describes as "very feminine, very soft, with lots of lace, chiffon, and tulle." Mrs. Pete Jarman, wife of U.S. Ambassador, comes from Canberra for show. Also see Madame Del Balzo, wife of the Italian Minister; Mrs. Eric Pratten, Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones, Mrs. Strath Playfair, and Mrs. Leonox Bode.

Anne



Why have a sagging  
bed in your holiday home?  
You can have a

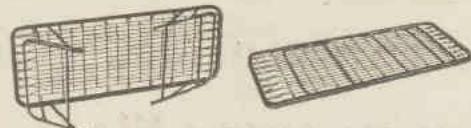
## VONO "VEE" Folding Bed that's made in England



Here it is . . . a comfortable bed for holiday homes . . . verandah sleepouts. Or use it as an extra bed in home or boarding house. Folded away, yet always ready for the extra guest.

Firmly and strongly constructed. Coil springs at both ends ensure an even surface for tranquil rest. The Vono name is behind it and that means life-long service.

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## JAFFLES GENUINE JAFFLE PRESSURE TOASTER



Have you got  
yours yet?

Obtainable at  
Departmental, Hardware,  
and Electrical Stores.

When buying your Jaffle Toaster  
look for this Trade Mark.



WASHING DAY in a real laundry is a delight to the Whittaker family. At home in England Mrs. Whittaker did her washing in the kitchen sink. Baby daughter Laurie and husband Jim help.

## Victoria's Operation Snail brings migrants with houses

By ELIZABETH HANSON

waited patiently to be "called up," he said.

Bill and his slim, red-headed wife, with three-year-old baby Susan, came originally from Aberdeen, but had been living in an old Yorkshire cottage.

"No bathroom in our Yorkshire cottage," he said. "We always wanted a home like this. All the modern conveniences are a bit overwhelming. Working conditions here are better than they are at home, too."

"The cost of living, as far as we can tell, is much the same. But we do appreciate better-quality furniture at cheaper prices. In England we've been 'doing without' for years. All good things are for the export market."

When I knocked at one front door two small migrants appeared, beaming with excitement.

They were Rosemary and Maurice Sanders, who told us with shy smiles that they were not a bit homesick. "And could I tell them where they'd find a koala?"

Then they dashed off and shinned up the nearest tree.

The Williams family—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Williams, their children, Shirley (15), Jennifer (11), and Trevor (6)—look forward to a full and happy life in Australia.

Charlie was formerly a guard with the British Railways. He will begin here as a porter—and go on from there.

He finds that here the railways require that a guard should have a first-aid certificate. That didn't apply at home. But he'll soon learn first aid.

Mrs. Williams, tall, dark, and vivacious, said: "We've had an overwhelming reception here. Everyone's been so friendly and kind."

"The two younger children will be going to the local State school. Jennifer has just left school, and will look around a bit before she takes a job."

"We think it a good idea for them to join a few clubs and get to know the local teenagers and their ways before deciding their future. We want them to fit in."

"We've had all the help in the world getting here," added little Mrs. Whittaker, who had popped in for a neighborly cup of tea. "From now on it's up to us!"

### Surprise at our letter boxes

Like something out of a magazine illustration . . . I can hardly wait for washing day. At home I had to wash in the kitchen sink."

White wives were thrilled at the ultra-modern kitchens and laundries in their new homes, men were interested in the shower roses over the built-in baths.

"I've never seen one in my life before," a young Englishman said. "Only very wealthy people at home have showers. Most people only have a bath."

Letter boxes, too, were a novelty. Were they, perhaps, a wartime innovation, when postmen could not call at front doors? No?

Bill Hall said he had been waiting for more than a year to come to Australia. He heard a broadcast asking for applicants for Victorian Railways jobs.

"I applied straight away, went to London to be interviewed by Australian representatives, then just

## Australian nurses off to China



AUSTRALIAN NURSES. From left: Bert Cooper (S.A.), Ena Prever (Vic.), Norman Wood (S.A.), Ken Haworth (N.S.W.). Front row (from left): Ethel Edwards (Tas.), Bena Mills (Vic.), Bobbie Ratcliffe (Vic.), Geoff Cornell (N.S.W.), Michael Moore (N.S.W.), Helen Peitsch (S.A.). Inset: Sylvia Rawlings (N.S.W.), leader of contingent.



STUDYING MENU for first meal on Anna Salen, Jean Thomas, of Canberra (left), and Mrs. Josephine Deoberitz, of Bundaberg (Q.).



NEW ZEALANDER Muriel Tewendale passing up suitcase to Margaret Perry when girls settle in cabin with Josephine O'Dwyer, of Sydney (right, at back) and Doreen McKay (left, sitting).

I.R.O. WELFARE OFFICER aboard Anna Salen, former R.A.F. Wing-Commander Leslie Watt, chatting with Mary Woolnough (left), of Tasmania, and Western Australian "Sally" Hakesley.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 26, 1950



## On everybody's lips!

THE FINISHING TOUCH that makes a lovely lady lovelier, is the smooth, clear-cut finish of Louray Lipstick. Its new, improved creamy texture is satin-smooth and truly indelible. Any of the eight glorious shades will dramatize the curves of your lips and point a highlight to the charm of your smile.



Lipstick, 6/-; Refills, 3/-; Compact & Creme Rouge, 3/-.

Louray-Beauty Preparations are recommended by Guild Chemists throughout Australia.

Also featured by Cosmetic Sections of leading Department Stores

LE 149A

## Would you pay £7'5'6 to give your dad an extra year's life?

Dad is used to taking things on the chin. So he'll probably be able to endure an extra year of life with you—if you put the idea nicely. Merely ask him if he can take just one **more** thing on the chin . . . the most effective and satisfactory electric shaver ever evolved . . . and the finest Father's Day gift yet discovered.

The plain truth is that if you give Papa a Philishave Electric Shaver you actually DO add a year to his life . . . at a cost of £7'5'6. The Philishave electric shaver saves the average male about 5 minutes a day in shaving time. Even Professor Einstein will agree that this tots up to 30 hours a year or 55 weeks in a usual lifetime. Philishave, be it known, has six self-sharpening

blades in its remarkable rotary cutting head. These blades whiz round at fantastic speed . . . 3,000 revs. per minute. Wherefore unless Dad is bearded with copper wire, he will soon be shaving clean, close and with joyous abandon, in less than 2 minutes . . . sans brash, sans soap, sans murmured profanities . . . and with a year and a bit of useful time added to his allotted span.

If you'd like to SEE what you're buying him, turn to page 27 for a picture of Philishave.

PPA 48

Page 21

August READER'S DIGEST\*  
reports the same research  
which proves that brushing teeth  
right after eating with

## COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Better Than Any Other Way Of Preventing Tooth Decay According To Published Reports!



EVEN MORE IMPORTANT THERE WERE NO NEW CAVITIES WHATEVER for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Not even one new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop all tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay!

\*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate Dental Cream, while not mentioned by name, was used exclusively in the research reported in Reader's Digest.



**£10  
WEEKLY**

**BROADCASTING  
FEE FOR CLEVER  
LAST LINES**

**DULUX JINGLES**

Every week a new jingle will be published in "The Australian Women's Weekly." The makers of "Dulux," the Miracle Synthetic Finish superseding enamels, will pay a £10 fee for what the judges consider the cleverest last line. Here is jingle No. 8. Try your skill on the missing line.

No. 8

LET SPRINGTIME COLOURS DECK EACH ROOM,  
LET "DULUX" CHASE AWAY THAT GLOOM,  
THE "DULUX" GLOSS WILL LAST FOR YEARS,  
(Missing Line).....

NOTE: Copy out these three lines and add your own last line, sending in the WHOLE FOUR LINES, with your name and address in block letters, on the same sheet. The award of this jingle will be announced over 51 Radio Stations in The "Dulux" Show with "Jack Dovay Star-maker." Send your entry to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service not later than September 4, and listen for the weekly winner's name and the winning jingle on your local or nearest participating station from THAT DATE and afterwards weekly. Judges' decision will be final. The staffs and their families of British Australian Land Painters Pty. Ltd. and associated companies are excluded from competition.

Mark your envelope "Dulux Jingles" and mail to reach Macquarie Broadcasting Service, Box 4200, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., by September 4.

## Fashion FROCKS

"EVE"—A smart waistcoat blouse available in rayon crease-resisting linen. Colors include pale lemon, sky-blue, aqua, apple-green, and rose-pink.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 33/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 36/3. Postage, 1/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 23/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 26/-. Postage, 1/6.

"NOEL"—A pretty blouse with frill trim, obtainable in rayon crepe-de-chine. Color choice includes white, pale pink, and blue.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 41/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 43/3. Postage, 1/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 31/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 33/-. Postage, 1/6.

"ALISA"—An attractive skirt designed with a trim waistband and large pockets. The material is a crease-resisting rayon linen. Color choice includes pale lemon, sky-blue, aqua, apple-green, and rose-pink.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 24 1/2, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 37/6. Postage, 1/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24 1/2, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 27/3. Postage, 1/9.

"MORNA"—Slim-cut skirt made in rayon crease-resisting linen; colors include pale lemon, sky-blue, aqua, apple-green, and rose-pink.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 24 1/2, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 34/9. Postage, 1/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24 1/2, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 23/9. Postage, 1/9.

"EUNICE"—The long American V-shaped collar is effective on this up-to-the-minute boxy jacket, available in rayon crease-resisting linen. Colors are in pastel tints of lemon, sky-blue, aqua, apple-green, and rose-pink.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 26/9; 36 and 38in. bust, 29/3. Postage 1/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 18/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 19/9. Postage 1/6.

Ready to wear or cut out  
ready to make



Eunice

SEND your orders for Fashion Frock patterns, price 1/-, to Pattern Department, with the address given below, for your state. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaid, or from address at top of page 141, or by post:

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SCALLOPED  
SHEETS  
AND  
EMBROIDERED  
PILLOW CASES

Made from finest quality linen sheetings, Erin-Art sheets are available in all sizes, either hemstitched or scalloped, or plain if you prefer. Erin-Art pillow cases are available hemstitched, embroidered or plain housewife style.



ARE YOU SLOWLY  
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# WORTH Reporting

THE Queen's Fund, a 50-year-old Melbourne charity, has never made a public appeal for money since its inception, and never owed a penny.

Originally the fund helped destitute spinners, widows, and deserted wives. Now it helps women who would not otherwise apply to charity institutions, such as business women whose income ceases with illness, invalid and old-age pensioners in need of extra help, and widows with young children.

The Queen's Fund was founded with £10,000, with the proviso made that only the interest of the money was to be used. Some years later Lord Hopetoun, then Governor of Victoria, was so impressed with the value of the work being done that he organised ways of supplementing this sum.

Income, which has been added to from time to time by legacies and special donations, wisely invested by trustees, is disbursed with the aim of helping people to help themselves.

Assistance may take the form of paying after-care expenses for a sick woman, providing hearing aids, surgical boots, spectacles, or dentures—may be a sewing machine for a widow who wishes to earn money at home by sewing.

To-day's committee is headed by Lady Brooks, wife of the State Governor, with Lady Irvine as deputy president and Mrs. Cairns Officer as vice-president.

"Strange to say," says Mrs. Cairns Officer, "more demands than ever before are being made on us, since there are gaps left in social services which only organisations such as ours can fill."

Almoners from public hospitals are important contacts, and there are a good many cases now of convalescent women being discharged from hospital but still unable to return to work."

## Disabled ex-serviceman overcomes ill luck

MR. TOM RAINES, a disabled ex-serviceman, has overcome enough misfortune to make a less determined man quail.

Mr. Raine, by profession a landscape gardener, started a garden cafe at Kurrajong Heights, N.S.W., and runs it with his wife and an English war widow, Sue McGuire.

Although he has only one arm, he quarried local stone and built the wall and attractive front gate to the cafe himself. In doing the job he broke his wrist.

Mr. and Mrs. Raine bought the grounds and the house in May of last year.

They have been dogged by the wet weather, which has been so disastrous to owners of resort cafes in New South Wales this year.

However, Mr. Raine has plugged on. He has 30 acres of ground and his garden is already famous locally. He hopes that the garden and its mountain view will eventually become a recognised attraction for overseas tourists.



"Mr. Granville, I've come to ask your daughter's hand—Hey! You've been holding out on me!"



"Here's a shilling, Charles. You may hold hands."

## Home from life with the Nubas

APPALING information that the infant mortality rate is 80 per cent. among the Nuba people was given us by Mr. Clyde Foster, who is in Sydney on leave after working two years with the Sudan United Mission among the pagan people of the Nuba Mountains, North Africa.

So prevalent is disease, he says, it is customary for every mother to lose from four to six babies.

The mission is opening a big welfare hospital, and gives pre-natal advice, but has much opposition from white doctors.

Mr. Foster likes the Nubas, and hopes to go back again next year.

They are an agricultural people, he says. They terrace the land and farm in family groups.

The women do most of the work. The men prefer to do nothing; but he attributes their fine physique (six feet six inches in height) to their native sports—wrestling, spear-throwing, and stick-fighting.

★ ★ ★

AFTER years of leaving in and out of buses and trams in a full skirt, we felt rather foolish hobbling round in a tight, slit model.

Fortunately we met a relative at a tram stop who had been right up to date with hobble skirts in 1918.

"You don't want to step into a bus or tram in a tight skirt," she advised. "Keep both feet together, hold on to the rail, and jump straight up, like this," she flung over her shoulder, disappearing into a compartment with a 1918 hob and her own 1950 sheath skirt.

## Mon, it takes a kilt to keep a piper

THE Sydney University regimental band is afraid of losing its pipers because of lack of kilts.

To help swell the ranks, a women's auxiliary to the regiment has been formed, and aims to raise £200 to buy kilts for the band. It is the first auxiliary in the history of the regiment.

The secretary, Mrs. J. A. Shimeld, fears the pipers, who now play in khaki, will be lured to other fully kilted bands. "The original uniforms were packed away when the band folded up before the war," she said. "They are now a mass of holes, so we have to start afresh."

The price of the kilt, however, is giving the auxiliary a headache. Mrs. Shimeld says it has doubled since before the war.

The price of the kilt alone is £10 each. For 13 or more pipers this will take most of the auxiliary's £200. Later, members aim to buy the complete uniform. This includes a plaid at £8, sporran at £6, glengarry at £1, and other regalia worth two or three pounds.

The Army provides the band with pipes.

AS far as air hostess Joan Glenn is concerned, flying is a great deal safer than goose-shooting in the Northern Territory.

During a few days' leave in Darwin recently Joan went goose-shooting with a couple of army officers.

When one of her companions shot a goose Joan made herself useful by sprinting off to fetch it. She found herself floundering in thick, grey mud and when she returned with the goose she exclaimed: "Why don't you fellows have dogs to retrieve?"

"Don't be silly, the crocodiles in that mud would eat them," was the absent-minded, but unerring, reply.

## Swiss sailors don't have a "Swiss-rolling" gait

UNTIL they visited Australia, members of the crew of the Swiss ship General Guisan had never seen that item prominent in the Australian diet, the Swiss roll.

General Guisan is the first Swiss ship to visit Australia, and gives the lie to the common belief here that Switzerland, having no port, has no mercantile marine.

The ship has a truly international flavor. She was built at West Hartlepool, England, in 1948; 23 of her crew are Italian and only nine Swiss; and her loading ports are either Antwerp, Holland; Genoa, Italy; or Marseilles, France.

Wireless operator Peter Halde-mann has learned to throw a boomerang since he came to Australia.

He was given one as a small boy, but didn't know what to do with it.

In Fremantle he read an article in a copy of The Australian Women's Weekly about Australia's champion thrower, Bill Onus, then met Onus in Melbourne and learned from the master.

The ship is named after the Commander-in-Chief of the Swiss Army during the last war, Henri Guisan.

The custom in Switzerland is to use the rank of general only in wartime. Accordingly, Guisan was promoted from Colonel Commander of the Second Army in 1939, and resigned his commission as general in August, 1945.

## "Control-room" is centre of hairdressing salon

MANY of our current colloquialisms date from wartime. Latest we have run across is the "control-room" in the new hairdressing salon of Shergis Ltd., at John Martin's, Adelaide.

Mr. Shergis has incorporated in his attractive 3000 square-ft. "glass house" ideas gleaned from famous European and American salons during his recent world tour.

The glass-walled "control-room" is staffed by girl clerks who, by means of a control-board with a system of bashing lights, keep a check on times of service.

For instance, when a customer is put under a drier, a clock on her arm-rest is set at the time when she must be "loosened out," that is, have setting-pins removed before going under again for final drying.

A "common-room" is provided for trims and sets, and a dyeing cubicle with black walls is the Shergis answer to dye-splashed rooms, the bane of most hairdressing establishments.

We were invited to see the ultra-violet unit for disinfecting brushes, hairpins, etc., and to learn that this is a product of the firm of the brothers Oliphant, of Adelaide, whose brother is the famous nuclear physicist, Professor Marcus Oliphant.

"We first made these units about three years ago for butcher shops," they said.

"Bakeries and breweries soon followed the butcher shops, and now hairdressers; but theirs are comparatively small units," they added.



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## Sister Act

*Continued from page 10*

FRANCES tried to speak lightly.

"Why don't we get some shut-eye first? The Farmum girls have lost enough beauty sleep for one night. Things are always simpler in the morning."

Eleanor spoke in a sharp voice. "I think this thing ought to be decided right now. Ever since you were nineteen, Fran—a widow with a tiny little baby—you've carried on a sister act with Susan. I'd say you'd been at it about long enough—that the time had come for you to step in and behave like a parent."

Frances slipped an arm over her daughter's shoulders. "Sorry, Eleanor," Frances said. "But bed before seven, up by eleven, I always say. Come along home, princess. What we both need right now is a good hot cup of cocoa!"

When they were back in their own apartment, Frances found the sleeping capsules the doctor had left for her when she had flu. She dumped the two of them into one of the steaming cups. But when she saw the lids fall at last over the tragic young eyes and heard the regular breathing, Frances still sat by the bed, though it was long past daylight.

In the late afternoon sunlight, Susan's hair shone brightly. She looked better for her few hours of sleep. But she was still pale. Her hands twisted nervously as she talked.

"Paul kept saying he wasn't going to have any gossiping about me, Fran. That's why we went to out-of-the-way places like Bennie's. I thought it was just his funny way. It was one of the things I liked about Paul—he was so different from other men. And I never dreamed he was married!"

"How long has this been going on?" Frances asked.

"There wasn't anything serious at all until—until the day before yesterday. Paul was driving me home—he does that sometimes. We came by the river road."

Little by little, the rest of the story came out. They'd come to that little side road near the willows. Paul turned the car into it and parked. It took Susan entirely by surprise. They were talking about French drama—and the next moment she was in his arms and he was kissing her.

It was crazy, the way it had made her feel. Though she had liked Paul Armando, his good looks had never excited her at all. But when he held her so close to him and said the things he did, she found herself kissing him back. And she knew suddenly he had been important to her all along—that she had always wanted his arms holding her close to him.

"I love you so, you sweet, funny little Susan," he had said. And it seemed quite clear and natural that she loved him too—that this had been meant for them. She felt surprised, but marvellously happy. Paul didn't seem too happy, though.

"This is wrong—so wrong, little one," he said. "But—forgive me—I cannot help it. For months I've wanted to kiss you."

Paul and his funny, old-world chivalry, Susan had thought tenderly.

"I'll make an honest man of you," she said, laughing. "It isn't wrong to kiss, darling, if people are engaged."

He looked at her querulously. "But—we are not—engaged, Susan—"

He probably was quaint enough to want to ask her mother for her hand first. "We will be, as soon as Fran knows about us," she said.

But when he finally took her home, and he still asked her not to speak to Frances about what had happened, she didn't like it.

"But Fran and I talk over everything," she had said. "She'll guess right off something happened."

"Wait—wait just a little while."

he begged. "There are reasons—believe me."

She would let him do this his way, she decided. So all day she avoided her mother, because her face would be a give-away. Then in the afternoon, he telephoned. She knew by his voice something was terribly wrong. He asked her to meet him.

They drove out into the country in his car, and he tried to make love to her again. But she said first he must say what was the matter. At last he told her. He was a married man.

He'd been married years ago, before he left Italy, to a woman for whom he now cared nothing, who made his life wretched. But she refused to give him a divorce. The part was harder to tell. The story came out in little gasps.

"I felt—pretty awful, Fran. I said—of course we mustn't see each other any more then. And please to take me home. He wouldn't do it. He said I'd been all that had made him able to stand life the past few months. He couldn't give me up. We kept on driving and it got later and later. Finally he asked me to go to Bennie's with him for one last time. And I did. And then—just as I said I had to leave—she came in."

There was a long pause and then Susan said, "That's all, Fran."

All? Susan hadn't even mentioned the scene—the name calling, the threats. In spite of her own danger, her mind was still only on the man.

Does she still love him, Frances wondered? Would saying her from scandal, if that were possible, be enough? Or must she be saved from Paul Armando as well?

"Does your leaving Bennie's last night mean you were running away from Paul?" Frances asked. "Or just from his wife, baby?"

### Q

UETLY, Susan answered. "I ran because I was scared—and so ashamed. But I couldn't desert Paul if he is in trouble, could I? If there's a scandal, Fran, he'll lose his teaching job. He won't be able to get another."

Already she had forgotten what she would lose. There was only one thing more Frances had to know—the answer to the question that had nagged at her pride ever since she had found Susan at Eleanor's.

"Susan, why didn't you come home last night instead of going to Eleanor's?"

"I'm troubled, yes, I looked frankly into her. I hoped she would think out some way so you wouldn't have to know about it all. Eleanor's different, and—well, I thought somebody older—would know best what to do!"

It wasn't meant to hurt. It was just that in her extremity Susan simply hadn't thought of Frances as a mother at all.

"Have another sleep now, darling," Frances said. "Try to stay in bed until morning."

The realities came now as after-thoughts. "But Fran—if Mrs Armando—you remember what Eleanor said—about my scholarship—about the shop—?"

"Eleanor loves to trouble trouble Gif!" The door closed between them.

Act like a parent, Eleanor had advised Frances. She would. By tomorrow morning she must have things settled. This, as a mother, she would decide alone. She went quickly to the telephone.

Frances expected Paul Armando to be handsome, but not quite in the way he was. She had been hating him. But when he came into the living-room an hour later, she caught her breath in tribute to his sheer physical magnetism. So this was what Susan had been up against. He was tall, graceful, too obviously experienced; and yet in spite of his suave manner he had the straightforward appeal of a small boy.

*Please turn to page 25*

HERE was a man women must have been breaking their hearts over for years. What could be said to him that would have any effect? What did she want to say?

She was certain of only one thing. She did not agree with Eleanor Davis that he was a man Susan should marry for any reason at all. But Eleanor said she had never been a real mother. From what deep source could she get the wisdom to be one now, she wondered.

Paul spoke at once, charmingly. "You asked me to come here because of what happened last night?"

Frances nodded.

"That was a bad thing," he said sadly. "Very bad. I know Susan has told you it was all innocent. But you see what I have suffered — for years—a crazy, jealous woman!" He broke off. "And I see why Susan said you should not be bothered with such unpleasant problems. You are very young to be the mother of a grown daughter, Mrs. Farnum."

His eyes studied her. "You are my Susan grown only a little older. It does things to my heart. You will forgive me if I speak of it."

"Susan is the one we are going to speak of, Mr. Armando. Is your wife still threatening to—drag my daughter's name into your affairs?"

His face changed. He looked very angry. "My wife says after last night she wants only that I should be ruined. For years she has made that the weapon when I displease her. Always it has worked. Scenes—threats—forgiveness—scenes again, this time I have had too much! It no longer matters to me what she does. I have made up my mind. From now on, my life will be my own affair."

"And your work?"

"I will resign," he said. "I will go away from here."

"And—Susan? What will your wife do then about Susan?"

Paul made a gesture of helplessness. "I have talked to my wife many hours. I have sworn nothing wrong has been between Susan and me. She does not choose to believe me. There is nothing more to do but go."

His plans then didn't include Susan. All he wanted was to be free, and to save his own skin. The man Susan would not desert because he was in trouble was running away.

Frances spoke quietly. "You know

## Sister Act

*Continued from page 24.*

what Susan's ambitions are, Mr. Armando. She hopes for a scholarship next year. She has to have that if she is going on studying. And our living depends on my dress shop. If Susan's mixed up in a divorce scandal, even unjustly, it will cost us the things we've worked for all our lives."

Paul Armando looked extremely unhappy. "It is outrageous that my wife cannot be controlled," he said. "I reproach myself for all of this—for bringing it on little Susan."

Frances regarded him thoughtfully. She could guess his thoughts. Susan had said they were like sisters—but when Frances had telephoned he had been afraid he was in for it. He was used to scenes and thoroughly sick of them.

He was sure now he did not need to worry about one from Frances Farnum. Under her bright modern manner, Frances was a gentle, credulous child—like her own daughter. She would feel sorry for him, but she would not condemn him. Almost transparently, these were Paul Armando's thoughts.

But her next question caught him squarely. "When you have this freedom you say you've wanted for so long, do you plan to marry Susan?"

**T**HE expression of his eyes changed very slightly, and his voice became defensive, almost impatient. "You know what a bad husband I would make for Susan," he said.

Again Frances watched his eyes. He was thinking fast; and when he spoke again, the impatience was gone from his voice. He was the charming Paul Armando—and he must not forget his charm.

"Susan is like fresh flowers," Paul said. "She is sunshine—and youth—and dreams. I love her very much. You can't imagine what it is like—knowing I've hurt her. You can't understand how I adore her—"

"Can't I?" Frances said in a voice she hardly recognised as her own. "How do you suppose I feel? Since the day she was born I've adored her. I've worshipped her, too. She's my life!"

"Can't I?" Frances said in a voice

She hadn't meant to say that. The words were charged with such intensity that there was a sort of violence in the room. Frances saw Paul stare at her in astonishment. But though she stared back at him, she was not really looking at him at all. Instead she was seeing a baby in the folds of a blanket, a chubby little girl whose frilled skirts stuck out straight from a diminutive waist, a girl graduating in a white dress.

Why, it was true, she thought, astonished. Susan was her life. Her whole life. Frances had wished for wisdom enough to be a parent. And now all at once she saw what had to be done. And she knew she had the power to do it.

"It's because I love her that way that I've come to a decision," she said clearly. "You must go back to your wife."

Frances saw how his gaze wavered, how the poise became a little less certain. She knew that for the first time in his predatory life, Paul Armando looked into a woman's eyes and was afraid.

"I have told you," he began hesitantly, "that I have decided I can no longer endure—"

"But a man can change his mind about a thing like that," Frances smiled as she spoke—and saw that her smile puzzled and disconcerted him.

"My wife, too, says all is finished."

"A man can change a woman's mind about a thing like that, too. Your wife is a woman in love with you. You should find her easy to convince." Frances was giving him an order. "Go back to her right now, Mr. Armando. Tell her she is not to make any more trouble. And that it will be best for her if she never mentions my daughter's name again."

The words were a threat; Frances meant them to be a threat. Though she looked like a girl, there was something in her eyes ageless as time and as relentless. And she wanted Paul Armando to realise that he was dealing not with a girl, but with a mother. The blue eyes watched him.

"You make it seem my duty," Paul said at last. "Perhaps you are as wise as you are beautiful. You will tell my little Susan what I do for her. But—perhaps it is best for all of us."

He took Frances' hand and kissed it. "It is you who have shown me that it is so," he said, charming to the last.

She thought of those same lips carelessly caressing her child. In another age I could have killed him for it, she told herself. I would like to kill him now. But this way would have to do. She endured the touch; then she stood rigidly until he was out of the room.

In the bathroom, scrubbing her hand, she looked up and saw Susan watching from the doorway.

"I wasn't asleep, Fran," Susan said. "I heard. He didn't love me at all, really. He'd have left me to face it alone if it hadn't been for you."

"It's over," Frances told her. "Put it under 'File and Forget,' darling."

In the mirror above the washbasin one grey hair suddenly gleamed silver against the gold. Frances thought of the tint bottle. Then she shook her head. She would look her age from now on. The sister act was over.

Susan came and stood beside her. In the mirror their eyes met. She knows now, Frances thought. She knows everything. She understands how I've always felt about her, though I never could say it. For a fantastic moment she believed a slim arm might go around her neck. She imagined a young voice whispering, "Mother, Mother."

But they'd been the Farnum girls too long. That wasn't their way. Susan's cheek came close to hers. But all she said was: "Your wave's a mess. Where are the bobby-pins? I'll put it up for you, Fran."

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C.P. 1-12

# Dress Sense by Betty Keep



FROM a double-tiered yoke this summer coat falls in loose straight lines.

TIERS are a mid-season fashion and are used by Jean Deses on a coat made of black alpaca. I recommend the idea to a reader for a summer coat.

### A coat with tiers

AS a follower of 'Dress Sense,' I am now writing for an unusual style for a summer coat in black to wear to a family wedding which will take place at 4 p.m.

The design I have chosen for your summer coat is illustrated. The main feature is the tiers, an important new fashion seen in numbers of the mid-season Paris dress collections. The coat is quite formal enough to wear to an afternoon wedding, and would look equally smart worn with a large or small hat.

### Keep style young

LAST summer I was given some black marquise to make a frock, but as I was only 17, I thought it was too old for me. Now, if you think it suitable, I would like to have it made for a semi-formal dance frock."

Black sheers, even for the young, are high fashion for spring and summer. The main point in your case is to choose a simple style, and my suggestion is the following. Skirt with very deep all-round inverted pleats; scooped-out neckline, and each sleeve made by a large ruffle of double material. Have the dress belted in black patent leather at the normal waistline and finished with a clump of pale pink and pale yellow carnations.

### Lightweight skirt

FOR between seasons I want to make myself a nice lightweight wool skirt, and would appreciate any suggestions you could give."

You can say "yes" to Romance



• This week Betty Keep sails for Europe, where she will study latest fashion developments in London, Paris, and Rome. The feature Dress Sense will not appear until her return to Australia in about six months' time.

The peplum skirt is very new. It is designed on narrow lines, with a split peplum bound in bias, into a panel at the back. The all-round pleated skirt is still in fashion, too.

### In the swim

"COULD you please tell me the latest styles for cotton bathing-suits?" Something practical, but smart, is what I want."

This season the two-piece swimsuit is running a poor second to the one-piece suit. Styles follow to a degree the look and lines of the straighter and narrower cut in dresses. Slim torso lines are usual, and a plunging-neck halter bodice-top the most popular current design. Suits are cut high on the thighs. This slim suit for swimming is actually far more practical than bloomers types worn last season.

### Color accents

AS I need an odd jacket mainly to wear over shorts and slacks, I would like a suggestion about the style and a color. Also let me know a new color to use with a white taffeta evening frock, or do you think a pale pink or blue might be better?"

Red wool is my suggestion for your odd jacket. If you can wear it, an orangy red is newer than scarlet. Have the jacket hip-length, with a drawstring waist, above-elbow cuffed sleeves, and a shirt-like collar. I like vivid lemon-yellow as an accent for white, and it is certainly newer than the more obvious pastel blues and pinks.

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"No sooner sit down . . ."



"But we agreed on a 50-50 split. You aren't entitled to more just because you had nine bucks deposited there."

# It seems to me . . .

**SINGAPORE:** Yes, that's what I said, and it surprises me as much as it may you. To be transported overnight from Sydney's winter westerlies is a distinct shock, which the still somewhat Somerset Maughamish atmosphere of Raffles Hotel does nothing to cushion.

Before I leave Malaya I hope to see something of the job being done here by the R.A.A.F. units working with the R.A.F. in the anti-terrorist campaign.

It's a campaign which has been overshadowed lately by Korea, but it's all part of the picture of an unsettled Asia, an Asia whose closeness to Australia is underlined by the fact that you can reach Singapore from Sydney by air in slightly less time than it would take you to travel from Sydney to Brisbane by train.

**A**PART from a little boy going home to his parents in Kuala Lumpur, I was the only passenger for Singapore in the U.K.-bound Constellation.

The cardboard identification disc on my plane seat was inscribed "Destination: Sir," an idea quite at variance with my assignment.

The little boy, a fair-haired, intelligent young creature of nine, had been to school for eight months in Western Australia, and flew alone to Darwin to board the plane for his home in Kuala Lumpur.

He entertained me with descriptions of life on the outskirts of K.L., describing soldiers going on patrol after bandits, but he seemed more absorbed with the wild life of the jungle.

He gave me some fearsome accounts of snakes, scorpions, and a creature like a wild cat which has an improbable taste for pineapples.

**T**HE black cockatoos began to wheel and scream in the dawn soon after we reached Darwin.

It was the second time I'd passed through it, but as the first visit was confined to the aerodrome and this one was only a couple of hours at the Qantas rest house at Berrimah, reached by a 12-miles drive through bush from the airport, I can hardly claim to have seen Darwin yet.

All the same, even the briefest visit gives you an idea why there's something about this place set in the grey-green stunted bush lapped by the Timor Sea that evokes such strongly opposing reactions from people who have lived there a while.

They either regard it as the hell-hole of all hell-holes, or they speak of it forever after with nostalgia. Getting out of a plane there you recognise the very smell of it if you've ever lived in the bush—the essence of the Australian outback.

**V**ISITORS books are seldom illuminating, but the one in the Darwin rest house lounge, set on a platform that holds a huge stuffed crocodile, has more significance than most.

It is muddled with migrants' comments, most of them full of the excitement of reaching a new country. I hope that the Dutchman who wrote in large excited capitals, "Australia, Land of My Fortune!" won't be disappointed.

By



Dorothy Drain

**T**HE trouble with modern air travel is that it's too fast to be as exciting as its speed ought to make it.

What it is like any faster I hate to think.

Even now, by the time you've finished wondering if you turned the iron off at home, you're filling in an immigration form for landing.

"Was that Timor?" you ask as you look down through clouds to glimpses of brown jagged mountain-tops; and "Would that be the corner of Borneo?"

There are moments of excitement when you suddenly see a tiny island surrounded by reefs that makes a painted splash of electric-green on purple-blue seas.

But mostly you sit in a cushioned daze, staring at the blue meringue-pie of cloud and sky below.

You should react more, you feel, to having lunch 14,000 feet above the Java Sea—and you look again at the map and the tragic name of Banca Island jumps out of it. You remember then how recently it was that prisoners came home across these waters, and how near the world is to another conflagration.

But the sense of uneasiness persists, for life in a long-distance passenger plane has a remoteness greater than the remoteness of sea travel. You could, you reflect, if you were wealthy enough, practically remove yourself from the real world by flying round and round it.

**T**HE sense of unreality persisted in my first couple of days in Singapore.

I took a taxi along the waterfront, with its skyline of sail and funnel, to the Post Office, where a notice "All postal services to Korea suspended indefinitely" was a reminder of the war.

But at night, sitting in the hotel lounge with its crowd of Europeans, Chinese, and Indians with their sarong wives, with the band playing for dancers in the lounge, and the palm trees outside, it was hard to realise that this was not the pre-war East that began to crumble before the Second World War.

**I**T would be easy if you were a tourist passing through to take at face value the soothing statement in the plane travel folder:

"The most striking aspect of life in Singapore is the harmony in which a mixture of different races exists together under control of a handful of whites."

That appears to the casual eye to be so on Singapore Island at present, but you remember that it is not long since the Governor, Sir Franklin Jinson, escaped a hand grenade and that only the narrow Strait of Johore separates Singapore Island from the Federation of Malaya, where arduous jungle war is waged continuously.

Part of the deceptive appearance of the city is given by the fact that officers on duty are encouraged to wear civilian clothes. This appears to be part of a general policy by which terrorists are always called by that name or "bandits," not "Communists."

*This is the space  
Which is customarily reserved for a verse,  
And surely, you would think,  
Foreign travel would make the chymester's task no  
worse,  
But personally I'm afraid  
That when I decided to leave behind all preconceived  
notions  
I must accidentally  
Have locked with them in my desk drawer my weekly  
newspaper.*



Mother, have plenty of rich, creamy Heinz Tomato Soup in your pantry. It will nourish and please your family so much.



It's extra fresh and tasty . . . because we canned every drop within hours of picking those big, red-ripe, luscious Heinz "Aristocrat" tomatoes. So, stock up the pantry.

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Rotary Action Electric Shaver  
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\*FOR DAD'S SAKE TURN TO PAGE 21



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ON BLOOD • BLUE • TRANSPARENT DRESSING



Page 27



GOLDEN DUMPLINGS  
a perfect  
COLD-WEATHER SWEET

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WHEN BAKED WITH—  
SELF RAISING FLOUR  
containing "AEROPHOS"

2 cups s.r. flour containing "Aerophos".

Pinch salt.  
1 dessertspoon butter.  
1 beaten egg.  
1/2 cup milk.

Rub butter into sifted flour and salt; add beaten egg and enough milk to make a soft dough, similar to scones. Put in a saucepan 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons golden syrup. Bring to boil and add small balls of dough. Cook for 10 minutes without lid, then place lid and cook for another five minutes. Serve with creamy custard.

These are best eaten the minute they are cooked, but thanks to "Aerophos", the dough can be mixed earlier and kept until the time you want to cook them.

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P28-12

**NAPOLEON**

When asked his greatest foe, Replied: "The only enemy I know And fear, is he who comes with sleet and snow— Midwinter."

So now when in his strength and might That foe sweeps on us swift to smite, We seek protection where 'tis sure, By using Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.



SWIM-STAR ESTHER WILLIAMS gets the correct time from handsome Argentine actor and former Olympic swimming champion Fernando Lamas during a recent visit on a studio work-day.

## TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★ House by the River

LOW-KEY lighting gives an eerie air to Republic's sketchy psychological murder melodrama, "House by the River."

A rather outmoded suspense yarn of Edwardian vintage, this is not strictly a murder mystery, for the audience is let in on who-dun-it in early sequences. The story resolves itself into what amounts to a triple character study of the three leading players, Louis Hayward, Jane Wyatt, and Lee Bowman.

In housemaid-novelle circumstances unsuccessful author Louis Hayward strangles serving wench Dorothy Patrick when she rebuffs his advances.

Out of affection for his brother's wife, Jane Wyatt, Lee Bowman's crippled brother foolishly allows himself to be talked into helping to dispose of the corpse in a sack which they dump into the river, where it bobs around gruesomely until the police go into action.

The fact that the culprit is a cad as well as a murderer is hammered home until retribution asserts itself and virtue triumphs in best tradition, with trusting brother and worthy wife in an austere embrace.

In Sydney—the Mayfair.

### ★ The Eagle and the Hawk

THIS Pine-Thomas production is a fair specimen of the contemporary Western, which, in spite of action, color, a name cast, and glossy production, fails to set the film world afire with enthusiasm.

A trifle involved as Westerns go, this one has John Payne and Dennis O'Keefe at loggerheads as rivals in the American Revolutionary War, but teamed as partners in a mission in Mexico.

Their target is to prove to Mexican General Liguera that the help he is receiving by way of finances and weapons of war is flowing from the French, rather than from Mexico.

Their target is to prove to Mexican General Liguera that the help he is receiving by way of finances and weapons of war is flowing from the French, rather than from Mexico.

ON OTHER PAGES:  
Candid Camera Portraits in Color, page 53.  
Robert Krasker, Australian Cameraman, page 54.  
Perennial Ginger Rogers, page 57.  
Woman in Hiding, page 59.

### OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average

can patriot Juarez and his democratic supporters. The French, on their part, wish to strengthen their hold on Mexican territories.

Destroying the ammunition cache, and also putting paid to a plot to invade the State of Texas by one Danzeiger, a hissable character played by Fred Clark, involves more than a routine amount of gun and fist-work, but the patriotic pair face up to every danger and setback with fortitude and stoicism.

Apart from Rhonda Fleming's ravishing looks and wardrobe, the film's main virtues are the joie de vivre displayed by Dennis O'Keefe and the virile ease which John Payne brings to the character of the less Texan.

Character man Thomas Gomez plays the fiery Mexican general, and Roberto, the handsome young Mexican patriot, is Eduardo Noriega.

In Sydney—the Prince Edward.

★ The Lie

PARAMOUNT'S "The Lie" is an efficiently made melodrama that will inevitably be dubbed "a woman's picture."

The part of a distracted young mother who assumes another's identity in order to give her illegitimate child a name is a rather sentimental vehicle for usually purposeful Barbara Stanwyck, but she tramples through tear-jerking sequences buoyed up by false hopes, then tortured by false alarms, with honest enough emotion.

Received warmly by unsuspecting in-laws, Barbara negotiates some precarious patches, and nobody is surprised at the budding love affair with the remaining son of the house, John Lund.

Flagging audience interest revives in the objectionable person of Lyle Bettger's blackmailer—the man from her past, who is far from oblivious of the current situation and evinces determination to cash-in on improved financial prospects.

Suspense is provided by the manner in which his threat to family happiness is dispersed.

The late Jane Cowl plays the role of the elderly mother with aplomb.

In Sydney—the Victory.

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### **The Countess Jean de Caraman**

belongs to one of France's oldest and most distinguished families. An expert skier, brilliant linguist and conversationalist, she has the striking beauty of brown eyes, blonde hair and an alabaster-fair skin.

*The Countess says: "Whenever I want my skin to look especially nice, I always have a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream. I am always delighted with the results! It smooths away roughnesses . . . makes my skin look clearer and brighter right away. Make-up goes on with a new prettiness."*



### **How to "re-style" your face in one minute**

*First* — Smooth a cool, white mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face—except eyes.

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*Then* — After just one minute, tissue off clean. You're lovelier! Your complexion has a lighter, clearer wide-awake look—a so much smoother feel! See what your very first 1-Minute Mask does for you.



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## Gateway to Australia... in Paris

From ROLAND PULLEN,  
of our Paris staff

A rambling 19th-century mansion recently bought by the Australian Government as its Paris Embassy has become Australia's chief "listening post" in Europe.

From this "listening post" in the Rue Las Cases, on the left bank of the Seine, Canberra receives, nearly every day, news of latest developments in the complicated and ever-changing drama of European politics.

IN charge of the "listening post" is bachelor Ambassador Sir Keith Officer, Australia's most experienced diplomat. Sir Keith was appointed as Ambassador to France this year after a varied and colorful diplomatic career which began in 1937. It has taken him, as Australia's chief representative, to Washington, Japan, Moscow, Chungking, The Hague, and now Paris.

Sir Keith was knighted in the King's Birthday honors list this year.

This is perhaps the most important post of his career, for Paris, 1950, has become the most sensitive Western European capital for feeling the pulse of delicate relations between East and West.

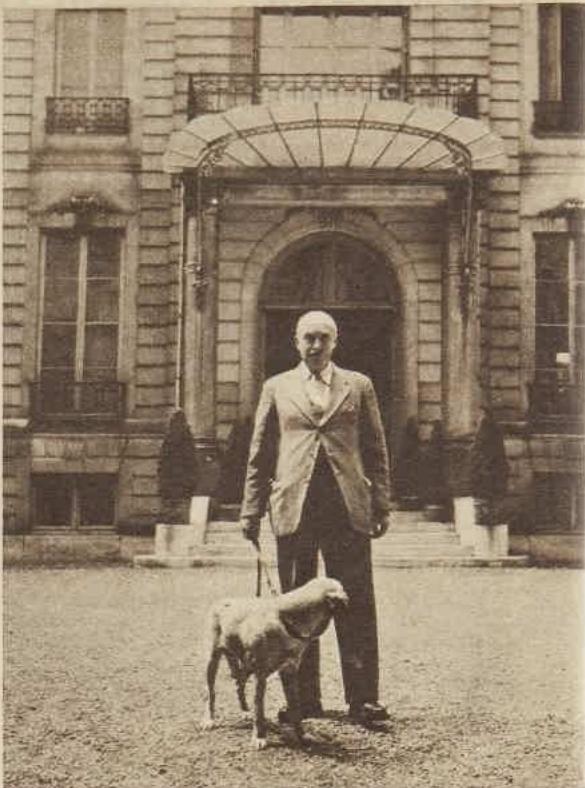
The new Embassy building is better known to hundreds of Frenchmen and other Europeans as the gateway to Australia.

Each day from 50 to 100 Europeans walk through the Embassy archway, above which flies the Australian flag, and climb the 19th century stairway to learn from Australian officials how they can get their names put on to immigration lists.

From what they are told there more than 1000 Europeans a year make the decision to leave the old world and try their fortune in Australia.

The building, as it stands, cost the Australian Government more than £40,000 sterling.

Sir Keith has ordered from Australia three of Australian artist Rupert Bunny's paintings to decor-



AUSTRALIAN AMBASSADOR in Paris, Sir Keith Officer, and his dog Crumpet, in the courtyard of the recently purchased Australian Embassy.

ate his office. The paintings are from Bunny's French period, and will create an interesting artistic link between France and Australia. Furniture will include tables and chairs made of Australian woods.

The Embassy building is immediately opposite the former Australian Embassy building, now occupied by Mrs. Margaret Drexel Biddle, American millionairess and Paris hostess.

Ironically enough, the Embassy staff searched daily all over Paris for a whole year for a new building before they found the present one almost on their own doorstep.

The building, as it stands, cost the Australian Government more than £40,000 sterling.

Sir Keith has ordered from Australia three of Australian artist Rupert Bunny's paintings to decor-

traveled of dogs. He went to Chungking and The Hague with his master, and lives at his hotel in Paris.

Sir Keith relaxes from official duties walking in the beautiful wooded country outside Paris. Crumpet always goes with him. Sir Keith's other hobbies are tennis and swimming.

In a few weeks' time he is going to make a tour of the battlefields to the north of France, on which Australians fought in the 1914-1918 war. He will walk most of the time.

The Embassy has 25 on its staff, more than half of whom are Australians. Among the staff are Dr. E. Ronald Walker, Australia's economic adviser on Europe; and Mr. Gardner Davies, cultural attaché, whose thesis on Mallarme, the French poet, written for the Sorbonne, was highly praised by French men of letters.

Crumpet must be one of the most

SIR KEITH OFFICER at his desk (left), Crumpet, a Labrador retriever, is on guard in the kneehole.

SWISS ARCHITECT Kirt Hug receives immigration papers from Embassy Secretary Australian-born Miss Nanette Bishop (below). Embassy has 30 rooms



# Princess Margaret's Birthday

From our London office

There is an old Scottish legend that all girls born at ancient Glamis Castle will choose a husband before their 20th birthday.

**PRINCESS** Margaret's birthday on August 21 has evoked more than ordinary interest because of this old belief and current rumors of an engagement, though the Princess has said she would not become engaged until she is 21.

On every birthday the Princess' rooms at Buckingham Palace are decorated with her favorite flowers from the Royal hothouse and her father gives her perfectly matched pearls to add to her beautiful double-strand necklace.

But this birthday, her twentieth, has more than usual significance.

It is different from all the others because Margaret, leaving her teens behind her, will have really grown up.

Court circles know that there are two sides to Margaret's personality. One is the girl who fulfills her round of public duties happily, a little demurely, and with a charming smile.

The other is the modern, never tired, never bored, ready-to-dance-till-dawn Margaret, gay, witty, with a repertoire of stories, often against herself, in which her aptitude for mimicry finds scope.

This is the Margaret who has made for herself a definite place as a leader of her own group and who is now planning a holiday in Switzerland with some of her young friends for the winter sports.

Love of travel is a strong characteristic of the young Princess, and, as she has an endearing habit of overcoming objections and getting her own way, she will probably go off to Switzerland much as she went to Italy last year, returning via Paris.

This time, however, her plan is to surround herself with young friends, and, although a senior member of the Royal Household will accompany the party, Margaret wants the tour to be completely informal.

A RECENT Cecil Beaton portrait in color of Princess Margaret wearing a more sophisticated evening dress reveals her as a poised and charming young woman.





## Talking BIG

by T. Wendel Hills

A Column Written from  
the Wendel Special

W to XXXXXOS  
Fashion Salon

THIS is the first time in fashion-history you charming ladies have been able to buy a sun-suit in sizes XSSW to XXXOS! You, too, can look attractive in town or on the beach this summer. I have a wonderful collection of sun-suits made from seersucker (requires no ironing) in summer patterns with aqua, mid-blue, wine, or navy colours predominating. For sizes XSSW to XXW, £3/3/11; SOS, OS, £3/5/11; XOS, XXOS, XXXOS, £3/6/11. Write, call or phone for one of these for first choice.

At a price you'll find hard to believe... wonderful frocks in a rich crepe fabric by Courtards. Special attention has been given to detailed tucking down the front-sizes to cater for every figure problem - XXW to XXXXOS - and the price a mere £5/6. Imagine this low price before the season starts. Just send your bust measurement for a perfect fit.

You really have to see these little gems to fully appreciate their value. The ever-popular shirtmaker-style dress done in English cotton fabric. Gay florals in mid-blue, aqua, royal, brown, navy, wine, green, or Autumn tonings. A wonderful range of sizes from W right up to XXXOS. The price is only 17/11. Mail your orders early for these!

THIS is good news - £4/19/11 for an all wool topper that has all the detail and styling of a more expensive one. They're in lime, aqua, blue, cherry, beige, grey, or brown. The sizes are 36 to 60 inch bust measurements. Another new style with a single button at neckline in W to OS, £3/19/11. If you're wanting a topper be sure to visit any of my city or suburban salons and see my extensive collection of toppers ranging from £4 to £7/10/-. And don't forget they're in all sizes.

IT'S one of my greatest hits of all time! The Joshua Hoyle spun frock for only 35/-! They're in flowery patterns in blue, aqua, wine, rose, navy, or Autumn tonings. SOS, OS, XOS. Write early for these - they can't last long!

I HAVE an exceptional collection of English, silk Jersey frocks - they're designed for you to live in. They feature the new, low necklines and a softly gored skirt. Lovely florals in aqua, blue, pink, fuchsia, or Autumn tonings splashed on a cool white ground. W, XXW, SOS, OS, only 85/-. Also in Jersey specially styled for the larger woman in sizes XOS to XXXXXOS, £5/1/11. (Fuchsia, grey, mauve, navy, blue, or wine in florals.)

DON'T forget about writing for anything mentioned in the column. Just add 2/- postage.

*T. Wendel. Hills*

1st Floor, 147a King St., Sydney, NSW 2000.  
T. & G. Bldg., 303 Elizabeth St. NSW 2000.

BETWEEN Port

Dickson and Seremban, tragedy touched the Holland family, because Jane died. She had developed fever during the day's march, and one of the two Japanese guards they had at that time had carried her for much of the day. They had a little quinine left and tried to give it to her, but they could not get her to take much of it till she grew too weak to resist, and then it was too late.

They persuaded the Japanese sergeant to allow them to stay where they were rather than to risk moving the child, but on the evening of the second day she died.

Mrs. Holland stood it far better than Jean had expected that she would.

"It's God's will, my dear," she said quietly, "and He'll give her Daddy strength to bear it when he hears, just as He's giving us all strength to bear our trials now."

She stood dry-eyed beside the little grave, and helped to make the little wooden cross. Dry-eyed she picked the text for the cross: "Suffer little children to come unto Me." She said quietly: "I think her Daddy would like that one."

Jean woke that night in the darkness, and heard her weeping.

Through all this the baby, Robin, thrived. It was entirely fortuitous that he ate and drank nothing but food that had been recently boiled; living on rice and soup, that happened automatically, but may have explained his relative freedom from stomach disorders.

Jean carried him every day, and her own health was definitely better than when they had left Panong. She had had five days of fever at Klang, but dysentery had not troubled her for some time, and she was eating well. With the continual exposure to the sun she was getting very brown, and the baby that she carried on her hip got browner.

Seremban lies on the railway, and they had hoped that when they got there there would be a train down to Singapore. They got to Seremban about the middle of April, but there was no train for them. Before very long they were put upon the road to Tampin.

They stayed at Tampin for some days, then the local commandant sent them down under guard to Malacca, where they hoped to get a ship. But there was no ship at Malacca, and the officer in charge there sent them back to Tampin. They plodded back there in despair; at Alor Gajah Judy Thomson died.

To stay at Tampin, where food was very scarce, meant more deaths, inevitably, so they suggested it was better for them to continue down to Singapore on foot, and a corporal was detailed to take them on the road to Gemas.

In the middle of May, at Ayer Kuning, on the way to Gemas, Mrs. Horsefall died. She had never really recovered from her attack of malaria or whatever fever it was that had attacked her two months previously. At Ayer Kuning she developed dysentery again, and died in two days, probably of heart failure or exhaustion.

The faded little woman, Mrs. Frith, who was over fifty and always seemed to be upon the point of death, took over the care of Johnnie Horsefall and it did her a world of good; from that day Mrs. Frith improved and gave up moaning in the night.

The Japanese town major at Gemas, a Captain Nisui, had known nothing about them till they appeared in his town. Jean explained that they were prisoners being marched to camp in Singapore.

He said, "Prisoner not go Singapore. Strict order. Where you come from?"

She told him, "We've been travelling for over two months," with the calmness born of many disappointments. "We must get into a camp, or we shall die. Seven of us have died upon the road already - there were thirty-two when we

## A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 5

were taken prisoner. Now there are twenty-five. We can't go on like this. We must get into camp at Singapore. You must see that."

He said, "No more prisoner to Singapore. Very sorry for you, but strict order. Too many prisoner in Singapore."

"But what are we to do? Where can we go?"

"Very sad for you," he said. "I tell you where you go to-morrow."

The news meant very little to the women; they had fallen into the habit of living from day to day, and Singapore was far away.

Mrs. Frith said, "If they'd just let us alone we could find a little place like one of them villages and live till it's all over."

Jean stared at her. "They couldn't feed us," she said slowly. "We depend upon the Nips for food." But it was the germ of an idea, and she put it in the back of her mind.

Captain Nisui came the next day. "You go now to Kuantan," he said. "Woman camp in Kuantan very good. You will be very glad."

Jean did not know where Kuantan was. She asked, "Where is Kuantan? Is it far away?"

"Kuantan on coast," he said. "You go there now."

Behind her someone said, "It's hundreds of miles away. It's on the east coast."

"Okay," said Captain Nisui. "On east coast. You get there soon. Be very happy."

He wanted them to start immediately, but Jean got him to agree that they should start at dawn next day. She did, also, get him to provide a good supper for them that night, a sort of meat stew with the rice, and a banana each.

FROM Gemas to Kuantan is about a hundred and seventy miles. On the basis of their previous rate of progress Jean reckoned that it would take them six weeks to do the journey. It was by far the longest they had had to tackle, and none of them really believed that there were prison camps for them at Kuantan. "He just wants to get rid of us," Jean said wearily.

They left with a sergeant and a private as guards, and went on for a week, marching about ten miles every other day; then fever broke out among the children, and four of them died, Harry Collard, Susan Fletcher, Doris Simmonds, who was only three, and Freddie Holland.

Jean was most concerned with Freddie, as was natural, but there was so little she could do. By that time they had all grown hardened to the fact of death. Grief and mourning had ceased to trouble them; death was a reality to be avoided and fought, but when it came - well, it was just one of those things.

Jean's care now was for Mrs. Holland. After Freddie was buried she tried to get Eileen to care for the baby; for the last few weeks the baby had been left to Jean to feed and tend and carry, and she had grown very much attached to it.

With both the elder children dead Jean gave the baby, Robin, back to its mother, not so much because she wanted to get rid of it as because she felt that an interest must be found for Eileen Holland, and the baby would supply it.

But the experiment was not a great success; Eileen by that time was so weak that she could not carry the baby on the march, and she could not summon the energy to play with it. Moreover, the baby obviously preferred the younger woman to its mother, having been carried by her for so long.

"Seems as if he doesn't really belong to me," Mrs. Holland said once. "You take him, dear. He likes being with you."

They left four tiny graves behind the signal box at Bahau and went on down the line carrying two litters of bamboo poles; the weakest children took turns in these.

As was common on this journey, they found the Japanese guards to be humane and reasonable men, uncouth in their habits and mentally far removed from Western ideas, but tolerant to the weaknesses of women and deeply devoted to children. For hours the sergeant would plod along carrying one child piggyback and at the same time carrying one end of the stretcher, his rifle laid beside the resting child.

The women by that time were acquiring a few words of Japanese, but the only one who could talk Malay fluently was Jean, and it was she who made inquiries at the villages and sometimes acted as interpreter for the Japanese.

Mrs. Frith surprised Jean very much. She was a faded, anaemic little woman of over fifty, but since she had adopted Johnnie Horsefall Mrs. Frith had taken on a new lease of life; her health had improved and she now marched as strongly as any of them.

She had lived in Malaya for about fifteen years; she could speak only a few words of the language, but she had a considerable knowledge of the country and its diseases. She was quite happy that they were going to Kuantan.

"Nice over there, it is," she said. "Much healthier than in the west, and nicer people. We'll be all right once we get over there. You see."

As time went on, Jean turned to Mrs. Frith more and more for advice on their predicaments.

At Ayer Kring Mrs. Holland came to the end of her strength. She had fallen twice on the march and they had taken turns in helping her along.

She knew herself it was the end. "I'm so sorry, my dear," she whispered late that night. "Sorry to make so much trouble for you. Sorry for Bill. If you see Bill again, tell him not to fret. And tell him not to mind about marrying again, if he can find somebody nice. It's not as if he was an old man."

An hour or two later she said, "I do think it's lovely the way baby's taken to you. It is lucky, isn't it?"

At about midday next day she died. They buried her in the Moslem village cemetery that evening.

At Ayer Kring they entered the most unhealthy district they had passed through yet. Several of them, including Jean, contracted fever, and it took them altogether eleven days to get through the swamps to the higher ground past Temerloh. They left Mrs. Simmonds and Mrs. Fletcher behind them, and little Gillian Thomson. When they emerged into the higher, healthier country and dared to stay a day to rest, Jean was very weak, but the fever had left her.

It was Mrs. Frith who now buoyed them up, as she had depressed them in the earlier days. "It should be getting better all the time, from now on," she told them. "It's lovely on the east coast, nice beaches to bathe on. It's healthy, too."

They came presently to a very jungly village on a hilltop above the river Jengka. By this time they had left the railway and were heading more or less eastwards on a jungle track that would at some time join a main road that led down to Kuantan.

This village was cool and airy, and the people kind and hospitable; they gave the women a house to sleep in and provided food and fresh fruit, and a bark infusion that was good for fever. They stayed there for six days revelling in the fresh, cool breeze and the clear, healthy nights, and when they finally marched on they were in better shape.

Please turn to page 38

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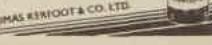
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**AFTER YOU.** It's a rule that girls go first in and out of doors. The young man holds open the door as if to the manner born. Girls appreciate these gallant touches, provided they are done without fuss or affectation.

# Who goes first!

WHEN a girl goes out with a boy, embarrassing little hitches caused by uncertainty about etiquette can ruin the occasion. There's no hocus-pocus about etiquette these days. It's largely a matter of good instincts and commonsense. But to resolve any doubts about the old problem of Who Goes First, here is what to do in six situations that can be traps for the young.



**SOMETHING WRONG?** Not at all. The etiquette books say that one of the times a man precedes a girl is when they are walking towards seats in a theatre. But . . .

**ROW REACHED,** he stands aside and the girl goes first, facing those who are already seated.



**GIRLS FIRST THIS TIME.** A restaurant supervisor leads the couple to their table for supper after pictures. Escort follows immediately behind girl. But with no supervisor he would go first to find seats.

**BUSES.** Girls always first entering vehicles (right).

**MIND YOUR MANNERS,** young man! It's just what he is doing. Getting out of a vehicle beaux lead the way and belles go after.





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Puccini)

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("Love's The Spark Which Fires Our Souls")  
("Rigoletto" (Act 1), Piaf—Verdi)  
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(With Orchestra conducted by NILS GRELLIUS)

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(*Strauss*) (Parts 1 and 2)

VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA  
(Conducted by HORSTES VON KARAJAN)

DX1473—IL SERAGLIO  
(*When a Maiden Takes Your Fancy*) (*Mozart*)  
OSCAR NATZKA (Bass)

(With Orchestra conducted by  
WENDELL BRAITHWAITE)

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR—DRINKING  
SONG (*Niccolò*)  
OSCAR NATZKA AND CHORUS

(With the Royal Opera House Orchestra  
conducted by KARL RAVEL)

EL1451—LONDON, FANTASY! (*Richardson*)  
(Parts 1 and 2)  
SYDNEY TORCH AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
(Featuring the Composer at the Piano)

## Design school's varied work



ETCHING PRESS converted to print textiles is used by Kit Reid (left), helped by Katherine Murray, at Design School, Edgecliff, Sydney.

★ Belief in the value of hand-design in a period of machine-made, mass-produced goods was the reason for the establishment of the Design School, Edgecliff, N.S.W. The Director, Mrs. Dora Sweetapple, says that students find a place in industry, or graduate to architecture, interior-decorating, fabric-designing, or book-illustration.

The woman at home, too, can apply art training to designing her own dresses or furnishing fabrics, or teaching her children. Students will hold an exhibition at David Jones' Gallery from August 21 to 31.



DESIGNS for the materials of these ball dresses were worked out by these two students of the Design School, June Burnett (left) and Bianca Bianchi.



DIRECTOR of school, Mrs. Dora Sweetapple (standing), takes a class in interior design on wet day. At left: Author Edith Lanser, who has published several children's books, has lettering lesson from Mr. Eric Roberts.



COPPER, gold, and gun-metal design to be exhibited by Margaret White (left). Mrs. Sweetapple and Joyce Higginbottom (right) help her to display fabric.



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# NEFERTITI: Her beauty lived 3000 years

So beautiful was Nefertiti, Queen of Egypt, that men have fallen in love with her across the space of 3200 years.

Among her latter-day lovers was Adolf Hitler, who added to his other crimes the foolishness of falling in love with a woman long since desert dust.

The painted bust of Nefertiti was found by Dr. Ludwig Borchardt, of the German Oriental Society, in the studio of the sculptor Thothmes, among the ruins of the Royal city of Tel-el-Amarna.

Enraptured with his find, Dr. Borchardt had Nefertiti and the rest of the Amarna heads shipped to Germany, without reporting the discovery to the Egyptian Government.

Usually archaeological discoveries are shared between members of the expedition or the country sponsoring the expedition and the country in which they are found.

The bust, having been found by a German expedition, probably would have been sent to Germany, but as a point of etiquette, Egypt should have been informed of the find.

Egypt made several representations for the return of Nefertiti, and at one stage Goering promised that she would be sent to Cairo.

However, Hitler reportedly became fascinated by the bust, and claimed that Nefertiti was his true soul-mate. He refused to allow her to return to her native land.

The bust was among the art treasures discovered by the Allies in the old salt mines at Merkens in Germany after the war, and it is now held by the Americans at Wiesbaden.

Egypt still wants Nefertiti back, but under international law the Americans, as custodians, cannot return her, but must wait for Germany to decide to do so.

The sculptured likeness of Nefertiti has made her one of the most famous beauties of either the ancient or the modern world.

Unlike many women, such as Mary Queen of Scots or Cleopatra, who have gained a great reputation for beauty, but whose portraits give little indication of what made them so attractive in life, Nefertiti's fascination is easy to find.

Her head is set on a long, graceful neck, and her features are beautifully moulded.

The firmness of her mouth and chin, showing the strength of character she is said to have possessed, is balanced by the serene, almost melancholy, expression of her brow and eyes.

The high head-dress is far more flattering than the more usual type of Egyptian head-dress, which concealed the ears and neck.

The history of the reign of Nefertiti and her husband, Amenhotep the Fourth, who later called himself Ikhnaten, has always been of particular interest to students of ancient history.

It saw the beginning of the end of Egyptian domination of the civilised world and the rise of the Near Eastern States.

● When Nefertiti and her husband began to rule Egypt they were in their early teens, yet they tried to alter the religious beliefs of their people

Amenhotep and Nefertiti advocated the worship of one god instead of the multiplicity of gods which people of ancient times revered.

Amenhotep was the 10th monarch of the 19th dynasty of Egypt, and ascended the throne about 1383 B.C.

He was probably 13 or 14 and his bride a few years younger when they were married in the fourth year of his reign, just before his father's death.

It appears that Amenhotep the Third and his son had adopted the usual precaution of ruling jointly for a few years before the monarch's death to ensure an unbroken succession.

Amenhotep was a quiet, dreamy youth, whose upbringing had been largely in the hands of his forceful and capable mother, Queen Ty.

In the sixth year of his reign, about two years after his father's death, Amenhotep and Nefertiti decided to renounce the worship of the hundreds of Egyptian gods of which the chief was Amen, the Sun god, and to adopt the worship of one god, Aten.

Aten was a different conception of the Sun god. They thought of him not just as the globe in the sky but as the giver of life.

So violent was the young king's dislike for the old god that he had Amen's name eradicated from all public monuments and many of his statues broken.

He decided, too, to change his own name from Amenhotep (meaning

WHAT is known of Nefertiti's life is told in all Ancient Histories, including those of Sir Flinders Petrie, Max Laistner, J. H. Breasted. Other accounts are "The Life and Times of Ikhnaten," by Arthur Weigall, and "The Amarna Age," by James Baikie. The story of the excavations at Tel-el-Amarna is told in a book by J. Pendlebury.

Amen is satisfied) to Ikhnaten (meaning profitable to Aten).

How extraordinary it seems that this young couple, at an age when modern teenagers would perhaps be having their first date, were preparing to uproot the whole of Egyptian worship and society.

Ikhnaten, in his decision, seems to have been greatly influenced by Nefertiti.

They perhaps had heard of the wandering tribes of Hebrews who worshipped one God, Jehovah.

Another revolutionary idea which Ikhnaten and the adherents of the new faith adopted was that Aten had created not only the Egyptians, but foreigners, slaves, animals, and plants.

From the walls of the temples at Tel-el-Amarna have been translated hymns to Aten, believed to have been written by the king. These hymns, in their fervor, resemble some of the Psalms, and, in their close and loving perception of nature, the Song of Solomon.

Modern romanticists represent Ikhnaten and Nefertiti as the "marriage of true minds."

The Egyptians probably had little conception of love in our chivalric sense, but the young king and queen seem to have been devoted to each other.

Nefertiti was the mother of all Ikhnaten's children—six daughters—and is the only wife shown with him on monuments.

Although Ikhnaten would have inherited his father's harem, and probably for political purposes added to it during his reign, it seems that in practice he adopted monogamy along with monotheism.

Ikhnaten delighted to have the court sculptors and painters portray him with his family in simple domestic scenes. This contrasted with the attitude of the early Pharaohs, whose dignity compelled them to confine their recorded activities to occasions of State or war.

Ikhnaten and Nefertiti are shown often with their family of daughters. In one fresco they are at table, and the beautiful queen is shown making short work of a whole fowl, not disdaining to use her fingers to get a firm grip on the bird.

There have been conflicting theories about the origin of Nefertiti.

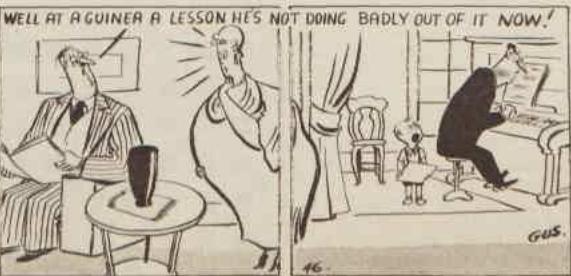
Earlier authorities took her to be identical with Tadukhipa, the daughter of Dushratta, the King of Mitanni (a province north of the Euphrates River), and believe that she adopted an Egyptian name after her arrival in her new home.

As Tadukhipa she was first married to Amenhotep the Fourth's father, and on the monarch's death was absorbed into the harem of the son.

The later, and more likely, theory is that Nefertiti was a daughter of Amenhotep III, either by his Queen, Ty, or by another princess in the harem.

The theory that Nefertiti and Ikhnaten were brother and sister is supported by the extraordinary re-

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



## FAMOUS WOMEN

Another profound change was that the customary glorification of war had vanished from the land.

The king's motto, "Living in Truth," was constantly put forward as the keynote of what life was to be in Egypt.

But the perfect State of the youthful idealists could not be established without strong opposition.

The mass of the people were enraged at the loss of their old gods and superstitions.

The new religion began in the Court and remained at that level. At no time did it penetrate the imaginations of the people.

Chief enemies of the king within the country were the wealthy and powerful priests of Amen. They were implacable in their hatred of Ikhnaten, who had robbed them of their influence overnight.

Outside the State, at the northern borders of the Empire, the Hittites were growing in power and threatening to overrun Mitanni.

Details of this threat, and many other glimpses of life in Ikhnaten's reign, are contained in the 300 letters on stone tablets between King Dushratta, of Mitanni, and the Egyptian king, which were found in the ruins of Tel-el-Amarna.

The Governor of Jerusalem wrote that the country would be ruined unless an army was sent to put down the rebellious local tribes.

The Egyptian army, large and efficient, chafed under prolonged inactivity.

Another cause for the king's unpopularity was the great cost, both in money and lives, of the building of the new city.

When it is considered how blindly and ruthlessly Ikhnaten and Nefertiti pursued their own ideas, they appear as religious fanatics. Though probably sincere in their new religion, they were blind to the consequences of such enormous change.

In 1365 B.C., at about the age of 30, Ikhnaten died.

He was succeeded by Ankheperura, who had married Nefertiti's eldest daughter, Mertaten. They reigned for about 12 years.

The next king was the husband of Nefertiti's third daughter, Ankhsenpaaten.

He was the famous Tutankhamen, whose tomb near Tel-el-Amarna was opened in 1922. His name is familiar to millions who know nothing of Egyptian history.

Actually his reign was short and tragic.

He was only a boy when he succeeded, and despite the firm efforts of the Queen Mother, Nefertiti, to preserve the worship of Aten, the powerful priests of Amen prevailed upon Tutankhamen to transfer the Court to Thebes and return to the old faith.

After the Court returned to Thebes, the worshippers of Amen entered upon an orgy of destruction at Tel-el-Amarna in their efforts to eradicate all traces of the heresy.

In this way many important records of the age, and probably many other beautiful monuments of Nefertiti, were destroyed.

Nefertiti survived the return of the Court to Thebes.

There is a statue of her in middle age. Her expression is more melancholy, almost bitter. She looks tired and disillusioned.

After the death of Tutankhamen, the Egyptian Empire, already crumbling at the edges, began to break up altogether.

Although a new and strong line of Pharaohs assumed the throne, never again was Egypt to rule the whole world, and not for another 1800 years was the notion of one God to exist outside the Hebrew world.

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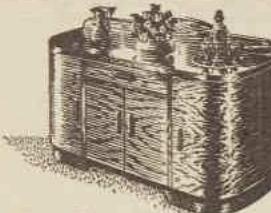
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FOUR days later, in the evening, they came to Maran. A tarmac road runs through Maran crossing the Malay peninsula from Kuantan to Kerling. The road runs through the village, which has perhaps fifty houses, a school, and a few native shops. They came out upon the road half a mile or so to the north of the village.

After five weeks upon the railway track and jungle paths it overjoyed them to see evidence of civilisation in this road. They walked down to the village with a fresher step. And there, in front of them, they saw two trucks and two white men working on them while Japanese guards stood by.

They marched quickly towards the trucks, which were both heavily loaded with railway lines and sleepers. One of them was jacked up on sleepers taken from the load, and both of the white men were underneath it working on the back axle. They wore shorts and army boots without socks; their bodies were sunburnt and very dirty.

But they were healthy and muscular men, lean, but in good physical condition. And they were white, the first white men that the women had seen for five months.

They crowded round the trucks; their guard began to talk in staccato Japanese with the truck guards.

One of the men lying on his back under the axle, shifting spanner in hand, glanced at the bare feet and the sarongs within his range of vision and said slowly, "Tell the Nip to get those so-and-so women shifted back so we can get some light."

Some of the women laughed, and Mrs. Frith said, "Don't you go talking about us like that, young man."

The men rolled out from under the truck and sat staring at the women and the children, at the brown skins, the sarongs, the bare feet.

"Who said that?" asked the man with the spanner. "Which of you speaks English?" He spoke deliberately in a slow drawl, with something of a pause between each word.

Jean said laughing, "We're all English."

He stared at her, noting the hair plaited in a pigtail; the brown arms and feet, the sarong, the brown baby on her hip. There was a line of white skin showing on her chest at the V of her tattered blouse. "Straits born?" he hazarded.

"No, English—all of us," said. "We're prisoners."

He got to his feet; he was a fair-haired, powerfully built man about twenty-seven or twenty-eight years old. "Dinky-di?" he said.

She did not understand that. "Are you prisoners?" she asked.

He smiled slowly. "Are we prisoners?" he repeated.

There was something about this man that she had never met before. "Are you English?" she asked.

"No fear," he said in his deliberate way. "We're Aussies."

She said, "Are you in a camp here?"

He shook his head. "We come from Kuantan," he said. "But we're driving trucks all day, fetching this stuff down to the coast."

She said, "We're going to Kuantan, to a women's camp there."

He stared at her. "There isn't any women's camp at Kuantan. There isn't any regular prison camp at all, just a little temporary camp for us because we're truck drivers. Who told you that there was a women's camp at Kuantan?"

"The Japanese told us. They're supposed to be sending us there," she sighed. "It's just another lie."

"The Nips say anything." He smiled down at Jean. "I thought you were a lot of booms," he said. "You're English, dinky-di? All the way from England?"

She nodded. "That's right."

## A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 32

He smiled again. "I never thought the first time that I spoke to an English lady she'd be looking like you."

"You aren't exactly an oil painting yourself," Jean said.

The other man was talking to a group of the women; Mrs. Frith and Mrs. Price were with Jean. The Australian turned to them. "Where do you come from?" he inquired.

Jean laughed shortly. "We've been everywhere—Port Swettenham, Port Dickson—everywhere. Nobody wants us. I reckon that we've walked nearly five hundred miles."

"That's crook," he said. "How do you go for tucker, if you aren't in a camp?"

She did not understand him. "Tucker?"

"What do you get to eat?"

"We stay each night in a village," she said. "We'll have to find somewhere to stay here. Probably in a place like this it'll be the school. We eat what we can get in the village."

She added bitterly, "There were thirty-two of us when we were taken. Now we're seventeen."

The Australian swore under his breath.

Jean said, "Will you be staying here to-night?"

He said, "Will you?"

"We shall stay here," she said. "We shall be here to-morrow, too, unless they'll let us ride down on your trucks. We can't march the children every day. We walk one day and rest the next."

He said, "If you're staying, Mrs. Boong, we're staying too. We can fix this axle so as it will never roll again if needs be."

He paused in slow thought. "You got no medicines?" he said. "What do you want?"

She said quickly, "Have you got any salts?"

He shook his head. "Is that what you want?"

"We haven't got any salts at all," she said. "We want quinine, and something for all these skin diseases that the children have got. Can we get those here?"

He said slowly, "I'll have a try. Have you got any money?"

### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

#### ACROSS

- At a great distance I once to be sprinkled with powder (8).
- Vex tea as in case (6).
- Hill on Dartmoor so mutilated work (5).
- No riotous mixture unfavorably known (9).
- Symbol (7).
- You're a Latin mother is not professional (7).
- Died of hunger though the beginning could have been in Hollywood or in the sky (7).
- White vestment and I on Britain (6).
- Inflict retribution, yet the first half is welcome (8).
- Unruffled cotton machine is confused towards dusk (7).
- Haunts in set fins (7).
- Short creditor I am a male child in deep red color (7).
- Green team (Anagr. 8).
- Sailor the French are more talented (5).
- Pitchers (5).
- Join limit you and a thousand in appendix (8).

#### Solution to last week's crossword.

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| P | O | S | T | A | L | W | O | R | S | H | I | P |
| R | A | P | R | M | A | N | S |   |   |   |   |   |
| E | N | O | G | E | I | N | F | L |   |   |   |   |
| T | E | O | S | T | E | B | I |   |   |   |   |   |
| E | S | S | E | N | D | O | N | A | S | T | R | A |
| N | S | U | U | I | I | L |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| C | A | S | T | G | R | E | N | A | D | I | E | R |
| E | A | P | C | A | E | T | C |   |   |   |   |   |
| S | T | U | R | G | O | N | S | D |   |   |   |   |
| T | U | R | G | O | N | S | D |   |   |   |   |   |
| A | U | D | S | I | T |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| C | A | R | I | B | S |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| I | N | M | M | O | R |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| T | H | I | M | O | R |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| E | N | L | S | S | E | P | G |   |   |   |   |   |
| E | Y | E | L | E | T | S | A | S | S | T | S | S |

Mrs. Frith snorted, "After being six months with the Japs? They took everything we had. Even our wedding rings."

Jean said, "We've got a few little bits of jewellery left, if we could sell some of those."

He said, "I'll have a go first, and see what I can do. You get fixed up with somewhere to sleep, and I'll see you later."

"All right."

She went back to their sergeant and bowed to him because that pleased him and made things easier for them. She said, "Gumso, where yasme to-night? Children must yasme. We see headman about yasme and mish."

He came with her and they found the headman, and negotiated for the loan of the school building for the prisoners, and for the supply of rice for mish. They did not now experience the blank refusals that they formerly had met when the party was thirty strong; the lesser numbers had made accommodation and food much easier for them.

They settled into the school building and began the routine of chores and washing that occupied the bulk of their spare time. The news that there was no women prisoners' camp in Kuantan was what they had all secretly expected. It was a disappointment, but the novelty of the two Australians made up for this.

At the trucks, the Australians got back to their work, and presently extracted four feet of heavy metal shafting, splined at both ends, from the back axle, dripping with black oil; they showed it to the Japanese corporal in charge of them as evidence of their industry.

"Yasme here to-night," they said. The guard was suspicious, but agreed; indeed, he could do nothing else. He went off to arrange for rice for them, leaving them in charge of the private who was with him.

The fair-haired man left the trucks and in the half light slipped quickly down behind a row of houses, and came out into the street a couple of hundred yards down, towards the end of the village. Here there was a Chinaman who ran a decrepit bus. The Australian had noted this place on various journeys

through Maran; they plied regularly up and down this road.

In his deliberate manner he said quietly, "Johnnie, you buy petrol? How much you give?"

It is extraordinary how little barrier an unknown language makes between a willing buyer and a willing seller. At one point in the negotiation they resorted to the written word, and the Australian wrote "Salts" and "Quinine" and "Skin Disease Ointment" in block letters on a scrap of paper.

In the darkness, early in the night, he came to the schoolhouse where the women were. One of the Japanese soldiers was supposed to be on guard all night, but in the five weeks that they had been with this pair of guards the women had not shown the slightest inclination to escape, and their guards had long given up watching them at night.

At the open door, the Australian paused and said quietly, "Which of you ladies was I talking to this afternoon? The one with the baby."

Jean came to the door. He had several little packages for her.

"That's quinine," he said. "I can get more of that if you want it. I couldn't get salts, but this is what the Chinese take for dysentery. It's all written in Chinese, but what he says it means is three of these leaves powdered up in warm water every four hours. That'll be for a grown-up person. If it's any good, keep the label and maybe you could get some more in a Chinese drug shop. I got this skin ointment, and there's more of that if you want it."

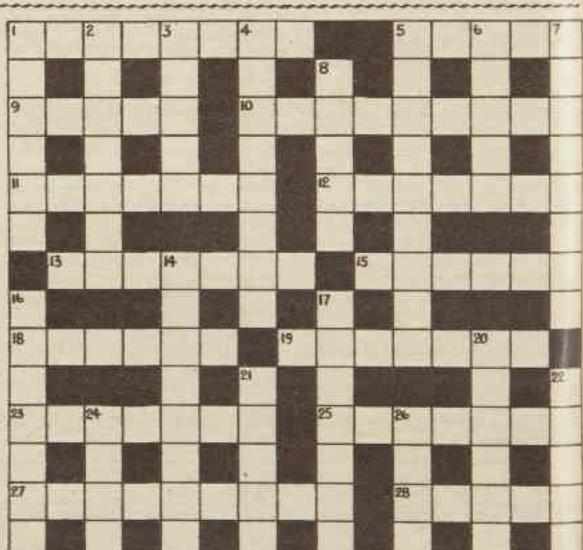
She took them gratefully from him. "That's marvellous," she said softly. "How much did it all cost?"

"That's all right," he said in his deliberate manner. "The Nips paid, but they don't know it."

She thanked him again, then asked, "Where are you going with the trucks?"

"Kuantan," he said. "We should be back there to-night, but Ben Leggat—he's my cobber—he got the truck in bits so we had to give it away. Get down there to-morrow, or we might stretch it another day if it suits, though it'd be risky, I think."

Please turn to page 40



Solution will be published next week.

#### DOWN

- That exasperating woman is a male pro-genitor (6).
- Dish of toasted cheese is an uncommon morsel of food (7).
- Her seven sons and six daughters were called by Indian gods (5).
- Bin on Latin Danube is of evil omen (8).
- Sailor and a Biblical epistle writer in waterproof cloth (9).
- Wife of a woman (5).
- Enclose in French casket (8).
- A back salt gives volume of maps (3).
- Records formally in mixed fibre grids (9).
- Page father spirit consumed (6).
- Called to higher tribunal. A cat mixed with dove (8).
- Brick lodging led to settled comfortably (7).
- Pale as female domestic fowl (5).
- Insect spirit from cavity in the upper jaw-bone (6).
- Strength for this French (6).
- Angry at in anger (5).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 26, 1950

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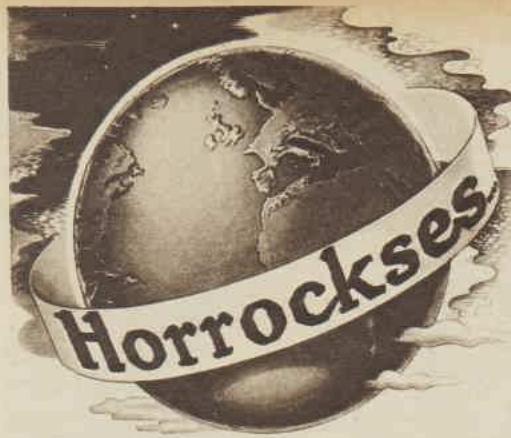


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"Oh, what a beautiful rose tree!" said Alice, when she came upon three Gardeners with three little watering-cans in Bond's Undieland.

And then Alice looked at the rose tree more closely, and she threw up her hands and gave a little cry of joy. Because what do you imagine Alice saw?

Curled up in the heart of each rose-bud was a little baby girl or boy, wrapped up snugly in a Bond's "Cumfy" Vest! And as Alice watched, the Gardeners kept on watering the tree and the babies kept growing!

"Oh, dear," said Alice, "Those little babies are growing so fast that

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Available at all leading stores

SIX of them, the Australian went on, were driving six trucks for the Japanese; they drove regularly from Kuantan up country to a place upon the railway called Jerantut, a distance of about a hundred and thirty miles.

Usually they would drive up one day and load the truck with sleepers and railway lines taken up from the track, and drive back to Kuantan the next day, where the railway material was unloaded on to the quayside to be taken away by ship to some unknown destination.

"Building another railway somewhere, I suppose," he said.

He had been taken somewhere in Johore, and had been driving trucks from Kuantan for about two months. "Better than being in a camp," he said.

He and Jean sat together on the steps, talking for a while.

"Are you a truck driver in Australia?" she asked.

He shook his head. "I'm a ringer."

She asked, "What's a ringer?"

"A stockrider," he said.

He was born in Australia, in Queensland, he told her, but his father was English.

"My dad came from London, from a place called Hammersmith. He used to drive a cab, and he came out to Queensland to work for Cobb and Co., and met Ma. But I've not been in Queensland for some time. I was working in the Territory over to the west, on a station called Wollara. That's about a hundred and ten miles south-west of the Springs."

She smiled. "Where's the Springs?"

"Alice," he said. "Alice Springs. Right in the middle of Australia, half-way between Darwin and Adelaide."

She said, "I thought the middle of Australia was all desert."

He said deliberately: "Alice is a bonza place. Plenty of water in Alice."

"What do you do at this place Wollara?" she asked. "Do you look after sheep?"

He shook his head. "You don't find sheep around the Alice region," he said. "It'd be too hot for them. Wollara is a cattle station."

"How many cattle have you got?"

"About eighteen thousand when I came away," he said. "It goes up and down, according to the wet, you know."

"Eighteen thousand? But how big is it?"

"Wollara? About two thousand seven hundred."

"Two thousand seven hundred acres," she said. "That's a big place."

He stared at her. "Not acres," he said. "Square miles. Wollara's two thousand seven hundred square miles."

She was startled. "But is that all one place—one farm, I mean?"

"It's one station," he replied. "One property."

"However many of you does it take to run it?"

His mind ran lovingly around the well-remembered scene. "There's Mr. Duveen, Tommy Duveen—he's the manager, and then me—I'm the head stockman, or I was. Tommy said he'd keep a place for me when I got back. I'd like to get back to Wollara again one day . . . He mused a little.

"We had three other ringers—whites," he said. "Then there was Happy, and Moonlight, and Nugget, and Snowy, and Tarmac . . . He thought for a minute. "Nine boongs we had," he said. "That's all."

"Nine what?"

"Black boys—black stockriders. Ahos."

"But can fourteen men look after all those cattle?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," he said thoughtfully. "Wollara is an easy station, in a way, because it hasn't got any fences. It's fences make the work. We've got the Palmer River and

## A Town Like Alice

Continued from page 38

the Levi Range to the north, and the sand country over to the west; the cattle don't go there. Then there's the Kernt Range to the south and Mount Ormrod and the Twins to the east."

He nodded. "Fourteen men is all right for a station like that; it would be easier if we had more whites, but you can't buy them. These boongs, they're always going walkabout."

"What's that?" she asked.

"Walkabout? Why, an abo ringer, he'll come up one day and he'll say, 'Boss, I go walkabout now.' You can't keep him. He'll leave the station and go wandering off just in a pair of pants and an old hat, with a gun if he's got one, or a spear and a throwing-stick, maybe, and he'll be away two or three months."

"But where does he go to?" she asked.

"Just travels. They go a long way on a walkabout," he said. "Four or five hundred miles, maybe. Then when he's had enough he'll come back to the station and join up for work again. But the trouble with the boongs is you never know if they'll be there next week."

"Eighteen thousand cattle . . . " she said thoughtfully.

"More or less," he said. "Get a good wet, and it'll maybe rise to twenty-one or twenty-two thousand. Then you get a dry year, and it'll go right down to twelve or thirteen thousand. I reckon we lose about three thousand every year by drought."

Jean was amazed. She said, "But can't you get your cattle to water?"

He smiled slowly. "Not with fourteen men. There's enough cattle die of thirst each year in the Territory and Northern Queensland to feed the whole of England. Course, the horses make it worse on Wollara."

"Horses?"

He said: "We've got about three thousand brumbies, but you can't do nothing with them—they're vermin. Wollara used to be a horse station years ago, selling horses to the Indian Army, but you can't sell horses now. We use a few, of course—maybe a hundred, with packhorses and that. You can't get rid of them except by shooting, and you'll never get a ringer to shoot horses. They eat the feed the cattle ought to get, and spoil it too. Cattle don't like feeding where a horse has been."

They sat together for over an hour, talking quietly at the entrance to the schoolhouse. At the end the Australian got up and said, "I mustn't stay any longer, case those Nips come back."

Jean got to her feet as the Australian prepared to go. "It's been terribly kind of you to get us these things. You don't know what they mean to us. Tell me, what's your name?"

"Joe Harman," he said. "Sergeant Harman—Ringer Harman, some of them call me." He hesitated. "Sorry I called you Mrs. Boong today," he said awkwardly.

She said, "My name's Jean Paget."

"Look, Mrs. Paget," he said. "I'll try if I can get the Nips to let your party ride down on the truck with us. In any case, I'll see you on the road again before you get to Kuantan, and I'll make sure there's something crook with the truck. What else do you want?"

"Soap," she said. "Could you possibly get us carbolic soap?"

"Should be able to," he said.

"We've got no soap at all," she observed. "I've got a little gold locker that one of the women had, who died. I was going to see if I could sell it and get some soap."

"Keep it," he said. "I'll see you get soap." He hesitated, and then said, "Sorry I talked so much, boring you with the outback and all that. There's times when you get down a bit—can't make yourself believe you'll ever see it again."

"I wasn't bored," she said softly. "Good-night, sergeant."

In the morning Jean showed the women what she had got. "I heard you talking to him ever so long," Mrs. Price said.

"He's a very homesick young man," Jean said. "He loves talking about the cattle station he comes from."

"Homesick!" Mrs. Price said. "Aren't we all?"

The Australians had a smart argument with their guard that morning, who refused point blank to let the women ride down on the trucks.

There was some reason in this from their point of view, because the weight of seventeen women and children added to two grossly overloaded trucks might well be the last straw that would bring final breakdown, in which case the guards themselves would have been lucky to escape with a flogging at the hands of their officer. Harman and Leggat had to put the back axle together again.

They started, with Harman's truck in the lead dribbling a little petrol from a loosened pipe joint, unnoticed by the guard. It was just as well to have an alibi when they ran out of fuel, having parted with six gallons to the Chinaman.

From Maran to Kuantan is fifty-five miles. The women rested that day at Maran, and next day began the march down the tarmac road. They reached a village called Buan that night.

Jean had looked for Joe Harman's truck all day, expecting to see it returning; she was not to know that it had been stranded overnight at Pohoi, short of petrol, and was a day late in the return journey. They stayed next day at Buan in an atap shed; the women took turns with Jean watching for the truck.

Their health already was somewhat improved. After the railway track and the jungle paths the tarmac road was easy walking, and the medicines were already having an effect. The country, too, was growing higher and healthier.

Finally, their contact with the two Australians had had a marked effect on their morale.

They did not see Joe Harman's truck as it passed through. Instead, a Malay girl came to them in the evening with a brown paper parcel of six cakes of soap; it was addressed to Mrs. Paget. Written on the parcel was a note which read:

I send some soap which is all that we can find just at present, but I will get more later on. I am sorry not to see you, but the Nips won't let us stop, so I have given this to the Chinaman at Maran and he says he will get it to you. Look out for us on the way back and I will try and stop then.

Joe Harman.

The women were delighted. Mrs. Warner said ecstatically: "My dear, wherever do you think they got it?"

"I'd have two guesses," Jean replied. "Either they stole it, or they stole something to buy it with."

In fact, the latter was correct. At Pohoi their Japanese guard had taken off his boots to wash his feet at the village well. When he turned round the boots had vanished; it could not have been either of the Australians because they both appeared immediately from the other direction.

The mystery was never cleared up. Ben Leggat, however, was most helpful and stole a pair from a sleeping Japanese that evening and gave them to their guard, who was so relieved that he gave Ben a dollar.

To be continued

# Discipline for the hair



By CAROLYN EARL,  
Our Beauty Expert

● Here is a handy outline of what to do to avoid dried-out, flying locks, and to combat oiliness. A good shampoo starts all hair work off on the right lines.

As a last word on this problem—watch your diet. Drink six to eight glasses of water daily, eat fruit and vegetables, and cut down heavily on starches and fats.

Hair and complexions react very much the same way to too rich foods.

Dry hair, on the other hand, needs a great deal of brush and scalp work to encourage the oil glands to work.

Utilise oil-rich shampoos, or one ounce of heated olive oil applied to the scalp with a wad of cotton-wool. Then, by using the fine end of the comb, comb hair from the scalp to the ends in order to distribute the oil evenly.

Dip a towel into hot water, wring it well, and wrap it firmly round the head. Two or three hot towels will be needed to achieve best results.

Lively shampooing with a generous allowance of liquid soap comes next. Sometimes it takes as many as two or even three soaps to remove all oil from the scalp and hair. Rinse with warm water until the head feels clean and sleek.

To get the best out of an egg for dry, brittle, or overbleached hair, separate the white from the yolk and beat the white separately until stiff.

Moisten the hair with tepid water, pour a small portion of yolk on the hair, and work it into the scalp with finger-tips. Make sure the mixture is evenly distributed over scalp. Rinse off yolk with just-warm water.

Follow this by using the beaten egg-white in the same manner, and, again, go to work with a tepid rinse.

It is better to allow your hair to dry naturally rather than use a mechanical dryer.

Hair rinsing serves to beautify as well as cleanse the hair, hence insistence upon doing a thorough job of it.

the tonic must be used regularly and correctly.

The best method of application is to saturate a piece of absorbent cottonwool in the liquid, then work the tonic right into your scalp. It will miss the mark if you merely dabble it over your hair.

Oil-regulating properties will only get in their good work if they penetrate the hair follicle itself.

To counteract oil excess, which causes locks to become lank and stringy a day or so after washing, try using a dry egg shampoo once a week to take up some of the grease.

Use the beaten whites of two eggs, applied to the scalp with a toothbrush. Allow to dry and brush out with a stiff-bristled brush.

Vigorous brush treatment will not increase oiliness—it will stimulate circulation and help the natural flow to make its way through the shaft of the hair.

## The Lady Needed Clothes

*Continued from page 7*

truck sideswiped him. I gave you a chance to discuss it."

Dan McKenna hung up and, having done so, stared incredulously at the phone. He had hung up on the great Grover C. Arlington. He rose and walked around the office, thinking about it.

"Hortense," he said, "old Grover C. did not like that crack about United Importers' trucks making a habit of hitting people. And he knows as well as I do how hard it is to prove that anyone is, or was, drunk."

Excitement rose in him, and he went back to his desk. He made a dozen phone calls, most of them to younger lawyers like himself. Three of them had bad cases involving United Importers' trucks. None of the cases had gone to court. McKenna jotted down details, and an idea built up in his mind.

He was looking up another phone number when the door of his office opened. The postman paused in the act of tossing the mail on the desk. He stared, fascinated, at Hortense, then looked towards McKenna.

McKenna waved. "Just give the mail to my secretary, Len," he said.

He dialled the number then and ordered new lettering for his door, gold leaf and the name spelled out: "Daniel W. McKenna." He ordered

new letterheads with the next telephone call.

He looked at his watch. It was nine-twenty; ten minutes until Fred Tucker was due. There was a momentum in him and he did not want to waste ten minutes. He crossed the room to the secretary's desk and to the approving look of Hortense. He patted her shoulder.

"I was going to finish that letter you are loafing on, Hortense," he said, "but I've got a better idea."

He ripped the letter from the machine and went back to the phone. This time he called long distance, and his jaw hardened as the girl went to work on his person-to-person call.

A voice came into the receiver: "This is Caleb Irker."

"This is Daniel W. McKenna, Mr. Irker. My client, Walter Johnson, has an item charged against you—"

The voice broke in: "It is not much, and besides—"

"It was not much yesterday. Now you've got a phone bill and some incidentals. Unless I have your cheque in here to-morrow, you'll have my travelling expenses, because I'm coming down to collect it."

"Now, wait a minute!"

"I'm waiting twenty-four hours. Take my address down!"

*Please turn to page 46*

## When accidents happen—

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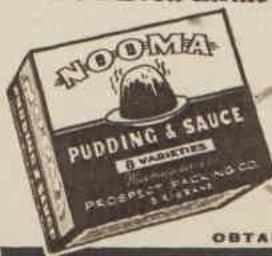


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# Flimsies

★ This is to be a transparent spring and summer, with hats, coats, and frocks all made of the flimsiest materials ranging from delicate chiffons and sheers to stiff horsehair.

● On a fine wire frame Howard Hodge places a froth of smoke-grey and black net to make the picture hat below.



● Black horsehair is arranged in three layers by Howard Hodge, American designer, to make a glamorous summer hat with the new and flattering ripple brim.



● Navy-and-white dotted organdie New York evening dress has the bodice boned with cotton lace. Back of the skirt has effective bustle-bow.



● Rhinestone buttons are decorative on the bodice of this black sheer New York town dress belted in black patent with rhinestone buckle. Skirt is of black-and-white check sheer cut in circular style. Hat is fine straw and organdie.

# LUX... So safe!

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Don't risk harsh soaps!

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● A new fashion is sketched at right — a loose-cut back-dipping jacket. The jacket is in grey blanket wool, with contrast revers, and lining in black-and-white check, matched to the slim skirt.

● Classic perfection is seen in the casual above-knee-length coat, photographed below. The model is styled in apricot wool, the lining is black-and-white check cotton.

## The Jacket Mode...

★ Jackets are in the news... because they will be the most important item in the spring wardrobe, we give you 12 versions. Length can be anything between those cut short around the waistline to the model that reaches just above the knees. Short cut are for the petite, the longer line for the tall and slim.

● Black wool makes the model by Jacques Griffe, photographed above left. The ear-hugging collar is beaver. The jacket is ideal with narrow skirts.



● The new loose, low-belted silhouette is seen in the Molyneux jacket, above. The model is made in green wool and has the chic stamp and lines of spring, 1950.

● Mushroom covert-coating and black velvet collar and pocket tops are combined in the jacket, above right. Note new dropped shoulder.

● Dramatic lines for a loosely swinging jacket, left, that dips at the back. Worn over a narrow skirt, the silhouette is arresting and chic.

# Square cut, boxy, casual

• Suit in fine woollen, short, straight jacket, with dropped shoulder yoke and smooth round line below, can be worn most successfully as a separate.



• Grey - and - citron jacket, right, in heavy linen, top color combination this season, worn with matching dress. Jacket lined with yellow. Sleeves turn back.

• Smooth and sleekly tailored, the yellow gabardine coat, left centre, demands a black skirt of slender lines to emphasise the loose double-breasted front.

• Strawberry-pink for a brief number that is little more than a bolero with short cuffed sleeves, to be worn over a skirt or else with velvet shorts.

• Tang of the sea about tailored reefer-type in a gabardine, lined with check tie silk to match dress.

• Coolie influence in split sides of orange shantung coat with long narrow revers to the waist. Wearable over almost any town clothes, and good for spectator sportswear or in country.

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| ISOBEL BAILIE, JAMES JOHNSTON, GLADYS RIPLEY, HAROLD WILLIAMS and HUDDERSFIELD CHORAL SOCIETY with Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. | Elijah (Mendelssohn) (Set. C190)             | DX8280/95  |
| HELEN TRAUBEL, Soprano.  | Lohengrin—Elsa's Dream (Wagner)              | LX1026     |
| ELISABETH SCHWARZKOPF, HANS HOTTET and "FRIENDS OF MUSIC" CHOIR OF VIENNA with Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Herbert von Karajan.                        | A German Requiem (Brahms) (Set. C196)        | LX8505/604 |
| PAOLO SILVERI, Baritone.   | Rigoletto—Cortigiani, vil razza (Verdi)      |            |
| Barber of Seville—Largo al factotum (Rossini)  |  | DX1432     |
| JENNIE TOUREL, Mezzo-Soprano.  | Barber of Seville—Una Voce Poco Fa (Rossini) | LX1075     |

CR. 42. 12

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for INDIGESTION 6<sup>d</sup> PER PKT.

## The Lady Needed Clothes

*Continued from page 41*

DAN repeated his own address slowly, and he knew that the other man was taking it down. He hung up again, and momentum was carrying him along. Caleb Irker, he decided, traded on his inaccessibility. Nobody had actually talked to him before; people wrote him letters.

He still had three minutes before Fred Tucker was due. He telephoned Walter Johnson. "I'll have that Irker cheque for you to-morrow," he said.

"What?" Johnson almost yelled. McKenna held his own voice down. "There won't be any cost to you involved, Mr. Johnson," he said. "It is a small matter, and I'm making the debtor pay it, as he should."

That was something that would be talked about. Walter Johnson would be astonished for weeks.

The door opened and Fred Tucker came in. He was a year or two either side of fifty; a slender, short man in a shabby suit. He carried his hat in his hand and he stood for a moment blinking at Hortense. He was too polite, however, to comment. Like Max Riddel, he had taken many defeats, and unobtrusiveness came natural to him.

McKenna's eyes drilled him. "Do you have to have liquor, Fred?" he said bluntly.

Fred Tucker blinked rapidly. "I like a little," he said.

"Could you lay off entirely for a week or so?"

"Certainly, I don't—"

"Then do it! I'm going to get you a settlement from United Importers."

The swift light of hope in the faded eyes startled Dan McKenna and frightened him.

"That's great, Mr. McKenna," he said. "Even a little would be great. I had to get a loan for the doctor's bill, and I lost working time. Loan company interest is pretty high. I don't make much."

"Don't worry," McKenna walked with him to the door. He felt strong and sure, the protector of the weak. "By the way, that truck driver's name was Corrigan, wasn't it?"

Fred Tucker nodded. "That's right, Jim Corrigan."

McKenna let him go and went back to his desk. The United Importers' truck-driver in the case of Millicent Brody, schoolteacher, settled out of court, was Jim Corrigan. It was a happy coincidence. Two of their other drivers, Lane and Boyce, had had accidents, too.

McKenna was feeling invincible. Things were coming his way.

One of the solicitors down the hall opened the door. Len, the postman, had told him about Hortense, and he wanted to see her. Two other young lawyers came in before McKenna could get out. Hortense was cheerful about it, and McKenna found himself looking forward to other visitors. There was, however, work to do.

He strode down the street, making for the United Importers and Wholesalers' Building. Suddenly he skidded to a stop in front of a big department store. Four smirking models were standing around in one of the windows, proudly showing off the new season's smart cotton frocks. Not one of them had the looks of Hortense.

Hortense, in her torn dress, was at a disadvantage in meeting the clients of Daniel W. McKenna.

There was a worried frown on McKenna's face when he reached the all-woman section of the third floor, where the cottons were sold. A tall blonde bore down on him, and his palms were wet.

"I want one of those cotton dresses in the window," he said.

The blonde's eyebrows went up. "Certainly. Color? Size?"

"Yellow," McKenna said with sudden inspiration, but the size worried him. The salesgirl waited

patiently. He was mentally standing Hortense on her feet as he had on the night that he had brought her to the office. She was about Connie's height. About the same waistline, too. His face felt hot. Connie had an account here. There was a chance . . .

"Do you know Miss Dawson?" he said. "Connie Dawson?"

The salesgirl's eyebrows climbed into her hair, then came politely down. "But of course. She takes a small woman's."

"Yellow. Small woman."

McKenna sighed, relieved. He walked down the street with the box under his arm, and finally reached his goal in time to see one of United Importers' trucks go booming out of the bay.

The bay was narrow, and there was a depression worn in it. The driver swerved his truck slightly to take the bump on the slant. Two hurrying pedestrians jumped back out of his way. It was quite possible for a man to be hit by the side of a truck without walking into it. McKenna strode into the bay itself, where several men were grouped about.

"I'm looking for Jim Corrigan," he said.

The nearest man jerked his thumb towards a burly, dark-haired man who was about to climb into the cabin of another truck.

McKenna touched the man's arm. "Just a minute, Mr. Corrigan," he said. "I want to talk to you. I'm Daniel W. McKenna."

He made his own name sound impressive, and he regretted the "Dan" on the card he placed in the man's hand.

Corrigan glanced at the card. "I'm busy," he said.

"I know. But you're the man who ran down Miss Millicent Brody."

The driver's eyes were suddenly wary. "I don't know anything about it."

"Yes, you do. Are you willing to give me your version of how you hit Mr. Frederick Tucker?"

Fred Tucker nodded. "That's right, Jim Corrigan."

McKenna let him go and went back to his desk. The United Importers' truck-driver in the case of Millicent Brody, schoolteacher, settled out of court, was Jim Corrigan. It was a happy coincidence. Two of their other drivers, Lane and Boyce, had had accidents, too.

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Hortense. The flash in her eyes was not receiving; it was sending. Her eyes were very blue and her body was taut and her voice was husky.

"Dan McKenna," she said, "what do you mean by buying dresses and telling people they are for me? If this is your idea of a joke!"

It was not McKenna's idea of a joke. He was suddenly appalled. "I didn't. It isn't," he said. "I bought a dress for my secretary."

He gestured to Hortense, and Connie swung halfway around. She saw Hortense for the first time, and she was not disconcerted. She was not impressed. She did not think that the idea was cute or even unusual.

"A dummy!" she said. "How very appropriate! That still does not explain—"

She got no further. McKenna was suddenly the man who collected difficult accounts and who challenged big combines. Hortense was his mascot, his ally, the symbol of the turning worm; she was not a dummy.

"Listen!" he said. "If you had given me time, I'd have told you about it. I'm busy. I've had the biggest day in my law career. I'm all through with being pushed around. I—"

The phone rang, and Connie was closer to it than he was. "Answer it!" he said. "The firm's name is Daniel W. McKenna."

Connie lifted her chin and her eyes were still blazing, but she was the secretary of an ex-judge, a girl who could not let telephones ring, a curious female who was beginning to wonder if Dan McKenna was really doing any law business.

The phone rang a second time.

"Good afternoon," she said. "Daniel W. McKenna's office. Just a moment, please. Mr. McKenna is busy."

She held her hand over the mouthpiece and curiosity had triumphed over anger in her eyes. "It is Grover Arlington," she said.

McKenna took his time. When he answered, the right tone of busy impatience was in his voice.

Grover Arlington did not sound quite so aloof. "I would like to discuss the Tucker matter with you, McKenna," he said. "To-morrow morning, if it is convenient."

"To-morrow? Just a second. I'll look at the book . . . Yes, that's all right. About ten."

"Ten will be fine. My office or yours?"

"We can make it yours. I'll be over that way on another matter."

McKenna hung up. There was triumph in his eyes. He looked at Connie, and she was not as far away as she had been. A girl needed someone to respect. Poor old Max never learned that. Betty started leaving him on the day she started bossing him around. He should have treated Betty as he treated Hortense.

Dan McKenna took a step forward. "Thanks, Connie," he said. "I needed you."

He kissed her then, and it was not anything that he thought about or planned; it was something that he wanted to do. He kissed her with confidence and with feeling and with authority. Connie stiffened, then melted. He held her away from him and her eyes were wet.

"Connie," he said huskily, "it's been a big day, but I probably haven't made a penny. I still haven't got a thing, but—"

Connie's head went down on his shoulder. "Who cares about money?"

Across the room Hortense had her head turned discreetly aside. She looked at the new gold lettering on the door and she kept on looking, oblivious of what was said and done behind her back. Hortense had a new dress and there wasn't a jealous bone in her body.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 26, 1950



I. W.

# TOOTAL A TOOTAL FABRIC

Off on a shopping expedition, mothers and daughters parade in crisp, gay TOOTAL—the world famous Tootal wash-cotton—the favourite with all ages. TOOTAL makes up beautifully, wears and washes marvellously. It always looks fresh and charming whether for children or grown-ups. In a splendid range of delightful colours and attractive prints.

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Page 48

## AUNT HILARY

was amazed and delighted. "Rex! Come in, dear boy, come in."

In the parlor, where Persian cats purred reverberantly on special cushions, were seated Aunt Ellis—Mrs. Smiley-Wright—who was thin and tall and proud; Aunt April, who was Aunt Hilary's twin, even to the gold watch; and Aunt Bernardine, who was the youngest, the strongest character, and, paradoxically, was pretty and pink and plump, with forget-me-not-blue eyes and a hint of gold still in her hair.

"Well, aunts," said Rex gaily, "I have wonderful news for you!"

"Have you come to take us back to Lent Hall, Rex?" asked Aunt Bernardine, looking up at him mildly over her knitting.

"Because, of course," said Aunt Ellis—Mrs. Smiley-Wright—with a look a hauteur, "it never was Simon's intention that his sisters should spend their declining years elsewhere than in their childhood home."

The twins, Hilary and April, nodded to each other confidentially, and Aunt Tosti, with an air of detachment, hummed in her deep voice a bar or two of "Less Than the Dust."

"I was thinking the other day," Rex said, "how often I've heard you speak of the happy family holidays you used to spend at Boulogne long ago, remember?"

"Boulogne—sur—Mer!" exclaimed Aunt Hilary, clasping her frail ringed hands. "Dear me, how the name takes one back!"

"Well, well," said Rex, "one of these days, perhaps—"

Aunt Bernardine said gently, "One of these days" is a slogan of youth, Rex. One more practical for us old ladies is, 'No time like the present,'" she smiled sweetly.

"Here we all are. You have your car, with plenty of room in it, and we all have our nice little books of travellers' cheques that you so kindly gave us. When will such an opportunity come again for old souls like us?" Never, of course. So we've talked it all over, Rex, and decided to come to Monte Carlo with you and cash our travellers' cheques when we get there."

Rex's thick neck slowly suffused. He stared round at them with starting eyes. Aunt Hilary and Aunt April were nodding happily at each other. Aunt Ellis—Mrs. Smiley-Wright—looked defiant. Aunt Tosti hummed in her deep contralto "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

Aunt Bernardine's forget-me-not-blue eyes moved thoughtfully round the circle of her sisters.

"I think it's very, very kind of Rex, my dears," she said, "and I think we should accept. It'll quite take us out of ourselves."

"What about the cats?" said Aunt Ellis—Mrs. Smiley-Wright—doubtfully.

"Something can be arranged, no doubt," said Aunt Bernardine.

Rex took charge of the passports. He would see to all the details, he assured his aunts kindly; and, leaving them in a prodigious flap, he drove back to town in his big car, chortling to himself. Five passports, five travel allowances—plus his own. Reckoning the cost of the Boulogne week-end at a fiver a head, that would leave the bulk of their travel allowances for him to spend at Monte Carlo.

There would be ample for him to do himself de luxe at the Hotel de Paris for at least a couple of months.

Four days later, on a glorious sunshiny morning, with the sea as smooth as glass, Rex shepherded his aunts aboard the cross-Channel boat and supervised the loading of his great glittering car.

Then on arrival at the hotel in Boulogne—an unextravagant hotel in a part of the town away from the war damage—Rex encouraged his aunts to cash all their travellers' cheques right away.

"I think the best plan will be," he said, "to cash them now, and each of you keep, say, three pounds' worth

## Five Stray Lambs

Continued from page 9

of francs for spending money. Then you can just hand the rest over to me, and you'll feel nice and free and unworried, and can enjoy your weekend without a care in the world. Won't that be lovely?"

"Ever so lovely," said Aunt Bernardine, already busy at her knitting. "And what do you plan to do with the balance, Rex?"

"Well, obviously, my dears," said Rex, "it won't be any use to you, so I might as well take it down to Monte with me. Who knows?" he added, with a brassy laugh. "I might be able to bring you all home a wonderful, extra present, if I have luck at the Casino."

"Have you a system, Rex?" asked Aunt Ellis.

"I have a sound knowledge of roulette," said Rex.

"Ah," said Aunt Ellis, with a proud look, "but Bernardine has a system."

"You have a system, Aunt Bernardine?" said Rex indulgently.

"Why, yes, Rex, I have," said Aunt Bernardine, looking up at him with her calm, forget-me-not-blue eyes. "It was taught to me many years ago, in Monte Carlo, by Mr. Richard Spedder, a very dear friend of mine and of your Uncle Simon's. Mr. Spedder had lived for years in Monte Carlo on his system. I remember it so well, and I'm looking forward to trying it again."

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Rex began to reason with them. At first he did so quietly enough, pointing out the rigors of the long journey. Then his natural impetuosity began to get the better of him. He started shouting.

"I'm sorry to say, Rex," said Aunt Bernardine, when she could get a word in edgeways, "that some suspicion of your real motive had already occurred to us. However, our minds are quite made up. We shall never again have the chance of going to Monte Carlo, and we intend to go now."

Rex had the single-track propensity of the man born stupid. It was with a vague idea that just a day or two at Monte Carlo might suffice them, that he could then pack them home by train and use for himself the unexpected use of their travel allowances, that he suddenly submitted to the situation.

By the time they reached Monte Carlo Rex was in such a state of

baffled rage that the thought of staying under the same roof as his elderly relatives was unendurable to him. He debussed them at a small hotel remembered by Aunt Bernardine from her stay there years before.

Driving on past the imposing white facade and plumply curved sun-blinds of the Hotel de Paris, where he had planned to spend a couple of months, Rex ground his teeth with disappointment.

When, in his spartan little room at an unfashionable hotel-pension in the narrow Rue des Oliviers, he came to count over his money, he all but howled with fury. Most of the expenses to date had come out of his own allowance.

He went to the Casino that night in a do-or-die mood. He moved from one roulette table to another, making niggardly, exasperated little bets, testing his luck. It was so atrocious that he had to go and brace himself with a couple of drinks.

When he returned to the so-called "kitchen," the first thing he saw was the sheen of Aunt Tosti's shot-silk shawl. There they all were, at one of the roulette tables, clustered round the back of a chair in which Aunt Bernardine was sitting.

Aunt Bernardine had already a considerable pile of chips and plaques before her; and, as the croupiers intoned the winning hazards, the black takes pushed another great heap towards her.

Rex felt a gentle hand on his arm. "Isn't it wonderful, dear boy?" said Aunt Hilary, her cheeks faintly flushed from excitement. "Our clever Bernardine is doing so well!"

"Playing her system?" asked Rex, with a jealous sneer.

"Oh, no, Rex, she very quickly got muddled with that," said Aunt Hilary. "She's playing from intuition."

He went off, seething, to another table, where he proceeded to look after himself so efficiently that only by a superhuman effort of will did he bring himself to desist while any money remained to him at all.

As he cashed his few remaining chips he had the felicity of watching several officials tenderly assisting Aunt Bernardine to cash her gains. His eyes protruded with envy and injury as he watched packet after packet of crisp Bank of France notes being packed away in her capacious knitting-bag.

Aunt Bernardine smiled at him with her forget-me-not-blue eyes. "Are you having a lovely time, too, Rex?" she asked.

He couldn't trust himself to reply. He turned his back rudely and strode from the Casino.

This was an error of judgment, as he realised next morning, when, sitting in the sunshine outside a cafe in the Rue des Spelugues, he came to do a little totting up.

He began to wish he had shown Aunt Bernardine a little more blan-dishment last night. There was no question but that he was going to have to make a touch.

That night they were at the same table in the Casino, and again Aunt Bernardine was winning. The pile of chips and plaques grew larger and larger before her. After watching for a while, Rex cunningly laid out his few remaining chips on and around the number which seemed to be the centre of Aunt Bernardine's game.

"Rien ne va plus," called the croupier. He spun the wheel,

dropped in the ball, and after a few moments his voice rose again: "Zero. Le banc gagne."

The black rakes flashed, clearing the table.

"Dear me," said Aunt Bernardine, "something seems to have changed my luck. Let's go and settle our nerves with a creme-de-menthe, my dears."

Rex, practising fawning expressions, followed them to the salon. He made himself agreeable, finding a table for them, flattering Aunt Bernardine's skill, and ordering drinks.

"Though I'm afraid," he said, with what he mistakenly believed to be rueful charm, "you'll have to pay for them, Aunt Bernardine."

WITH quick sympathy Aunt Hilary said, "Oh, poor Rex, have you had bad luck?"

"So bad," Rex said, "that I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask Aunt Bernardine for a little to carry on with."

"Of course," said Aunt Bernardine graciously, as she got out her knitting. "You needn't worry, Rex. I'll take care of your hotel bill and the expenses of the journey home."

"And—er—a little ready?" said Rex.

"To gamble with?" Aunt Bernardine opened her blue eyes very wide. "Oh, no, Rex, that wouldn't be at all right. We all had the same allowance. If we lose it—why then, it's gone. Too bad. But to borrow for more gambling, that would be quite wrong—oh, quite."

"But, confound it," Rex shouted, "whose money is it, anyway? Who provided it in the first place? I did. It's all mine."

Aunt Bernardine was unmoved; she didn't drop so much as a stitch.

"The nice little books of travellers' cheques were a gift, Rex," she said. "You told us so distinctly."

Rex argued. He pleaded. He stormed. Finally, he rushed out into the night to explode in the privacy on a seat in the moonlit gardens. He didn't stop swearing and muttering until a tall man in a dinner-jacket and a broad-brimmed white felt hat sat down on the seat beside him.

The newcomer lighted a cigar and, shaking out the match, chuckled sympathetically. "Had bad luck, eh?"

"Bad luck?" Rex said. "Bad luck?" Words failed him, and he flung out the hands of a martyr.

The newcomer glanced each way along the path, moonlit between the flowerbeds. "Nice car you've got with you," he said.

"What good is it to me?" Rex said savagely. "I daren't sell it. I'd be gaoled when I got back to England."

"The law's hard," said the man in the white felt hat. "Still, that car's a pretty fat indication of your financial status back home. Just possibly, I could help you."

Rex sat up. He peered at the lined, tanned face of his companion.

"Help me? How, for instance?"

"I might cash you a little cheque, for instance," said the man in the white felt hat. "Say a hundred pounds. Be any help?"

"I've heard of that game," Rex said. "Cash a sterling cheque out here, and you go to gaol when you get home? Not me!"

Please turn to page 74

## Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



## FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 26, 1950

# TEENA

By  
HILDA  
TERRY

WHAT A PREDICAMENT...IN LOVE WITH TWO MEN...IT'S NOT THAT I'M PICKLE, BUT I JUST CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER IT'S EDDIE I LOVE BEST OR BUCKLESS WILLIAMS...



## ARIES (March 21 to April 20):

From August 24 interests tend to be active in connection with your work. If you take care of health on Saturday and use your inventive and constructive ability, you should make splendid progress this week.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 20): Go gently with new adventure and romantic attachments this week. An air of excitement could run you into extravagance if not careful. Your best days are August 24 and 29, with August 26 adverse.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Don't let family worries upset you, especially over the week-end, for your aspects are very good for matters dealing with home. Improved methods in routine will help.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Activity to do with relatives, correspondence, or short journeys may keep you busy this week. Most days are favorable, with emphasis on August 24. Look well into all new ideas on August 26, a difficult day.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): An agreeable and progressive week, if

## As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

you avoid extravagance on August 26, an unlucky day for social and financial activity. Your best days are August 24 and 29.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): A brighter outlook prevails this week, and it can help you to deal satisfactorily with most of your personal affairs. August 24, 26, and 29 are your important days.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): You gain more by moving quietly this week. Let others take the initiative. Don't expect too much or stand upon your dignity too much. Some indirect gain is possible on August 29.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): An exciting week, but a tricky one. Some Scorpions may achieve an ambition or find a new romance. Be careful on August 26, when there is a possibility of a disappointment or separation. Do nothing to arouse opposition with your friends and loved ones.

## SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22):

Your social or business world appears very active this week. Handle your affairs carefully on August 26. If you avoid over-optimism and social clashes you should have opportunities for advancement.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Plan expansively on August 24, but use discretion on August 26, in case of conflict with those in authority. August 29 is a favorable day for pleasures, travel, or artistic matters.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 18): Energy and enthusiasm can be used to good purpose in your vocational field on August 24, but if you launch out in financial affairs on August 26 you are liable to loss.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Your house of marriage and partnerships can be interesting this week, although a little care may be needed over the week-end. Try to be discreet, avoid quarrels, and use balance in all things.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 26, 1950

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care for pretty  
things?  
Acme does!

Your finest silks, gayest cottons, sturdiest linens, fluffiest woolens—all your pretty things are safe with Acme. Acme cares for the whole family wash. And the secret of this care is Acme pressure. Firm, even pressure controlled by Acme's latest feature, the 'pressure indicator', working through resilient rubber rollers! These rollers, the result of 70 years' experience, are developed and made complete in the Acme factory on specially designed plant. These special rollers expel embedded dirt with the surplus water, to give you extra cleansing, and to preserve the life of each fabric. Everything you put into the Acme comes out with a new look—with longer life ahead! Acme pressure means less wear and tear, more lasting care for the whole family wash.

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P.50.2



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THIS MORNING?

Now better than ever!

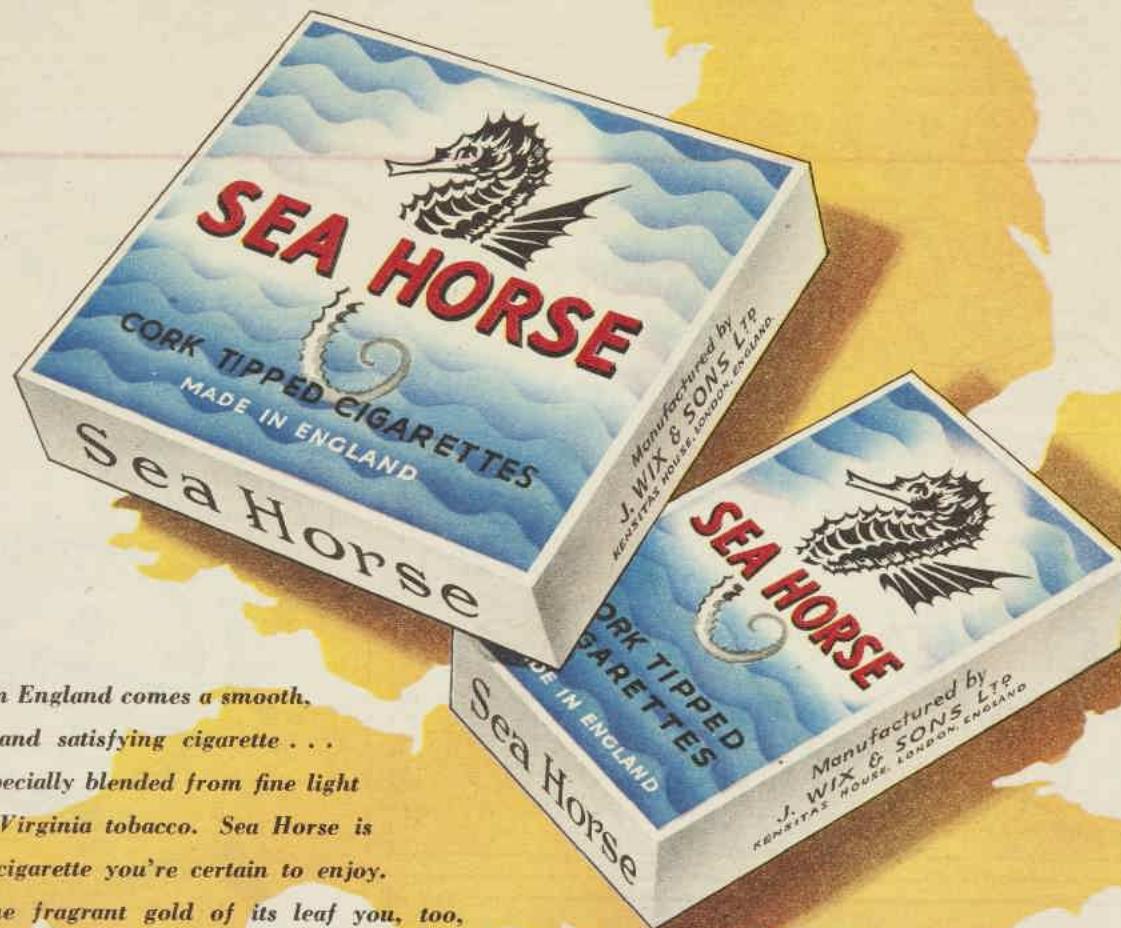
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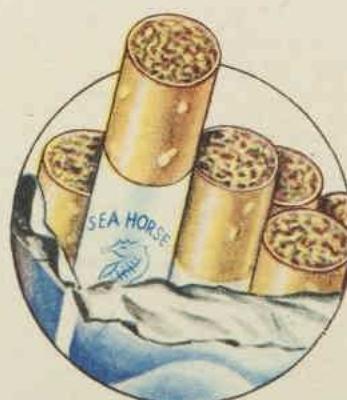
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LOTHAR: His giant Nubian ser-  
vant, with lovely  
PRINCESS NARDA: Escape from  
Flora, land of plant wonders,  
which is at war with the State of  
Mechana. Arriving after many  
trials in the capital city of Mech-

ana, they see no sign of life.  
Machines do all the work. A huge  
machine imprisons them in a cage,  
takes them to a tower, where a  
lift worked by magnetism shoots  
to the top floor. With relief they  
see a man, who is doing exercises.  
NOW READ ON;

"I AM TOR, RULER OF MECHANA," THE MAN SAYS,  
STOPPING HIS EXERCISING. "I'VE WATCHED YOU  
EVER SINCE YOU LEFT FLORA."—"WATCHED US?  
HOW?" ASKS MANDRAKE.



"WHEN YOU LEFT FLORA ON THOSE SEED GLIDERS,  
I FIRST THOUGHT YOU WERE SPIES SENT BY MY  
ENEMY, DR. FLOREL. I WAS ABOUT TO SEND A  
KILLER MACHINE TO DESTROY YOU."



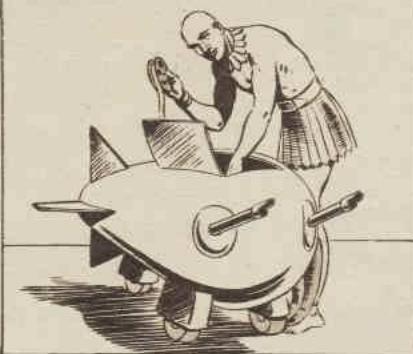
"IMPOSSIBLE," SMILES TOR, "I ANALYZED YOUR  
VOICES IN THIS TRUTH METER. IT CAN REVEAL  
DECEPTION OR LYING IN A VOICE." "WHAT  
AMAZING MACHINES YOU HAVE!" CRIES NARDA.



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CITY," SAYS TOR. "WE WERE BUSY AND  
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MASTER ENGINEERS."



"WITH THIS FLYING TELEVISION CAMERA" REPLIES  
TOR. "AND THEY RECOGNIZE 'JOE', THEIR  
MECHANICAL TRAVELLING COMPANION."



"BUT MY TELEVISION MACHINE ALSO RECORDS  
SOUND, SO I HEARD YOUR TALK AND REALIZED  
THE FLORIANS WERE YOUR ENEMIES ALSO," SAYS  
TOR. "--BUT OUR TALK MIGHT HAVE BEEN A  
TRICK TO FOOL YOU," SAYS MANDRAKE.



"YES, AMAZING," SAYS TOR, SUDDENLY BITTER.  
"THEY WERE THE CURSE OF MY RACE!"--"YOUR  
RACE? WHERE ARE YOUR PEOPLE? THERE MUST  
BE A MILLION HERE. YET, WE'VE SEEN NO ONE,"  
SAYS MANDRAKE. "--HOW COULD YOU? I AM  
THE ONLY ONE LEFT," SAYS TOR, SOFTLY.



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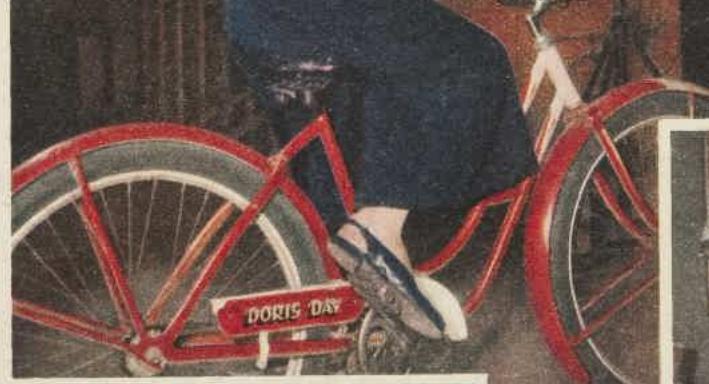
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# MOVIE CANDIDS . . .



• **CONFIDENCE.**—One glamorous starlet, Peggy Castle, plus one handsome newcomer, Philip Friend, total — successful duo headed for screen fame.



• **FRIENDSHIP.**—Jane Russell (above) and friend in a rural setting. The actress co-stars with Frank Sinatra and Groucho Marx in the R.K.O. comedy, "It's Only Money."

• **INDUSTRY.**—Janis Carter (below), R.K.O.'s lovely star, who will be seen shortly in "Carriage Entrance" with Robert Mitchum, knits busily between scenes.



• **BALANCE.**—Doris Day (above), Warners' vivacious young singing star, cycles to her job at the studio each day on this machine clearly labelled with her name.

(3)

• **NEW SONGS.**—Irene Dunne and director George Marshall (left) go over the scores of musical numbers she sings in her newest R.K.O. picture, "Come Share My Love."

The Australian Women's Weekly, August 26, 1950—  
Page 53





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## He lights the way for stars

By cable from BILL STRUTTON  
in London

● There is one Australian in the film industry of whom we hear comparatively little. Much too little. For, in his way, he is a starmaker, next in importance to the director.

His name is Robert Krasker and he is the best-known cameraman, or Director of Photography as they are now often called, in Britain.

Krasker is the son of a Western Australian pearl fisherman. He was born at Shark Bay. It is by a long and devious way that he has come to the studios of Denham, Pinewood, and Worton Hall.

Now this quiet ascetic with the high forehead, the wavy hair, the slow and infinitely charming smile is on the top rung of his profession.

Krasker, a bachelor, lives in a little flat at Ealing and comes streaking to work in a long, low-slung grey sports car.

He has applied the mysteries of his craft to most of the best-known film faces, accentuating character, aiding and abetting stars to hide their particular little physical blemishes or imperfections. He has set the mood and atmosphere of the surroundings by which we are so sublimely impressed and on which the success or failure of a film so often turns.

Remember "Brief Encounter"? That was a Krasker film. You may remember its mood, the atmosphere of that deserted railway station with its litter drifting in an eddy of wind, the desolate square seen through a misty rain.

Although Krasker has photographed a series of spectacular films in his time—"Henry V," "Caesar and Cleopatra," "Odd Man Out," "Bonnie Prince Charlie," "The Third Man," and "State Secret," not yet released in Australia—it is "Brief Encounter" which remains his favorite.

"When it comes to lighting a star, my approach is much the same whether I am dealing with an unknown newcomer or an established actress with whom I have never worked before," he says.

"First of all I get to know her outside the studio. I talk to her, eat and drink with her, and all the time I am studying every feature carefully and noting every natural movement or gesture.

"I look for the little flaws which I shall have to hide, like freckles or a weak chin. One of the biggest single factors with which we

have to deal is that, with almost every star, one side of her face photographs better than the other.

"It is important to know this, not only for arranging the camera angles and the lighting, but also for arranging the movements of the players within the scene when we start to shoot.

"Next I give the star an exhaustive series of lighting tests. I might try a couple of dozen

different lighting positions before I discover the right one. I work in very closely with the make-up expert on this. He often has to re-touch the face, with a shadow here or a slightly different lipline. It's not unlike retouching a 'still' photograph. It's his job to correct physical faults like too wide-set eyebrows or deep-set eyes.

"I can help with such things as top-lighting to lengthen a short nose, or level lighting shining straight at a player with deep-set eyes.

### Test for tact

"The big difficulty comes when you have two players, requiring totally different lighting, acting opposite each other in the same scene.

"Where we cannot entirely compensate for this with camera and lighting trickery, then, of course, it is the star who comes first.

"But when you get two stars of the same importance, each requiring special camera attention . . . There was a thoughtful pause, and Krasker shrugged and smiled slowly. "Well, then you have to use tact!"

"One of the best technicians in the film business to-day is Marlene Dietrich. Marlene knows everything there is to know about how she ought to be lit. She will say to a technician in that wonderfully deep, slow voice, 'Shine a baby spot there.' And if he has any sense, he'll jump to it. For a star who really knows her own lighting and her own make-up is invaluable. She saves



BRILLIANT Australian cameraman Robert Krasker, son of a Western Australian pearl fisherman, is, at 37, one of the most sought-after technicians in the British film industry.

hundreds of pounds usually spent in tests each time she makes a new picture, as well as days of work.

"Marlene is so light-conscious that she will 'play' to the lights, instinctively knowing where the shadows will fall and what effect they will create.

"The star who gives me least trouble to light? Vivien Leigh, without a doubt. She is precisely the same, whichever side of her face you photograph. Vivien is camera-perfect.

"I think one of the most beautiful is Valli, whom I photographed in 'The Third Man.' She is also hardly any trouble to light at all."

Different types of film need different types of lighting. For tragedy the cameraman will be dealing in heavy shadows and soft contrasts. For melodrama, he is likely to make his contrasts sharper, and keep the lighting on a low key. For comedy it will be brightly lit and sparkling. Each scene within the film has its own mood, and each mood requires its own lighting.

Topline cameramen like Krasker are true artists. In fact, Robert Krasker embarked first as an art student. He went to study in Paris, but got a job with the Paramount Studios there in 1930. His interest in photography developed, and he went to Germany to the world-famous Dresden School of Photography.

He believes the magnificent technical instruction he got there laid the real foundation to his success in British films.



BURNED a nut-brown in the Italian sun, crack cameraman Robert Krasker directs his crew on location.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 26, 1950



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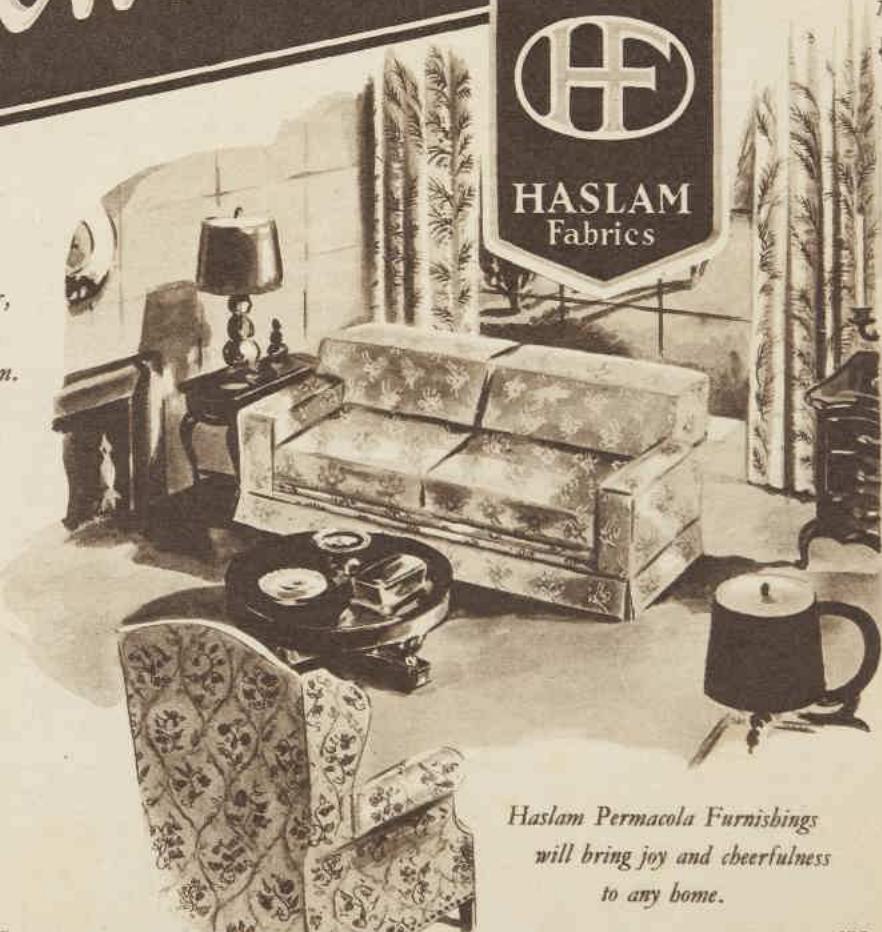
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — AUGUST 26, 1950

# Perennial Ginger Rogers

Two decades in Hollywood have not altered Ginger Rogers' personality much, nor dulled her enthusiasm for work. In temperament she is still the same girl who once threw a dance shoe at Fred Astaire, likes to indulge her moods, tempers, and wit.



GINGER ROGERS as she looks to-day with platinum hair.

By cable from LEE CARROLL  
in Hollywood

SCENE from "Storm Centre" (left), with Steve Cochran, the role which Ginger Rogers accepted overnight without seeing the script.

A FEW nights ago I sat talking to the 39-year-old star and her mother in the colorful home that is poised like an over-sized Swiss chalet on the top of a hill between Beverly Hills and Hollywood.

"When I was 13 years old and stepped on to the stage of a Fort Worth, Texas, theatre as an emergency replacement, the theatre owner, Bob O'Donald, said I was a natural for show business," Ginger said.

"I guess he was right. I'm going to die in it some day."

Since that night in Texas it has been twenty-seven years, one Academy Award, four hair shades, three husbands, three divorces, and countless romances, but in the in-

terim she has fulfilled the theatre man's prediction.

She has completed picture number sixty-eight, and is quietly contemplating year number twenty in Hollywood, and those who say history never repeats itself have never been more wrong. Twice since that day almost three decades ago she has been saved from possible eclipse by the same event that started her career—her natural talents have let her take someone else's place in the show.

This ability to step in and willingly take a part left vacant by some turn of fate has earned Ginger Rogers a reputation of being more than a screen star. She still is many a movie mogul's choice for the most desirable replacement when another star cannot take a role.

When Judy Garland's suicide attempt left vacant her role in "Royal

Wedding" at M.G.M., studio executives first thought of Ginger Rogers. But she was busy on another picture and couldn't accept.

There seems to be little doubt that she would have stepped into the part, commitments permitting.

People said Ginger was washed up when she took over Judy Garland's spot back in 1948 for the role opposite Fred Astaire in "Barkleys of Broadway."

They said the same thing again a few months ago.

Then suddenly she stepped into Lauren Bacall's shoes to make "Storm Centre" after the former actress was suspended by Warner Brothers.

For playing opposite Ronald Reagan in this film Ginger Rogers received her usual fee—one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"It's one of the finest roles I've ever had," Rogers says. "Every emotion in the book is there. There's violence, death, savage hatred, and fear laid bare, and taut physical action. I even get horse-whipped."

The picture gave Ronald Reagan his first role since the much-heralded "Hasty Heart." Supporting the two stars are 64 persons with speaking parts, a prodigious number.

As Ginger Rogers remarked, "I will either rise to one of the greatest portrayals of my career, or one of the greatest flops."

Meanwhile, she is involved in what is the fastest social whirl of her life, and the film capital buzzes with rumors of a romance with young Beverly Hills attorney Greg Bautzer.

"Come, now, what can I say; except that Ginger is one of the most wonderful women I've known? Let's just say I have intentions," sparkles Bautzer when quizzed about a wedding.

But Mrs. Lela Rogers, Ginger's mother, is pessimistic.

"Nonsense," she snaps. "I doubt it very much. The girl's been unlucky three times; why should she try a fourth?"

"Why should I try a fourth? I really can't say," Ginger herself smiled at this reporter. "Greg is a splendid companion and a warm friend. Does that help you get your story?"



WITH co-star Ronald Reagan, Ginger Rogers appears before the cameras in a court scene from "Storm Centre," the film which actress Lauren Bacall rejected at the eleventh hour.



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1 DEATH of father in suspicious circumstances leaves Deborah Chandler (Ida Lupino) reluctant to marry Seldon Clark (Stephen McNally), her mill manager.



2 INFURIATED by intoxicated ex-girlfriend Patricia (Peggy Dow) at honeymoon cottage, Clark throws her out after she hints that marriage is to gain power and wealthy John Chandler did not die accidentally.



3 DASH to leave husband in car almost causes Deborah's death. She finds brakes deliberately tampered with, jumps before car plunges over bridge. Husband reports suicide.

4 DRAGGING of lake reveals car but no body. Desperate, Clark is now faced with knowledge that he must track Deborah down and kill her before she can charge him with attempted murder.

### SUSPENSE MELODRAMMA

#### Woman in Hiding

UNIVERSAL'S release of the Michel Kraike production based on the original "Saturday Evening Post" story, "Fugitive From Terror," is a taut, compact film, set in the southern town of Clarksville.

Beginning with an exciting chase sequence, director Michael Gordon maintains a gripping pace throughout. Discarding the flashback device, the plot picks up the main story threads to show why the heroine, Ida Lupino, is racing to apparent death.

In her search for help and evidence, the young wife is recognised by a returned Army veteran (Howard Duff), who is eventually instrumental in saving her from threat.

Support is headed by Taylor Holmes and John Litel.



6 VISIT to Patricia's apartment is made by Clark, who hints at marriage after Deborah is disposed of, results in pair setting trap for Deborah when she arrives.



5 TERRIFIED when friend Keith Ramsey (Howard Duff) returns her to husband, wife escapes again.



7 DRIVE is suggested to talk things over, but once in car Deborah is covered with revolver and driven to mill. Neither woman realises that Ramsey, waiting outside apartment, is following them.



8 FIGHT, high on catwalk from which John Chandler fell, sends Clark crashing to the ground, but not before he has killed Patricia, mistaking her for Deborah in dark mill.

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P.17 A

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 26, 1950

# Hear This Woman!

by

BEN and ANN  
PINCHOT

ILLUSTRATED BY FISCHER

**A**Ctivities of feminist FAITH HOLMES become a menace to ERIC OSTBERGH, oil magnate, his wife, CHRISTINE, and their associates, HOMER SWEET, advertising agent, and HARVEY JESSUP.

Sweet investigates her early life, compiling a report through which they hope to blackmail her. In the course of this, Faith's life is presented in flashback.

A brilliant child of humble parentage, she worked for VREST MACKLIN, editor of the local paper, "The Observer," then married her childhood sweetheart, MARK HOLMES, grandson of wealthy EBEN HOLMES. Others in her life include WINONA KRAUS, a school friend; STEVE PRINGLE and CORRIGAN, news paper men; PHILLIP LATHAM, a friend of Mark; LEWIS TROUT, business magnate, and his wife, MADELINE.

Gradually the early promise of their marriage fades for Faith and Mark. Faith loses her baby and cannot have another. Mark faces ruin after going into partnership with promising young engineer ALLAN GRISWOLD; the country is in the grip of the depression.

Estranged from Mark, Faith accepts a position on a New York paper, "Feminine Appeal," but decides to return home for Christmas.

*New read on—*

## PART 3

**S**OME days later Faith read in a society column that Mrs. Norwood Latham and her son Phillip were staying in New York for a week before going to Palm Beach for the season.

She and Mark hadn't seen Phillip in three years, since he dropped in casually for a day and spent a week. For months they didn't hear of him. Then she would receive a box of roses, a case of Scotch at Christmas, as well as a carton of Latham products.

Impulsively, she telephoned Phillip.

"Faith! What're you doing in town?"

"I've got a job here."

"Where's Mark?"

"In St. Croix."

"You're here alone?"

"Yes."

"And Mark's home alone?"

"That's right."

"I don't get it." His indolent voice quickened. "Where are you? How about lunch? I'll pick you up in a half hour."

When he arrived she was waiting for him in the magazine's reception-room. He kissed her on the cheek enthusiastically.

"Faith, you look wonderful!"

As they came out on the windy street he put his arm through hers. "Tell papa everything," he said jovially. "But everything."

"There's nothing to tell. We're broke, so I got a job."

"What's Mark doing?"

"Sitting on the ruins. And trying to salvage what he can."

"It's that bad?"

"Worse."

"I'm sorry. I hate to see Mark in a jam."

Over lunch, he said bluntly, "I don't understand why Mark let you go off alone. It isn't like him."

"Phillip, you don't know what it means to be broke."

"Why didn't the fool tell me he needs dough? He knows I've got plenty!"

She smiled quizzically. "I thought you knew Mark."

"Faith, is everything okay between you?"

"Of course."

"That's good. I'd hate to see you two go on the rocks." His regard for Mark was not lessened by the fact that they seldom saw each other. Phillip had regarded this marriage as something precious and rare, and in spite of his basic cynicism had been deeply impressed by it.

"Look," he said abruptly, "why don't you and Mark come south with us?"

"It's not that simple, Phillip. I've got to



stick to my job—and Mark won't leave St. Croix."

"I'll call him. Maybe he'll change his mind."

"He won't," flatly. "Besides, I'm going home for Christmas."

"And after Christmas?"

She shrugged.

"You worry too much, both of you! If Mark wants a job, the mills can give him one. And when you see him in St. Croix, tell him the Latham latchstring is always out."

"Thanks, Phillip."

He could not concentrate on misfortune for long, even a good friend's.

"Will you dine with us to-night?" he asked.

"My mother's always been anxious to meet you."

Faith took an immediate liking to Mrs. Latham, a small, spare woman who didn't resemble her son in the slightest.

"I feel that I know you and Mark very

"It's very good of you to come," Christine Ostbergh said pleasantly to Faith.

"You've been a shining light in my son's eyes."

It was a pleasant evening. When Mrs. Latham learned the nature of Faith's job she pried her with intelligent questions. She was an active woman herself, since she took a hand in the running of the Latham Mills, and she agreed with Faith that most women had not taken advantage of their new freedom.

"Now look, ma," Phillip interrupted amiably. "Faith is too young and good-looking to concern herself with what's ailing her sex!" He leaned down and kissed his mother. "If you'd been born poor, you'd have been some little reformer!"

"Might have been to your advantage," Mrs. Latham answered dryly. "Heavens knows, you need plenty of reforming."

After Faith left, she reflected wistfully, Phillip needs a girl like Faith. She could do a lot for him.

Phillip escorted Faith to the train when she left for St. Croix.

"It's been swell seeing you, Faith. You're the only girl I can take for more than a day," He grinned. "Mark sure brought you up right. Ma's crazy about you."

"I like her, too."

He put down a white box of orchids. "You kids keep in touch with me. Tell Mark to get off his high horse. Now's the time a fella needs a friend."

"I'll tell him."

He added lightly, "Don't forget me."

"I won't," she promised absently. But already her mind leaped forward to her meeting with Mark.

*Please turn to page 62*



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THE FOOD THAT BUILDS THE BODY

## Hear This Woman!

*Continued from page 61*

wasn't the divorce rate high enough, what with their new-found freedom? I suspect he added, "Get rid of that troublemaker—fast!"

"What're you going to do now?"  
"I'm not worried. I'll find another job."

Abruptly, there was a dramatic hush as, over the radio, an announcer began reciting off names of politically famous people gathered on the platform. Then they heard Franklin Delano Roosevelt take the oath for his first inauguration. In solemn and measured cadence that resonant voice rang, inspired and inspiring:

"President Hoover, Mr. Chief Justice, my friends . . ."

The room was hushed; the glasses untouched, as the listeners heard his confident and reassuring convictions. ". . . so let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself."

It was over. The first brassy strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" struck the air. The bartender picked up a cocktail shaker. The crowd settled back to serious drinking. Faith wiped her unashamed tears.

Corrigan finished his martini. "Don't be sentimental," he growled.

"I'm not. But he was wonderful. He inspired such confidence!"

He shrugged. "Any new broom."

"Don't be flippant. You spoil it for me."

"Roosevelt may turn out okay. But Hoover was no devil, you know. I'm all for giving the guy on the ropes a pat on the back instead of a kick. Corrigan, the great humanitarian, embraces all factions and all parties!"

Faith was vexed. "You're too cynical for me."

"Nope. I'm merely analytical." He poured fresh coffee. "Faith, do you vote?" he asked abruptly.

"What a question! Of course, I do!"

"I suppose you vote like your father?"

"No. Like my husband."

"Exactly! We don't really vote for the man—we're influenced by race, religion, sectionalism." He added wearily, "The political party machine flourishes best in a democracy because the people are apathetic. They're too lazy to do anything."

She was to remember his words many years later.

Through Corrigan Faith found a few odd jobs in the following months: reading proof for a publisher and manuscripts for a play-broker. Corrigan also took her to dinner twice a week, making sure she was properly fed, although he was skating on thin ice himself, stretching the money made from his survey.

Then, one day in May, she read in the "Times" that Mrs. Horace Reynolds had been re-elected president of the Alliance for the Advancement of Women in Politics. And she recalled her interview with Mrs. Reynolds when she had toured the Mid-west.

"If you're ever in New York," Mrs. Reynolds had said cordially, "do look me up. We need girls like you in our organisation."

Faith wrote her a note, and received a reply almost immediately. Yes, the Alliance would find a place for her. Unfortunately, however, they couldn't pay much, for the Alliance was always running short of funds.

Besides, the work wasn't hard, Mrs. Reynolds added, striking a shrewd bargain when Faith arrived at the office. Only a bit of typing, filing, and transcribing notes. And Faith would be meeting many noted women who were throwing themselves wholeheartedly in the fight for women! She could make fine contacts.

*Please turn to page 63*

**FAITH** listened

docilely. But in the ensuing weeks she wondered just how much the Alliance had actually done. How did the women's achievements rate in proportion to the efforts they expended.

There was so much talk. And so pitifully little accomplished.

"Women have had the vote for twelve years now," she said. "What have they done with it?"

"What have they done with it?" Mrs. Reynolds was horrified at this sacrilegious. "After all, compared with the time men have held power, women are babes—just beginning to crawl. In time . . ."

"What I object to," Faith said, "is the endless talk. Why, if women really got together and acted as one, they could move mountains. But at the rate they're going . . ."

"You're too young and impetuous, Faith," disapprovingly.

She should have kept silent, grateful for a berth in these troubled times. But it was characteristic of her to speak out, even when it was imprudent. Singlehanded, she sought to inspire the Alliance to immediate and drastic action.

Really, Mrs. Reynolds reflected in the privacy of her own office, that girl might well talk herself into the Presidency of the Alliance!

In October, she was fired.

When she admitted being jobless again, Winona said, "Faith, what's the matter with you? Can't you get along with anybody? Do you always have to shoot your big mouth off?"

Obviously Winona was losing her admiration for her old friend.

Corrigan, on the other hand, approved warmly.

"Honey," he said, "you've got more guts than any man I know."

"Guts won't pay my keep," ruefully.

"I'll stake you till you find something."

Each morning at nine, she left the house in Sunnyside to make the rounds of the magazines and newspapers, reading more want ads, applying, and never getting a break.

The city was struggling in the maelstrom of the depression; thousands of girls like herself were hunting desperately for jobs, making the

## Hear This Woman!

last good outfit do, resorting to dozens of petty tricks to save pennies.

A package of Latham products would have come in handy now, she thought ironically, and more welcome than Phillip's frequent letters.

One Sunday morning, a fortnight before Christmas, she received a telephone call.

"Surprise, surprise!" Joyce Griswold chirped. "I'm here in New York. Can you believe it?"

"Is Allan with you?"

"No, Allan's much too busy to leave the plant. And Bobbie—that's our new baby—is home with his nurse. But Junior is with me. Faith, do have dinner with me to-day. I'm dying to see you!"

"I'm sorry, Joyce. But I'm busy."

"Then what about lunch tomorrow? I'd like you to help me with my shopping. After all, you know the town."

In the face of Joyce's determination, Faith decided it was wiser to give in. They met at the Commodore, where Joyce was stopping, and she greeted Allan effusively.

"Here's Junior, darling. Hasn't he grown? Junior, say hello to Aunt Faith!"

Junior held out a pudgy hand.

Joyce led the way to the dining room.

"Faith, I'm simply dying to hear all about your career. I bet you run the magazine by now."

"I'm not with 'Feminine Appeal' any more."

"Really? Then what are you doing?"

"Oh, various things."

There flashed in Joyce's pale blue eyes the recognition that all was not well with Faith. Come to think of it, she did look a bit seedy. That suit was at least four years old.

"Faith, you haven't asked me a thing. Aren't you interested in the news from home?"

"I've been getting it," noncommittally.

"Then you know how well things are going with our husbands." Efficiently, Joyce mashed the potatoes, peas, and liver on Junior's plate, and shovelled it into his rosebud maw. "We finally got out of that awful dump on Sycamore Street.

As Phillip drove the station wagon across the Royal Palm bridge, Faith caught her first glimpse of the island: the stately rows of royal coconut palms; the deep rich green of the turf; the vivid pinks and reds of the oleanders, hibiscus, and bougainvilleas; and then as they turned right on Ocean Boulevard, the resplendent sweep of sea, streaked with aquamarine and purple.

He parked the car in a walled courtyard, and a stocky, hawk-nosed Negro in a starched white coat came out for the bags.

We've put a down payment on a house on the Heights—beautiful place, and a wonderful buy!"

Faith said nothing. The chef's salad was sawdust in her mouth.

"Allan has been so good to me," Joyce continued. "Do you know what he said? 'Joyce, you've been such a good sport during our good times, you deserve a really good present. You take a trip to New York and buy yourself some real pretty clothes.'" Her eyes glittered. "He gave me a thousand dollars—and I'm going to spend it all on a mink!"

Faith thought desperately, How can I get out of here, fast?

"Are you coming home for the holidays?" Joyce asked bluntly.

"I don't know."

"It's kind of interesting," Joyce said, hunting down the last cake crumbs on her plate, "the way you and Mark lead separate lives. Sort of a compassionate marriage I suppose you call it. Allan would never stand for it. He wants me beside him all the time."

**J**UST before they

parted, Joyce said lightly, "Don't stay away too long, Faith. Not that you can't trust Mark. But the way

some of the St. Croix girls are eyeing you, you'd think he was a bachelor again."

That night, Faith sent a wire to Phillip Latham in Palm Beach. IF YOUR INVITATION STILL HOLDS GOOD I WOULD LIKE TO ACCEPT IT.

As Phillip drove the station wagon across the Royal Palm bridge, Faith caught her first glimpse of the island: the stately rows of royal coconut palms; the deep rich green of the turf; the vivid pinks and reds of the oleanders, hibiscus, and bougainvilleas; and then as they turned right on Ocean Boulevard, the resplendent sweep of sea, streaked with aquamarine and purple.

He parked the car in a walled courtyard, and a stocky, hawk-nosed Negro in a starched white coat came

out for the bags.

*Continued from page 62*

"Come with daddy," Phillip said, smiling boyishly.

Mrs. Latham greeted her warmly. "I'm very happy to see you, my dear. We'll see to it that you get a good rest."

They had cocktails on the terrace, and then Mrs. Latham said, "You've time for a nap. Dinner is at eight."

When Faith was shown to her cool, spacious room, she sighed contentedly. Her old black, evening gown had been pressed. The maid was drawing her bath.

I have no right to this luxury while others like me are cold and hungry, she thought impulsively. Her innate sense of fair play continued to plague her, until finally she was forced to remind herself this unexpected vacation was heaven-sent, just what the doctor ordered.

She came down to dinner, served on the terrace.

"You're looking better, Mrs. Holmes," Phillip said gravely. "Just give us a little time, and we'll restore the bloom to your cheeks and the come-hither to your eyes."

After dinner he announced blithely he was going to show Faith the moon over the ocean.

"I'm counting on it to send your blood pressure up. It's more effective than ma's vitamins," he grinned.

The moon was a platinum disc in the deep-black sky. They walked along Lake Trail, and lingered in the shadow of a ceiba, whose interwoven branches guarded it jealously from the intruding light.

"I got a letter from Mark last week," he said abruptly.

Her heart leaped.

"Faith, why aren't you home with him? There are no longer any financial problems to keep you in New York."

How could she explain? Conventional excuses for the break in their marriage would fall flat.

She said in a low voice, "I was the girl on the pedestal. After a while I fell off."

"No one to pick up the pieces?"

"No one."

"That means you're washed up?"

"I don't know, Phillip. It's all so muddled."

*Please turn to page 64*

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## Hear This Woman!

*Continued from page 63*

PHILLIP tossed away his burning cigarette. "It's not as muddled as you think, sister. It's simple arithmetic. If you and Mark are still in love, why aren't you together? If you're through, why don't you call it quits—and try again? It's being done all the time, you know."

"I couldn't, Phillip. I just couldn't live with anyone else! That's what Mark's done to me."

"You haven't the guts to admit defeat."

She was astonished by his intensity. It wasn't like Phillip.

"Phillip, you don't understand. I don't quite understand it myself."

"Well, what's your plan?"

"Please, Phillip. Right now, I'd rather not talk about it."

They retraced their steps in silence. Faith slept surprisingly well, and woke up tranquil and refreshed, all thought of last night's talk with Phillip banished. From then on, her holiday seemed pure heaven.

She played tennis with Phillip, swam in the pool, but most of the time she lazed about, indolent and free of all care. New York and its worries were forgotten.

Afternoons when Phillip drove over to Gulf Stream for polo, she spent with Mrs. Latham, who was tremendously interested in the problems of modern woman, and was eager to discuss them with her.

"I'd like to see a woman leader arise in this country," Mrs. Latham said. "Then we'd see some action!"

"The words of a militant suffragette!" Faith teased.

"Why not? Women have been passive far too long. That's why the world is in such a sorry state."

In a while, Phillip told Faith blithely, "You've had enough rest. You've grown brown and sleek, darling. How about stepping out for a change?"

"Faith will be bored to death by your friends," his mother retorted.

"With a build-up like that," he groaned, "how do you expect me to make a good impression?"

Although he enjoyed having Faith to himself, he did want to show her off to his friends. He took her to lunch, to dinner. And, to his gratification, his friends did admire her, possibly because she was different.

Often they took a drive along the shore, and he would park the car, and they would talk idly. Recently, the pattern of Phillip's speech had become a little more personal and intimate.

One evening, he took her dancing at a local nightclubs, and afterwards they drove home and had a drink on the terrace. Then, without a preface, he pulled her roughly into his arms and kissed her.

"Faith," he whispered, "if you and Mark are finished, do give me a break! You must know I love you . . ."

"Please, Phillip." She turned her head away. "Please."

His hands dropped to his sides before her anger. She left him and ran into the house. In her room, she thought, I'm such a fool. I should have seen this coming. I'm here under false pretences.

Before going to bed, she wrote Corrigan.

She dreaded meeting Phillip the next morning. But, to her relief, he was his usual cheerful and amiable self. He reminded her of their date on his friend Edward Denman's yacht.

Eddie reeled in a seven-foot sailfish yesterday. We've got to beat him, honey!"

Perhaps, she reflected, she had taken him too seriously last night. Nevertheless, she was heartened to find a telegram from Corrigan awaiting her; apparently, their messages had crossed.

"Landed snug berth with Homer Sweet Public Relations man convinced him I needed able assistant stop come home immediately Corrigan."

She waited until dinner was over before she broke the news.

Phillip, badly sunburned from the

days' fishing trip, was showing the effect of his martinis. He made no protest, but his mother spoke quickly.

"Faith, you can't leave now! You're just beginning to perk up. I was hoping you'd finish the season with us."

"You are awfully kind. But I have a chance to get a job if I return to New York now."

"At least stay the week-end. I insist, my dear."

Finally, Faith agreed.

When she came down after breakfast the next morning, she learned that Phillip had taken a plane north, unexpectedly. Well, she would spend the last three days at the Lathams in peace, she thought gratefully.

It was snowing in St. Croix, and the violent wind whirled the flakes into a blinding barrage. Leaving the office of the Holmes Griswold Company, Phillip put up the collar of his camel-hair coat, and rushed down to the waiting taxi.

"To the airport," he said.

As they sped out to the Heights road, he calculated how soon before he would see Faith again. He pictured her surprise when she learned where he had been and what he had accomplished. He certainly could make plans now!

At the airport, the pilot was warming up the engine.

"How does it look?" Phillip shouted above the noise of the motor.

"Not so good."

"We've got to get out!"

Once air-borne, he settled down to his exhilarating thoughts. When had he decided to confront Mark? The night he had spoken to Faith of his love and begged for a chance? Or last night when Faith had announced suddenly that she was leaving for New York.

EARLY this morning, without any explanations, Phillip had chartered a private plane and flown to St. Croix, where he phoned Mark immediately.

"What're you doing here?" Mark demanded, astonished.

"I just flew in. To see you."

"The unpredictable Phillip! Well, for Pete's sake, come on over. It'll be good to see you again!"

But when he confronted Mark, Phillip was unexpectedly flustered, without his usual flippancy. Regarding Mark unhappily, he managed to communicate to him some of his own wretched tension while they exchanged greetings. Then he said abruptly, "Faith is at our place in Palm Beach."

Mark's grey eyes grew alert. "Is anything wrong with her?"

"Oh, no. She's fine."

Mark showed his relief. He came over to Phillip, put his hand on his shoulder.

"You're a good friend, Phillip. But a poor casuist. This matter is entirely between Faith and me—and we've got to solve it in our own way."

"Just a minute, Mark. You've got it all wrong!" Good Lord, he thought, horrified. Mark was under the impression that he was bearing an olive branch.

"Look, Mark. We've known each other a long time. You know how I feel about you. If there's anybody I want to play fast with, it's you. There were beads of sweat on his forehead now, and he was struggling with the words. "I'm in love with your wife. Now wait a minute—if you're planning a reconciliation I'll step out, with my humble apologies. But if you're washed up, I want to marry her."

Mark looked sick. Then after a moment's silence he said carefully, "If Faith has made any plans, you can tell her this again: I won't stand in her way . . ."

Please turn to page 65

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## Hear This Woman!

*Continued from page 64*

STARING ahead of him, Phillip studied the pilot's rigid body. They had been in the air for three hours, constantly fighting vicious headwinds. This meant they would land later than Phillip had anticipated. He was impatient to see Faith again. He was confident that now her attitude towards him would change, for Mark was definitely setting her free.

He moved restlessly. The plane was flying low. The cold must enveloped them...

At sunset, Faith and Mrs. Latham took a walk along the Lake Trail. When they returned to the house for tea, the houseboy handed Faith a telegram. She tore open the envelope. It was dated this morning, signed by Phillip, and sent from St. Croix.

St. Croix! she thought, dazed. There must be some mistake!

HAVE SEEN MARK STOP GOOD NEWS STOP WILL BE BACK FOR DINNER LOVE PHILLIP.

There was no mistake. Phillip was in St. Croix. He had actually seen Mark. What did he say to Mark? She was torn between anger and anxiety. Should she call Mark? No, she had no right to. No more right than Phillip had to...

She'd have a showdown with Phillip to-night. Then she'd leave for New York.

When she came down to dinner, Phillip had not yet arrived. "I imagine he'll call from the airport," Mrs. Latham said. "I do wish he wouldn't take these impulsive jaunts to New York."

Obviously his mother had no idea of his real destination.

They sat idly listening to the radio. At seven o'clock the news came on.

"An hour ago," the announcer said, "a private plane flying across the Smokies in a storm, crashed. The pilot and his passenger were both killed. From his luggage, the passenger has just been identified as

### CONCLUSION OF HOMER SWEET'S REPORT ON FAITH HOLMES

The Years of Fame and Treachery Through Corrigan, landed her with Homer Sweet. Instigated her-

self into Sweet's confidences. Absorbed his famous principles of public relations in her work for the Christine Osterberg campaign for Congress.

Influenced Eric Osterberg to give her spot as radio commentator on Osterberg Symphony Hour.

Broke up Harvey Jessup's happy marriage.

(Important note. Use this in campaign against her. Testimony of Harvey Jessup's first wife.)

Used notoriety of Osterberg broadcast for immediate self gain. Persuaded Mrs. Latham to sponsor new radio programme. Went overseas to become "Our Faith" for gullible G.I.s.

On return subverted famous Homer Sweet principles to launch new political organisation for women.

Note. Under peculiar circumstances impossible to discover, she encountered Mark Holmes in Paris. Scandal still to be uncovered here.)

Her notoriety now so great, a campaign of personal attack is certain of success. Cover the following: (a) cruelty to mother; (b) indifference to first husband; treachery to Henry Jessup; (c) betrayal of Christine and Eric Osterberg; (d) calculation behind her new organisations, especially the Women's National Committee; plan to put women in key positions. Where does she place herself in this picture?

White House?

Corrigan arranged for Faith's interview with Homer Sweet the following Monday morning at eleven.

She arrived in New York Sunday night, to discover that in her absence Winona had quarrelled violently with her husband and walked out on him. She had found a job in a burlesque house and was living alone in a dingy hall bedroom.

So Faith checked into a hotel again. She was showing the effects of the past four days. On the train coming north she had been unable to rest. The fragments of a dozen scenes lingered in her tortured mind; the news of Phillip's death, Mrs. Latham's collapse, the arrival of Mr. Steelman, the family lawyer, who took charge of the funeral arrangements.

Nor could she forget about Phillip himself; she was sick with self-recrimination. And Mark; she was desperately worried about what Phillip had said to Mark. As Phillip's friend and executor, Mark must have attended the funeral. If he had a talk with Mrs. Latham...

She must stop fretting about it. She took a sedative and went to bed. In the morning she kept her mind resolutely on her appointment.

Entering the reception room of Homer Sweet's offices on the thirteenth floor of a Rockefeller Centre Skyscraper, she found it the replica of the library in an old English manor house. The pretty blonde at the switchboard, protected by a sheet of plate-glass, was an anachronism.

"I have an appointment with Mr. Sweet," Faith said.

"About a job?"

"Yes. Then you'll have to make this out." The girl handed her a printed form. "Every applicant must fill out the entire questionnaire. Mr. Sweet's order. You'll find pen and ink at the desk."

Reading it over, Faith thought, Heavens, this is practically a third

degree! Besides the conventional routine questions, there were innumerable others, referring to the applicant's background, personality, aspirations, and private life.

Where have you worked previously?

Why didn't you continue there? Fired? If not, give reasons for leaving.

Do you drink? If so, why? (a) To be sociable; (b) To build up ego? (c) To combat loneliness?

The last page, half blank, was headed by a request: What have you to offer this organisation? Write your answer in not more than fifty words.

A discreet footnote added: All ideas, slogan, suggestions remain the property of Homer Sweet.

She returned to her easy chair. Paper in hand, she waited. Fifteen minutes passed; a half hour. Then a tall young woman with blue eyes looked into the room.

"Mrs. Holmes? Will you come with me, please?"

Faith followed her through a long pine-panelled corridor to a door which the woman opened reverently.

"Mr. Sweet," she said, "this is Mrs. Holmes."

Faith had the impression of a spacious room, at least thirty feet long and handsomely proportioned. And at the farthest end of the room a massive mahogany desk was placed at an angle between two windows, leaving in shadow the figure of the short stocky man who sat behind it.

"Come in, come in!" he ordered in an impatient didactic tone, holding out his plump hand for the application blank. "Sit down,"

Faith eyed Homer Sweet curiously while he scanned her application form. His round head was outlined by a fringe of neutral brown hair; his eyes were pale, his skin the color of putty.

"So you're the young lady Corrigan recommended." He looked up briefly. "You didn't complete my questionnaire. Why not?"

"Much of the information wouldn't concern you, Mr. Sweet," she said. "I answered the questions I considered pertinent."

"Young lady, your attitude is ill advised!" He cleared his throat nervously. "No detail is so minute that it does not have some bearing on the matter under consideration. Much time, effort, and—uh, shall we say erudition?—has gone into the preparation of this questionnaire. My good friend, Professor Van Cleve—a great student of psychology—contributed to its contents. It is an instrument designed to gauge the intelligence, the acuity, the latent capabilities of the prospective candidates! It gives me the opportunity to weigh his merits and pigeonhole his talents."

One of the three telephones on his desk pealed, and he muttered an excuse as he picked it up. When he finished the lengthy conversation, he scrawled a few words on the huge memorandum pad before him.

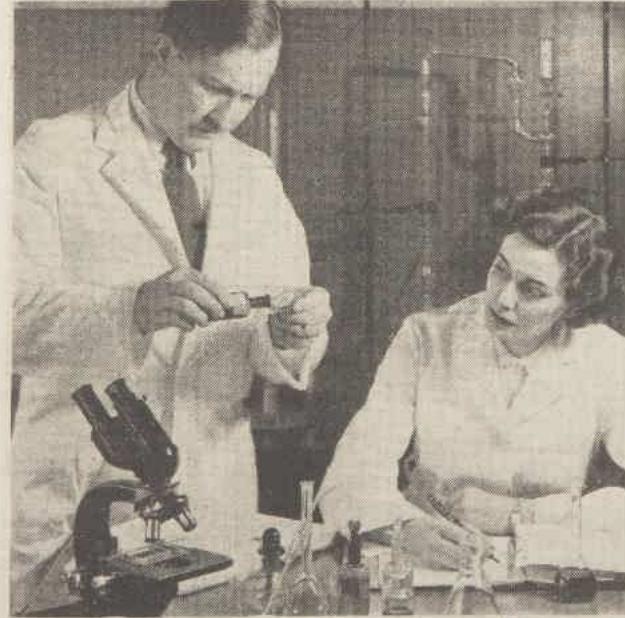
"Now, take yourself, Mrs. Holmes," he continued. "The very fact that you rebel at the nature of the questions gives me the index to your character. I gather you are (a) independent, (b) given to speaking your mind candidly, (c) poised and courageous. These are qualities I greatly admire.

"Used with discretion, these qualities can be made to cement efficiently relations between our organisation and our clients—and between our clients and their public. It is evident to me that you evoke a ready response in people. In due time we shall give you the opportunity to show us what you can do along these lines."

*Please turn to page 66*



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## Hear This Woman!

*Continued from page 65*

Faith found herself mesmerised by Homer Sweet's flow of words. When he paused at last for breath, she wondered if this were her cue to applaud. But he rashed on.

"May I clarify for you the needs and potentialities of our profession? The office of public relations is the leaven to the dough, the spark to be kindling, as it were. When times were prosperous, industry thought foolishly enough, it could dispense with our help. Then when conditions deteriorated, banks, investment houses—even industry—became anathema to the people!

"So the public-relations counsel has come to their rescue. He is indeed the friend in need! He reinstates them into the good graces of the common man. And in turn, he shows the little fellow that he needn't fear the bankers, industrialists, etc. They are no villains. For what constitutes big business is merely a group of decent, hard-working men like himself. Men who have reached the pinnacle of success through their own efforts!"

Miss Kelly came in silently, bearing on a tray a glass of milk, an apple, and two crackers.

"Your lunch, Mr. Sweet."

"Thank you." He turned to Faith. "That will be all, Mrs. Holmes. Thank you very much indeed."

She stood up uncertainly. "Am I hired?"

"Yes, yes, of course. Miss Kelly will attend to all the details."

He cleared his throat again. "Just one thing more, Mrs. Holmes, for you to bear in mind. It is my precept to all new members of my family: Make public opinion your personal opinion! That is all!"

Corrigan was waiting for her at Tony's.

"I'm sorry to be late," she said breathlessly.

"I didn't expect you any sooner," he answered. "How long did the Great Illuminator keep you waiting?"

"How do you know about it?"

"Common procedure."

"Did he make a speech on the high ideals and noble obligations of public relations?"

"Why, yes. He did."

"Then you're engaged. He doesn't waste his breath needlessly."

"Corrigan, I couldn't get a word in edgewise. He didn't stop talking until his secretary brought in his lunch."

"You mean the crackers and milk? Don't let the milk fool you—it's spiked with brandy!" He finished his own whisky sour. "What did you think of his spiel?"

"I couldn't help but be impressed."

"Yeh, he affects everybody that way. The first time. Public relations, of course, is merely propaganda with a gilded halo."

"Still, I'm glad to have this job. I don't know how to thank you, Corrigan."

"We'll see how you feel six months from now."

It wasn't the future that mattered, but the present, this moment. She would live from day to day, and after a while, perhaps she would forget.

But nothing in her experience had quite prepared her for the unique privilege of working for Homer Sweet.

The layout of the offices, for example, was suggested by Mr. Sweet himself. There was the impressive English reception-room, from which you stepped into the adjoining General Operations Room. Here stood twenty desks in serried array for the use of the clerks, stenographers, and lesser assistants.

The conference room which separated Homer from his staff was spacious and elegant, with a long polished table around which were arranged a dozen leather-upholstered armchairs.

And finally, there was the last entrance to what the staff called the "Sanctum Sanctorum."

Homer Sweet was addicted to referring to the staff as his "Happy Family," and they in turn called him "the Little Father," though never in his presence. He demanded the best and paid well for it. He was an indomitable worker, and expected as much from his staff.

At the time Faith came to work for him, he numbered among his clients representative industries, motors, foods, fashions, cosmetics, several banking houses, among them

Hastings-Pitney, which Corrigan had brought with him.

But the outstanding account on which he lavished his personal attention was International Petroleum. This organisation had for years been involved in nefarious dealings which had given it a dubious reputation until its mysterious head, Eric Ostbergh, awarded Homer the privilege of presenting the company to the public in a more palatable light.

The campaign proved an extraordinary success. Among the projects with which Homer had whitewashed the company was the one given nation-wide publicity.

Aware of its obligation to the hungry peoples of the world, the International Petroleum Company has put into operation a plan for feeding the needy families in the Far East. Eric Ostbergh, philanthropic head of the International Petroleum Company, conceived the idea. It is his hope that other companies will follow suit, each assuming a share of responsibility in this humanitarian project."

Faith was deeply impressed. "That's very generous," she said.

Corrigan scowled at her. "Don't fall for it, Faith. Ostbergh isn't posing as his brother's keeper unless the results warrant it."

AT first, Faith did the clerical work on the Hastings-Pitney account sitting at a desk in Corrigan's office, but gradually she was given more and more chance to exercise her own initiative.

Finally Homer entrusted her with a new campaign for Stay Young, Incorporated.

"I wish to emphasise," he told her, "that we handle this account not merely to increase the prestige and sale of its products—what we're trying to do incidentally is to benefit womankind! There are too many tragically unhappy women in the country—women who, as they turn forty, feel they have been relegated to the back seat in life, as it were."

He looked to Faith for approbation.

"It is absolutely our duty to persuade every woman over forty to acquaint herself with the Stay

Young way of beauty! We must build up the esteem of the mature woman—elevate her spirit! And if we succeed who can tell what beneficial results may accrue?"

Faith went to work using all his methods. "A campaign" Homer had once told her, "is composed of innumerable details, none of them too small to ignore."

She saturated herself in the study of the Woman After Forty, her problems, her outlook, her aim in life. She wrote articles, begging these women not to lag at the end of the procession, but take their rightful place among their younger sisters in the vanguard.

She arranged for promotion tie-ups with the magazines, including "Feminine Appeal," which proved especially co-operative. And everywhere she went, she found the name of Homer Sweet an open sesame.

At a cocktail party given by Stay Young, Incorporated, to launch a new lipstick, Pink Dawn, Harvey Jessup, head of the Jessup Advertising Agency, cornered her.

"Mrs. Holmes, I do want to congratulate you on the wonderful job you've done. Homer is certainly lucky to have you on his staff!"

"Thank you." She smiled wanly. "By now, it's got me down."

"Then there's no use you hanging around here. Much too noisy. Let's find a bar where I can congratulate you quietly."

She had met Harvey Jessup in the office several times, for he and Homer often worked on campaigns together. He was a handsome man, not yet forty, and she found him affable and attractive. She was quite willing to steal away with him; the party was pretty dull.

"You've sure put a lot of energy into the Stay Young campaign," he said when they were outside.

"Let's not talk about it," she begged weakly, "or I'll be having nightmares about lipsticks."

"I'm sorry. I have no business keeping you up. You need a good night's sleep."

She smiled gratefully. "Do you mind if I go straight home?"

"If you promise to let me take you to dinner some time."

"I promise."

**J**ESSUP hailed a passing taxi. Inside it, he said seriously, "Where are you from, Mrs. Holmes? Somehow, you don't strike me as a professional New Yorker."

"I come from a small town in Michigan. St. Croix. You've probably never heard of it."

"Oh yes. Isn't that the place Wolverine Motors is putting on the map?"

"My home town, she thought. And once upon a time, my own people. She was thankful to get out of the taxi and go wearily to bed.

In the coming weeks, she worked hard. She was friendly and honest, and she built up a reputation for solid integrity.

She leased a small furnished flat. The night she prepared her first solitary dinner, she recalled how passionately she and Mark had longed for a room of their own in the old Holmes place. What, she wondered, had Mark done with the belongings they had stored?

She heard regularly from her father, who was working for Mark. Conditions were improving daily for the business. The aeroplane industry had proved its faith in the new Holmes-Griswold engine by an avalanche of orders. There was talk of a new plant adjacent to Wolverine. Ted added he was well, but Mrs. Hussar was ailing. The new doctor said it was arthritis. Invariably, he finished on the same note: "When are you coming home for a visit? We miss you."

He never mentioned her mother. Or, directly, Mark.

Miss Kelly said, "Mr. Sweet wants to see you. Right away, Mrs. Holmes."

Faith got up and followed her into the Sanctum. Homer was standing by his desk, his round face in shadow. Sitting back in a high Chippendale chair by the desk was a massive, heavy-set man in a neat conservative blue serge suit, whom Faith recognised from Corrigan's description.

"Mr. Ostbergh," Homer said, rising to the bulk of his feet, "allow me to introduce Faith Holmes—the most efficient and charming member of my family."

*Please turn to page 67*



MR. OSTBERGH

acknowledged the introduction with a brusque nod of his massive head. He did not rise.

"Sit down, Faith," Homer suggested and from his manner, she knew he was on edge.

Mr. Ostbergh's pale blue eyes, without shadow or highlight, were measuring her shrewdly.

"Faith, what is your personal opinion of women?" Homer asked with the indulgent smile of a fond parent questioning a precocious child. "I am referring to their status in this modern world of ours. Socially, economically, and politically."

She rose swiftly to the bait, for this was a subject dear to her heart since the day she had been fired from the Alliance.

"We women are still living in the dark ages," she said. "If we could only make full use of our latent powers, the repercussions would baffle the men in power right out of their sacred thrones. And we'd have the beginning of a new era: The Age of Woman."

Almost imperceptibly, Eric Ostbergh nodded to Homer.

"It's obvious women are heading for political power," she continued, but Homer interrupted blandly.

"Faith, how would you like to be instrumental in helping a fine woman become the new spokesman—or should I say spokeswoman—for your sex?"

"A new account?" she asked curiously.

"No, no. Let us say, rather, a mission, a supreme effort to contribute something vital to our American way of life."

"Who's the woman?"

The antique chair creaked under Eric Ostbergh's weight.

Homer cleared his throat nervously. "Christine Ostbergh," he said. "Mr. Ostbergh's wife."

When Corrigan got in from Washington late that afternoon, he went directly to Faith's apartment, where, over cocktails, she related the story of the afternoon's session.

"So Christine is to be America's gift to politics?" he whistled. "That's a mighty tall order."

"Homer's the man who can do it. And don't laugh at the idea of women in politics!"

A twinkle lightened his brooding eyes. "Far be it from me to jeer. Actually, women should be better in politics than men. For one thing, they're superior as deceivers. You know how one woman sizes up another and tells at a glance the value of every garment, from hat to shoes?"

She choked on her drink. "Corrigan, stop it. You aren't funny."

"Imagine a woman President," he continued with enormous relish. "She'll run a contest for the most original hat—and fifty million women will vie for the prize: a week-end at the White House!"

"Corrigan, you're a misogynist, and there's no hope for you," she said severely. "But you just wait and see what a few women can do!"

On Thursday Faith received a note from Christine Ostbergh, inviting her to spend the week-end at Twilight Hill, their place on Long Island. Since Homer had also been asked, they drove out in his car.

"I wish you'd tell me something about Eric Ostbergh," she said as they drove along.

"He's an extraordinary man," Homer answered obliquely. "Extraordinary. He came to America penniless. To-day he is one of the most powerful men in the world." He added with rare candor, "Oil is his god."

"I cannot understand why his wife should want to go into politics."

Homer was silent.

The car swung off the main road, passed a small English gate-house, and drove along a private lane guarded by Lombardy poplars, until it reached the vast grey Tudor house, almost hidden by shrubs.

When they were shown into the drawing-room, Ostbergh was seated

## Hear This Woman!

by the fireplace, a bottle of Irish whisky on the table beside him. He nodded deliberately.

"My wife will be down shortly. There are drinks on the table."

Homer poured two martinis and handed one to Faith; he was strained and ill at ease, his eyes wandering to the door. He relaxed slightly when Christine made her appearance, and Faith mused, he's afraid of Ostbergh, but he knows he is stronger than Christine . . .

During the introduction, Faith observed Mrs. Ostbergh intently. She was slight and rather pallid, a shadowy creature in contrast to her massive, dictatorial husband.

Her oval face was outlined by fair hair, combed back in a thick chignon, the centre part as ivory as her skin. Her well-spaced eyes were dark, too, and without expression, her mouth was thin-lipped and unrouged.

"It's good of you to come," she said pleasantly to Faith. Homer interrupted, with an appealing glance towards his host. "Faith is most anxious to get started on the job."

Dinner was served in a banal hall at a table so large Faith had the notion an amplifier was needed for them to communicate with one another.

Ostbergh sat at the head, impulsive as granite, saying little, yet

### The face was familiar

HERE'S a little-known story about Australia's Prime Minister (Mr. Menzies).

When he was in Canberra a while ago, someone got word that Madame Tussaud's famous wax-works in London had placed a ten-year-old effigy of Mr. Menzies on display. (The P.M. is one of the only four Australians that Madame Tussaud currently exhibits.)

A photo of Mr. Menzies (Madame Tussaud's version) was airmailed to Canberra and shown to him.

Mr. Menzies had a good look at the photo, shook his head, and gave it back.

"The face is vaguely familiar," he said. "It reminds me of a man who stood against me in 1935."

Then they told the P.M. who it was supposed to be!

You can read all about it in the August issue of A.M., the Australian Monthly, now on sale.

A.M. has made a special picture feature of the Madame Tussaud story, with reproductions of the four models of Australians on display.

Buy your A.M. to-day. It is the national magazine for men and women—costing only 1/-.

aware of every move, every nuance about him. He remained aloof from his wife and his guests, as he was deliberately aloof from all people.

Few people in America were aware of his origins, for Homer was paid well to keep such information out of the Press.

The hulking, raw-boned, young giant who had worked his way from Sweden to South America on a cattle boat, and from there to New Orleans and beyond to the Texas oil fields, was not star-struck youth, following the line of his destiny westward.

He was inordinate ambitious, and the seeds of ruthlessness took root easily in his mind.

At forty, he was the uncrowned potentate of an empire in oil stretching to the very corners of the earth. Now, he saw again a great opportunity, and once more he decided to use his singular weapons to grasp it.

He looked around the festive table at the pawns in the game he always played alone.

Watching him shrewdly, Faith noted he had not spoken once to his wife during the entire meal. Mrs. Ostbergh puzzled Faith, too, for she did not give the impression of a likely political figure. Indeed, she seemed negative and withdrawn, a

Continued from page 66

colorless and submissive woman who, in spite of her position, was not at ease in her surroundings.

Finally, she stood up, and Faith followed her, leaving the men to their talk. Mrs. Ostbergh led the way to the garden. The tranquil night air was saturated with the fragrance of spring flowers; the dark sky was hung with glistening stars.

"What a beautiful place this is," Faith said.

Christine smiled. "The house comes from Surrey, you know. Mr. Ostbergh had it dismantled and brought here. It has quite a history." She linked her arm through Faith's and added impulsively, "But it's rather ghostly to have to live up to a house, don't you think? Could anything be more dull or devastating?"

Faith was surprised and a little impressed by her candor.

"I suppose the reason I grow so impatient with most women of leisure," Mrs. Ostbergh confessed, "is that I've worked very hard most of my life. I was Mr. Ostbergh's confidential secretary for five years before we were married. I've been on my own since I was eighteen. So I've had ample opportunity to see how much women are exploited in business—overworked, underpaid, with little chance for real promotion. It made a deep impression on me."

"Some day I promised myself, I'll do something towards improving the lot of all women."

"I know just how you feel," Faith said warmly.

"Recently, I've given it considerable thought," Christine Ostbergh went on. "I said to myself, 'Now you have money, position, leisure. Now is the time to help your sisters.' I turned to Mr. Ostbergh for advice. 'What can I do?' I asked him."

She paused delicately.

"When he suggested politics, I was horrified. What do I know about politics?" Mr. Ostbergh laughed at me. What does anybody know about politics?" he said. "You've got common sense and a level head. That's enough." So I thought, Well, if I can get into politics, perhaps I can help promote laws to foster women's rights."

As she listened, Faith was unable to shake off the odd feeling that while Christine Ostbergh might be sincere, there was a subtly complex origin to her ambitions.

"That's the reason you and Homer Sweet are here today," Christine said, and added with sudden and unexpected passion, "Do you think people will listen to me?"

Faith cast all doubts aside.

"We'll make them listen!" she promised fervently.

They held a brief conference on Sunday night, just before Homer and Faith left Twilight Hill.

"We must call upon all our inner resources, our past experiences, to launch this campaign," Homer declared. "We must approach it as a glorious experiment. True, there are a few women in politics. But who are they? What have they done to date?"

A log spluttered in the fireplace and he scowled at its impertinence.

"Our task is to make this country conscious of what Woman, given the opportunity, can really do. Specifically we will apply our efforts towards putting Christine in Congress, where she will serve as the first important exponent of woman's power. Faith will work closely with me on the project, for it is a matter dear to her own heart."

Christine lowered her eyes. Ostbergh sat solid and impulsive.

"I shall devise the method of procedure," Homer continued blandly, "and apprise you in the near future."

"Good," Ostbergh said. The start was indeed auspicious.

Please turn to page 68

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# Hear This Woman!

*Continued from page 67*

Hank was telling her about himself and his career.

His broad, handsome features were rather intense as he described his rather ruthless climb to success until he had his own agency.

"How long have you had your own agency?" she asked.

"About ten years. When I left the firm I was with—Q.O.A. and M. It was called, from its directors' names—I took International Petroleum with me. The Osterberg account has been bread, butter, and caviare to me ever since."

"And what about your private life in all this?" Faith asked.

He shrugged. "I married the daughter of my biggest account," he said. "I could tell you quite a story about my marriage . . ."

"Please, don't," she interrupted. "I'd rather not hear about it."

He took her hand in his. "What about yourself? You're Mrs. Holmes, yet I've never heard you mention your husband."

She flushed. "Mark lives in St. Croix," she said cautiously. "And I—I prefer to live here."

He seemed suddenly very cheerful. "Well, this has been the most pleasant evening I've had in an age! May I come again?"

"Of course," she said.

*Please turn to page 69*

into her Persian lamb coat. The elevator doors flew open, and the royal party descended to the street, where the Osterberg limousine, with a uniformed chauffeur, was waiting. Christine thanked them all charmingly and then entered the car. Harvey Jessup covered her knees with a fur lap robe.

Faith thought wistfully, I want to go home and sleep a lifetime.

Turning away, she caught a fleeting impression of the ingratiating smile on Hank Jessup's handsome face. He had promised to call her, but had not done so. She was too exhausted to care.

Christine cast her own eyes early that morning to the edification of a half-dozen photographers. Then she drove to her apartment at the Pierre, which by late afternoon was jammed with reporters, politicians, well-wishers, and hangers-on.

Faith was kept busy answering the phone, seeing that drinks and sandwiches were replenished, placating those admirers whom Christine ignored. She kept looking towards the door, for Corrigan had promised to drop in.

It was after seven when he finally ambled into the room.

"Looks like congratulations are in order," he growled. "Where is our glamorous new Congresswoman?"

Flushed with excitement, Faith pointed out Christine, standing in a corner, talking to Eric Osterberg and a heavy-set stranger in an expensive grey tweed suit.

Corrigan's inky black brows lifted over his sorrowful eyes. "Well, look who's here!"

"Who do you mean?"

"That fellow gabbing with Osterberg is one of the kingpins of the lobby going in Washington. I'm beginning to get it. Very convenient for Osterberg—having a wife in Congress."

Faith paid no attention to him; after all, Corrigan was always griping.

A FORTNIGHT later, Faith saw Harvey Jessup again. She called at his office about the transcription of Christine's speeches.

Harvey promised to take care of it immediately, and then asked if she wouldn't lunch with him. She agreed, and during the two-hour luncheon he regaled her with stories of his troubles with clients. Before parting, he invited her to the premiere of a new radio programme the following week.

"I'd like to have your reaction," he said, flattered.

Actually, she found the programme no better, no worse than a dozen others.

"What do you think?" he whispered.

"It's been done before, Hank," she answered.

He grunted. "I didn't really bring you here for your opinion, Faith Holmes. That was an excuse. Now let's scram before we're booked for the sponsor's party!"

Months later, when she knew him better, Faith realised how very much he must have been impressed with her that evening. To walk out on a sponsor was in his eyes the greatest crime of all!

When they reached the windy street, he said it was too late for the movies, and anyway, he was too keyed up to sit through a picture.

"Would you like to drop in at my place?" Faith said. "I'll fix some coffee, and we can talk."

"Fine!"

He stood in the tiny kitchen while she prepared ham sandwiches and poured a glass of milk for him. Then they sat in the living-room, smoking and talking. At first, they spoke of Eric Osterberg and Christine, but gradually they drifted into a more personal vein, and presently

Hank was telling her about himself and his career.

His broad, handsome features were rather intense as he described his rather ruthless climb to success until he had his own agency.

"How long have you had your own agency?" she asked.

"About ten years. When I left the firm I was with—Q.O.A. and M. It was called, from its directors' names—I took International Petroleum with me. The Osterberg account has been bread, butter, and caviare to me ever since."

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He seemed suddenly very cheerful. "Well, this has been the most pleasant evening I've had in an age! May I come again?"

"Of course," she said.

*Please turn to page 69*



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Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit . . . and establish your natural powers of regularity. 80% of the cases tested did it. So can you.

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## CELEBRATING

Christine's victory, the Ostberghs gave a cocktail party at their hotel suite. Both Faith and Hank Jessup were among the guests, but they managed to slip away early.

"You're really the star of this production," Hank assured Faith, even if you don't get star billing."

He had taken her to a small quiet restaurant instead of the well-known spots he usually frequented. Over coffee, he said easily, "Faith, isn't it a pity when two normal, intelligent people who need each other hardly keep on pretending..."

Perhaps because she had been expecting it, she was not disconcerted; on the contrary, she was very much in control of the situation.

"Hank," she said lightly, "are you leading up to a proposal or a proposition?"

He looked boyishly hurt. "You know I'm married."

"How very convenient for you!"

"Aren't you being rather unkind?"

Faith leaned against the stiff back of her chair, enjoying his discomfort.

"Hank, I do like you! You're attractive and loads of fun. But you're putting yourself on the spot. I've heard all this before, you know. But I haven't had any affairs. And I don't intend to start now, thank you!"

His face remained expressionless for a moment, then suddenly relaxed in a sheepish smile.

## Hear This Woman!

"Faith, you're wonderful! You're the smartest gal I've ever met, much too smart for me! I'll be honest with you. It isn't a lie. As a matter of fact, my wife doesn't give a hang for me. She's as bored with me as I am with her."

"That's tough on you. But why bring me into it?"

He was baffled. He thought, How can I make her want me?

The day Christine Ostbergh was scheduled to make her maiden speech in Congress, Faith was in the gallery, accompanied by Corrigan. She had arrived the previous night to put the finishing touches on the speech, and then she had dined with Corrigan and heard much of the Washington gossip.

Now he said glumly, "Greatest Little Show on Earth."

Christine, in simple, expensive black, made a slight and attractive figure on the floor. She spoke appealingly and emotionally for the nation's submerged third.

"... caught between industry and labor, there is the unorganized group, the dispossessed—the white collar worker, the unskilled laborer, the teacher, the postman, the cop on the beat..."

"Who will speak for him?"

She finished for a burst of enthusiastic applause.

Corrigan bowed to Faith. "You've got the stuff, honey. Shame you couldn't spout the words yourself."

On the way out, they met several correspondents, hard-bitten men with cynical faces.

"What does La Ostbergh want in Congress?" one of them asked Faith. "And why has the Sphinx turned New Deal? What's he trying to hush up?"

Faith laughed. "Sorry. No answers."

After the men were gone, Corrigan said, "If they were to spill some of the off-the-record stuff they know, what fireworks there'd be!"

Immediately on her return to New York, Faith was called into conference in Homer's office. Harvey Jessup was present and, to her surprise, Eric Ostbergh himself. The purpose of the meeting was to assemble a new radio programme for International Petroleum.

It was finally decided that there should be an hour's programme with fifty minutes music and five minutes talk. To Faith's amazement, Ostbergh bestirred himself to say, "Mrs. Holmes, I want you to give the talk."

"Me? I know nothing about radio."

"You're much too modest," Hank Jessup interrupted, quick on the uptake. "I think..."

Homer wouldn't allow him to finish. "Mr. Ostbergh should be commended on his excellent judgment," he said unctuously.



"Better keep away from Mr. Weatherby—he's moulting!"

The series was to run on Sunday night, beginning in September.

Homer Sweet gave Faith explicit directions.

"Remember, you have only five minutes, so every second must count, every sentence convey a thought. You must convince the listener that it is because of industries like International Petroleum that the standard of living in our country is the highest in the world."

For the subject of her first talk, Faith decided on A Gallon of Oil, from the time it gushed forth from the earth to its ultimate destination, the tank of an automobile—and all in terms of the human element.

The summer was a pleasant one for Faith. She was marking time until the International Petroleum radio programme got under way in September. Meanwhile, she relaxed, shopped for new clothes, attended the Stadium concerts, saw Harvey Jessup frequently.

Many week-ends, Christine asked her out to Twilight Hill.

She was always charming to Faith, even friendly. Yet Faith was conscious of an undercurrent of reserve, as if Christine did not wish to be reminded of her beginnings and the part Faith had played in them. Although she still accepted Faith's advice, there was already a tinge of authority in her manner, and she uttered Homerisms as if she had created them.

Faith thought wryly, Homer must be proud of this modern Galatea.

The first broadcast of the I.P.

*Continued from page 68*

phony Orchestra sponsored by International Petroleum took place the first Sunday in September, 1937. It was a gala affair. Tickets had been sent to people notable in the social, artistic, and business worlds. And Homer Sweet had done such a superb exploitation job that the listeners anticipated a great cultural event.

Faith was tense all day. She refused Hank's invitation to an early dinner, and spent the last hours resting. By seven o'clock she was dressed in a new frock of black crepe, with a high neckline, long tight sleeves, and a skirt that fell in Grecian lines.

Almost surreptitiously, she took out her mother's gold locket and clapped it round her neck. For luck, she thought. "I'll need it."

When Hank appeared, bringing a box of white-camellias, he whistled boyishly. "Faith, you look stunning. You'll wow 'em, all right!"

She was still tormented by his words a half hour later, when the orchestra finished the final movement of a ballet suite and it was time for her to go on. She stood before the microphone, head high, but the copy trembling in her hands. She began to speak, her voice low and intimate, her manner warm and friendly.

She traced the story of a gallon of oil from its crude beginnings to the time when you drive up to a station and say to the attendant, "Fill 'er up."

After the concert, Hank was the first to congratulate her. "You put it over beautifully!" he said. "No one else could have done as well!" He grinned. "I'm proud of you, Faith Holmes."

They gathered at the Ostbergh suite after the broadcast, where photographers kept them busy posing for pictures, and Eric Ostbergh told Faith he was well satisfied.

"I train my staff well," Homer Sweet said, taking the credit for himself. "Faith, a glass of champagne?"

"I'm quite drunk with excitement, Homer."

Harvey Jessup drove her home and followed her into the apartment. This evening there was no idle talk. Without a prelude, he took her into his arms, and said, self-consciously, "Faith, I'm in love with you."

"Hank, let's not go through this again."

"Faith, you've got me wrong." His debonair air was crumbling. She moved away, embarrassed before his awkward sincerity. I shouldn't have let him come in, she thought. Why do I let myself in for these situations?

"I've never really been in love before," he admitted haltingly. "Not like this. I could be happy with you, Faith. If you'd only give me half a chance."

She was moved in spite of herself.

"I won't listen to you, Hank," she said quietly, "because it puts me in a very difficult position. I have nothing but the deepest contempt for a woman who comes between a man and his wife."

"But Peggy and I have been washed up for years!"

"I'm sorry, Hank. You'd better go now."

He hesitated, perplexed by inner conflicts. If she were another woman, he could have been facile and persuasive, and presented his case convincingly. But she was Faith, and he was oddly shy and inhibited with her. These were new and baffling reactions, which had never cropped up in his other love affairs.

He realized she would be offended by almost anything he could say.

"Forgive me," he whispered, and had the wisdom to leave on those words.

*Please turn to page 70*

## Special Offer!

**KRAFT  
FISH PASTES**



Now 3 for 1/1  
or 4½d. per 1 oz. tin

Six Savoury Varieties

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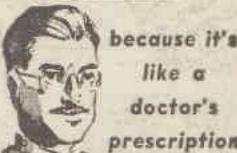
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If Dad is a man who likes a smart tie you'll find the very one he would choose himself when you see the Mayflower Range. Mayflower presents the smartest of colour combinations in the most modern American designs. Beautifully hand printed, and silk-lined to make them a gift in the luxury class.

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Get ruffled!



Design for complete charm

— the beruffled, beribboned new canopies and petticoats, with the "fairy princess" kind of prettiness you'll love.

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— Modess, the soft, safe sanitary napkin which gives complete comfort and protection. A product of Johnson & Johnson, Modess is sold by all chemists and stores.

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Your kidneys are a marvelous structure. Within them are 9 million tiny tubes which act as filters for the blood. When poisons enter them, then comes from Interference Sleep, Less Pain, Diarrhoea, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Nervousness, Circles under the eyes, Skin Allergies. Ordinary medicines can do much good. Cystex rids Kidneys of poisons and acids in 12 hours. Therefore a kidney patient who takes Cystex in 24 hours will feel better, stronger than for years. Cystex is guaranteed to satisfy or money back. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. The Guarantee protects you.

**Cystex**

Guaranteed for Kidney, Bladder, Irritation

**R**IGHT from its start, the Symphony programme was an outstanding success. The Press commended it. Music for the millions, music they could love and understand. And the friendly, informative intermission talk. An unbeatable combination!

After a broadcast, late in January, Faith went directly home. She had been suffering from a heavy cold, and the anticipation of a hot drink and a rest in bed comforted her. Shivering, she let herself into the apartment. Her head ached and she felt feverish. She dropped her fur-lined cap on a white chair and went into the bedroom.

On the night table, at the base of the green Chinese lamp, lay a telegram that the maid had left for her. She tore open the envelope. It was signed by her father, and read: "Mother very ill come home at once."

She got a reservation on a plane leaving at seven in the morning for Great Falls. It landed on schedule at two in the afternoon. She hired a car to drive her to St. Croix. The trip took over an hour, for traffic was congested, and she fidgeted all the way.

At last the car stopped before the State Hospital. She put her finger to the bell. After a moment the heavy door opened slowly and a white-haired nurse stood before her. Behind her uniformed figure she saw Tod. "Dad!"

He came out to her. He took her hands gently without speaking. And she knew she hadn't made it in time.

Tod took her to Mrs. Hussar's.

Walking beside him, Faith was conscious of a surge of pity for him and his aborted dreams.

"Did she suffer much?" she asked.

"I don't think so. It happened very suddenly, yesterday afternoon. Her heart . . ."

"Did you see her before . . .?"

"Yes. The doctors called me after her first attack."

"Was she conscious, dad? Was she rational? Did she say anything about me?"

"Pumpkin," Tod said gently, "she didn't say a thing. You see—she was in a coma."

The funeral was over. Saddened

## Hear This Woman!

Continued from page 69

and chilled, they returned to Mrs. Hussar's. Tod, Faith, and Vrest Macklin. Mrs. Hussar made sandwiches and coffee, and Tod finally persuaded Faith to have some food. She was white and drained.

"Now, you go to bed," Mrs. Hussar ordered capably, "with an aspirin and a drink of whisky. Tomorrow your cold'll be better."

Faith shook her head. "I can't sleep."

Vrest Macklin sat at the lumed oak table, drinking his coffee absently. "How long do you expect to be here, Faith?"

"I don't know."

"Don't leave before we have a little talk. I want to hear all about your job."

After he had gone, she remained in the parlor. She should be packing for the trip back to New York, but she was trapped by a strange lassitude that drugged her will. What was she waiting for, why was she stalling? Was she lingering in the hope that she might meet Mark?

**I**n their time together, Tod had told Faith of Mark's extraordinary success, with great pride in his voice. Wolverine Motors was flourishing now. The engine Griswold had invented and that Mark had doggedly promoted had an international reputation.

"He is a remarkable young man," Tod added shrewdly, waiting for some gesture of contrition from her, wanting to show her how eager he was to act as conciliator.

She thought feverishly. Suppose I say "Dad, bring Mark here," and he comes . . .

She stood up with an effort. "I'm going out," she said abruptly, and her father nodded in understanding.

But a tramp through her old haunts only served to depress Faith. It was dusk when she returned, chilled and weary, but resolved that the only possible move was to return East immediately.

She entered the house and went into the small dark parlor. And found Mark there, waiting for her.

She hesitated, shaken, afraid to

take another step for fear he would vanish in the mist before her eyes. "Mark," she wanted to cry, "is it really you, my darling?"

"Faith," he said, "I am deeply sorry to hear about your mother."

She was impressed by his air of inner calm and strength, reflected by the self-control and authority in his lean, distinguished face.

"Oh, Mark!"

There was so much she wanted to tell him, and so pitifully little she could say. Their eyes met, and under his compassionate and intense gaze she felt her frustrations, her pitiful egotism wash away, as the purity of her love for him emerged, lucid and durable.

"Faith, you've changed," he said suddenly.

How simple it would be for her to waver, to deceive him by admitting she had changed, and for all time. Then she could have him again, and this time forever.

And hamper him again, she thought, possibly hurt him again. He had made himself into the man he was in spite of her. She had neither inspired nor helped him. Indeed, she had very nearly ruined him.

She thought sorrowfully. We are still woven of different patterns, you and I, my darling. We are still different, and I dare not hurt you again.

"Faith," he began, obviously disturbed by the conflict mirrored in her dark, luminous eyes, "I'd like to talk to you."

Her fettered emotions broke their chains. "You're still young, Faith. You deserve another chance at happiness. And Mark is here; with a few adroit words, you can change the picture of your future."

She tried valiantly to smile. It was essential to smile. The first step. The barrier broken. But she could not dismiss from her heart the knowledge that their future would be made up of the tangled skeins of a tragic past, and so could denote only danger for him.

With a stifled sob, she turned from him, and fled.

She left for New York next day, and back there she set out to cultivate new friend and interests.

She forced herself to take a keener interest in her appearance. She began using more make-up, a brighter lipstick, and she ordered new frocks which were much more sophisticated than the old classic tweeds that Mark had helped her choose. He'd never approve of these dresses, she thought.

At a conference early in March, Homer said maliciously to Hank Jessup, "I see you couldn't keep it out of the Press. Now the whole world knows your wife is in Reno."

Hank looked at Faith.

"Yes," he said, "I'm practically a bachelor again."

Faith and Hank were married in August, 1938, at Twilight Hill. The wedding party was small, just the Ostbergs, Homer and his staff, some executives from Hank's agency.

"I rather suspected you would finally marry Hank," Christine said idly, as Faith was dressing for the wedding.

Faith brushed her hair in place. "You knew more than I did."

Christine smiled sceptically.

"Really? Then whatever possessed you to marry him?"

"I think Hank will make a good husband," Faith answered evasively. Inwardly, she was mocking her words; as ambiguity; a Homerism.

For the truth was both simple and pathetic. She was lonely. She needed desperately to cut herself off from the memory of Mark. And a man like Hank, jovial, gregarious, an extrovert, was just what she needed. A therapeutic measure.

She picked up the faded satin box containing the pearls Mark had sent her shortly before the divorce to which he had made no protest. She had put away her mother's gold locket; she meant never to wear it again. A new life, she promised herself determinedly.

The fortnight they spent at the fashionable Connecticut Inn proved pleasant enough. The weather was perfect, and the place was swarming with successful and important people, several of whom Hank knew when they arrived, and all of whom he met within the next twenty-four hours.

Please turn to page 71

**LOST TOOTH WON BATTLE!**

WHEN A VIKING WARRIOR LOST A TOOTH, HE GAVE IT TO HIS SWEETHEART TO BRING HIM LUCK IN BATTLE. KEEP ALL YOUR TEETH. ONLY KOLYNOS FIGHTS DENTAL DECAY THESE THREE WAYS:

- 1 KOLYNOS NEUTRALISES MOUTH ACIDS
- 2 KOLYNOS KILLS THE BACTERIA WHICH CAUSE THESE ACIDS.
- 3 KOLYNOS LEAVES TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN.

**DO YOU KNOW?**

**SHARK'S TOOTH 3000 YEARS OLD!** RECENTLY SCIENTISTS DISCOVERED A SHARK'S TOOTH APPROXIMATELY 3,000 YEARS OLD! IT WAS IN PERFECT CONDITION.

**KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM** CLEANS BETTER TASTES BETTER LASTS LONGER

**RISE STEVENS - KOLYNOS FAN!**

Rise Stevens, BRILLIANT STAR OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, ALWAYS USES KOLYNOS. CHANGE TO KOLYNOS YOURSELF - AND SEE YOUR TEETH SPARKLE WITH NEW LUSTRE.

**SWEETNESS ON THE TIP OF YOUR TONGUE** THE ONLY PART OF YOUR TONGUE WHICH CAN TASTE SWEET FLAVOUR IS THE TIP. YOUR TONGUE WILL APPRECIATE REFRESHING KOLYNOS. THAT COOL, MINTY KOLYNOS FLAVOUR LASTS AND LASTS.

**SO HIGHLY CONCENTRATED** ONE TUBE OF KOLYNOS LASTS AS LONG AS TWO TUBES OF ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE. HALF AN INCH IS PLENTY.

FAITH had every reason to be pleased and flattered. Hank was charming and devoted in a conventional fashion that occasionally grated on her nerves. Every gesture was so correct. The expensive, rare orchids, the fine champagne, the orchestra playing special music.

Hank was very much in love with her, but fortunately he was a gregarious soul, who continually restored himself on the response of people. Mornings while Faith read or took a sunbath, he rushed out to the golf links, and when he returned for lunch he announced contentedly that he'd made a new contact.

Nothing appeared to give him greater satisfaction than the combination of business and pleasure. He was in daily communication with his office, and there were times when the fortnight proved so hectic that Faith forgot it was her honeymoon.

They had leased a brownstone house on Gramercy Park, of her own choosing. Hank would have preferred a Park Avenue apartment with an imposing doorman, but he conceded amiably enough to her wishes. She resigned from Homer's office, but agreed to continue on the Symphony programme.

She insisted also on paying her share of the household expenses, which rather surprised and antagonised Hank, although it did relieve his financial status somewhat. For all her money, Peggy had exacted pretty stiff alimony as the price of a divorce.

They gave a housewarming the first Sunday in October. Faith arranged the great clusters of yellow and white chrysanthemums in old vases against the dark green walls of the foyer, and helped the maids set up the buffet in the dining-room.

By five in the afternoon, the double drawing-rooms and the dining-room were jammed with guests; waiters were passing drinks, and the maids were busily serving the lobster salad, sandwiches, and sugar rolls.

"I didn't dare invite all my friends," Hank boasted. "The house isn't big enough."

He was, she saw, a superb host. He moved from one to the other of

## Hear This Woman!

*Continued from page 70*

his guests, friendly and ingratiating, and incidentally having a fine time himself.

For a moment, Faith was left alone, isolated in the eddy of noise and laughter; a friend of Hank's, an advertising man, was approaching with tiny dignity, and, looking around for an escape, she spied Corrigan coming into the room.

She moved swiftly to him, a radiant smile on her face. She was visibly pleased to see him, for he had ignored the note she had sent announcing her marriage to Jessup. "Corrigan, how nice of you to come! I was afraid you were angry with me."

He made no answer; his long cadaverous face seemed more sombre than ever.

"Come and have a drink, Corrigan," she said happily, taking him by the arm. "You haven't wished me luck yet."

**I**GNORING Faith's words, Corrigan stared at the crowded room, his glance rapier-sharp and contemptuous.

"What sort of shenanigans are these?"

"Corrigan," she began placatingly. His face was black. "The lady who was so fighting mad at injustice seems to have lost her old rancor entirely."

"If Hank sees him here, she thought. And in this mood . . .

"Come on, Corrigan, tell me what's biting you."

He regarded her with scathing pity. "Don't you read the papers? Don't you realise what's going on in this wretched little world of ours? Or have you gone the way of all flesh—fiddling while Prague burns?"

"Christine feels this mess in Czechoslovakia will blow over."

"And since when has Christine O'Farrell become an authority on the state of the world?"

Hank approached, overhearing his last remarks. "Nice to see you, Corrigan," he said snively, conquering his dislike of this gloomy individual whom Faith adored. "But, lay off this war business, I don't see why it should concern us . . ."

"Life's too short," he said, "for such peculiar self-indulgence!"

During this time Faith received an unexpected call from Winona Kraus, whom she had not seen in several years. Impulsively, she invited Winnie home for lunch. But when her old classmate arrived, she knew she had blundered; she should have suggested meeting somewhere in town, where the contrast between them would have been less painful.

For Winnie, slouched in the Queen Anne chair, looked more tawdry than Faith remembered.

"You sure have come through," she said enviously. "I know, you'd land another rich one even after that Latham guy died."

Faith felt her nerves growing taut; she was embarrassed by the cringing attitude, and hurt by it, too.

"I didn't know you'd married again until I saw your picture in the 'News,'" Winnie said, leaving the opera.

"I tried to get in touch with you," Faith explained hastily, "but you had moved, and the landlady didn't know where."

"I've been round," vaguely, "Say, do you ever hear from St. Croix?"

"I was home last spring. My mother died."

"That's too bad. I haven't heard from my folks in ages. I suppose if they saw me now, they'd close the door in my face." She looked down at her shabby lavender suit. "But you know, I'd kinda like to see the old burg again."

A surge of compassion swept through Faith; she ached for the young Winona who'd started out so confidently to lick the world.

"Winnie . . ."

"Winnie, is there anything . . . Faith stopped, afraid Winona would be offended.

The afternoon dragged on, and her friend showed no signs of leaving; she had another coffee and a third brandy.

*Please turn to page 72*



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BIG 18

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WHAT'S YOUR  
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### The Secret of Health and Beauty

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If you follow correct rules of diet and exercise, eliminating body wastes through a natural bowel movement at approximately the same time each day . . . your R.Q. is high. But if you suffer from indigestion, headache, backache . . . any of the symptoms of constipation . . . Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills should raise your R.Q. They are specially prepared for this purpose.

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SAVE MONEY! Buy the new family economy size from your chemist or store to-day.

#### PRICES:

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**DR. MORSE'S**  
INDIAN ROOT  
**PILLS**

*Overnight* *Curative*  
WITH THE TONIC ACTION

PRESENTLY Faith

said uncomfortably, "I'm awfully sorry, Winnie, but I must leave. I have a committee meeting at four."

"Okay." Winnie finished her drink and stood up without protest, as if she were accustomed to being pushed round. Her once lovely eyes were bloodshot, and a jock of bleached hair fell over her lined forehead.

She struggled into her thin coat, and Faith noticed that the hem was kept in place by a safety-pin. She managed to slip a bill in Winnie's moist palm. "Perhaps this'll tide you over," she said awkwardly. "Keep in touch with me, Winnie."

"Thanks," coldly. "Well, I'll be seeing you."

Faith stood at the window, watching her wander down the street, and hesitate at the windy corner. She looked so cold and forlorn that Faith's heart ached for her. She thought, Winnie came to me for old times' sake, and I was restless and impatient with her. I soothed my conscience w'h a fifty-dollar bill.

She was sickened by her own behaviour; bitterly ashamed of herself. The thing to do was to make amends

## Hear This Woman!

instantly. She'd talk to Hank, she'd call Homer Street. Surely there was a job somewhere for a girl like Winnona!

She snatched her coat and hurried out of doors. But Winnie was already out of sight. And she realised there was no way to get hold of her, no address . . .

The incident gave Mrs. Harvey Jessup a good many sleepless hours that winter.

Harvey Jessup hailed a taxi.

"Park and Forty-seventh," he said, swinging into the misty interior. He lit a cigarette, inhaled, and puffed his expensive brief-case. A fine morning! The warm December sun matched the glow in his heart. Mrs. Latham was due in his office at twelve o'clock to decide the merits of the model campaign he and his staff had outlined in the last three hectic days.

What luck, he gloated. It was part of the general good fortune that had come his way since his marriage to Faith. Last Sunday morning Faith

told him her old friend Mrs. Latham was in town and was coming for lunch.

"Latham?" he repeated. "Not the Mrs. Latham of the Latham Flour Mills."

Yes, Faith had said. The very same, and a lovely person.

Hank could barely restrain his excitement. Was this a break, or was it a break? Why didn't you tell me about your friendship with her before?"

Hank's old firm, QQA&M, had always handled the Latham Flour Mills advertising. And because of the Latham loyalty, the agency had begun to take the account for granted; the advertising was routine and commonplace, the slogans still old vintage.

"Darling," he sounded out Faith, "do you think you could help persuade Mrs. Latham to change agencies?"

"I'm sorry, Hank," she said pleasantly. "You'll have to do your own dirty work."

He found Mrs. Latham a small, spry woman in a plain black suit and a shapeless felt hat. But her jewels were real enough, and behind the pleasant demeanor was the regal assurance of a woman born to wealth and position. After lunch, they got on the subject of Latham products casually enough, and Hank's words were casual, too.

"I used to work for QQA&M," he said.

"Really? Did you handle any of our accounts?"

"In a small way. If I'd stayed on, Wheat-Lax would have been my baby."

Mrs. Latham smiled benignly.

"It's an extraordinary product," he continued glibly. "Both Faith and I use it all the time. Pity it doesn't receive the proper exploitation. They're a pretty conservative group over at QQA&M, you know. I'm afraid their reputation has outdistanced their initiative . . ."

AS soon as he arrived at his office early Monday morning, Hank called a conference. "Top importance," a secretary announced, as she summoned the art director, copy men, and others to his office.

After they settled themselves, Hank took from his drawer a flat, bilious-green carton.

"Folks," he said, "this is known as 'Wheat-Lax.' It is put out by the Latham Flour Mills. It is considered a 'by-product.' Now, what I'd like to do is to convert it into a 'buy-product.'"

He waited for their approval, which came automatically.

"The Latham account has been in the hands of C&A&M so long it's gathering moss. The company is ripe for a change. Yesterday Mrs. Latham lunched in my home. I've got her interested to the point where the account is practically ours.

The account is practically ours.

"The rest is up to you."

As they digested this revelation he added, "Here's the product we're going to concentrate on. 'Wheat-Lax.' Well start from scratch. Redesign the container, and so on. You boys know what I want?"

"Okay, chief."

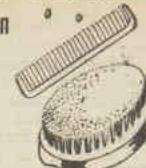
"Data, layouts, copy, everything must be on my desk by 9.30 a.m. Thursday. Mrs. Latham will be here at noon. If we can sell her, the account is in the bag."

And now it was Thursday morning, and the material was nearly placed on his desk, stacks of it. When Mrs. Latham was ushered into his office three hours later he was ready for her. He showed her to a comfortable chair from the vantage of which she could see the color photographs on the wall of products advertised by his agency. Then he picked up a cylindrical box, bright yellow with gleaming white lettering.

Continued from page 71

Just a touch

on . . .



comb or  
brush ..



or patted  
on the hair



...makes it lustrous  
and well-behaved

Chaps . . . get the most out of life. Don't risk your hair looking like an unmade bed. Just use "Three Flowers Brilliantine" to smooth snarly strands of hair and to keep it soft and EASY TO MANAGE.



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Solid or Liquid.  
Sold everywhere.

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£1 £1 £1 £1

GILSEAL  
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ADVICE IS:-

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short stories which appear in  
The Australian Women's Weekly are  
fictitious, and have no reference to  
any living person.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 26, 1950

Famous RADIO STAR AND AUCTIONEER

## JACK DAVEY

says: "Horlicks takes the Jack Pot  
for flavour and nourishment!"

"What am I  
offered?"



When Jack Davey steps onto his auctioneering rostrum at eleven in the morning he doesn't come down again until four in the afternoon. And that happens every Thursday and Friday at "Hi Ho House", Sydney. In that time he will sell anything from a fork to a fax fax — nonstop! "Yes," says Jack, "I've got to keep going flat out for five solid hours — that's why I always have a glass of Horlicks before I start."

Radio Star, auctioneer, newspaper columnist, song writer . . . where does he get all that bulldog energy? Listen to Jack Davey himself: "I've been a Horlicks regular for many years. Horlicks has always kept me going at the top of my form."

Just like Jack Davey you'll enjoy the delicious, distinctive flavour of Horlicks. And, like Jack, you'll find that Horlicks will give you extra energy.

Rich in These Food Values  
PROTEIN CALCIUM CARBOHYDRATE  
MINERAL SALTS VITAMIN A  
VITAMIN B<sub>1</sub> VITAMIN P<sub>2</sub>  
Ask your  
storekeeper  
for

**HORLICKS**  
8-oz. 2/2 16-oz. 3/6  
TIN TIN  
Prices slightly higher in country areas.



## A "Sign of Acceptance"

is the popularity of Sunburst...the Seersucker that

takes you sedately to work or gaily to gad about. From the little miss to the smarter matron there's

a Sunburst design that adds a plus to the personality. And because

they never need ironing, Sunburst frocks are so

easily kept daisy fresh.

**"Sunburst"**  
SEERSUCKER



# SOMEONE ISN'T USING NEW PERSIL YET!

[Is that 'someone' you?]



Sooner or later you're bound to come round to **NEW PERSIL** for . . .

**WHITEST WHITES** **BRIGHTEST COLOURS**



Read what Mrs. P. Crowe of 6 Rose Street, Leichhardt, has to say: "Recently I changed to New Persil and I'm really pleased at the difference it made to my white things from the first time I used it. Of course I'd heard of Persil whiteness, but I never believed that my white things could be so white and clean as they are now."

"I reckon New Persil's just as good for my colours and fine things, too," Mrs. Crowe continues, "I've noticed that my coloured frocks and blouses are brighter than they were before I started using New Persil and it's ever so gentle to the fine materials." (Actual letter on file).

**AND THE SECRET?** The secret is the blend of pure soap and oxygen in New Persil's oxygen-charged suds. Ordinary suds loosen surface dirt, leaving deep dirt in the weave to discolour clothes. But New Persil's oxygen-charged suds bubble through the weave, floating out every last scrap of dirt with the utmost gentleness. Only New Persil has this special blend of pure soap and oxygen which works so thoroughly yet is so safe for clothes and hands alike. Persil whiteness—Persil brightness—is cleanliness.



**NEW PERSIL FOR DISHWASHING TOO!**

New Persil's busy suds get to work in a jiffy dissolving grease. Your dishes come out gleaming . . . what's more, with Persil so gentle, hands are so safe.

**NEW PERSIL GIVES EXTRA CLEANNESS—EXTRA GENTLY**

P.40 WWW12

## Five Stray Lambs

*Continued from page 48*

THE newcomer chucked. "One or two clumsy operators have got people into trouble," he said. "True enough. I'm not clumsy, my friend. I've my own methods. I've obliged hundreds of people. None of them have got into any trouble yet."

He drew a thick wad of thousand-franc notes from his pocket, rifled them carelessly, put them away again. "Well, it's your funeral," he said, and he made to rise.

Rex grabbed at the other's arm. "You—you really think it's safe?"

"I told you, I've never got any into trouble yet."

There was nobody about. Rex took out his cheque-book, unscrewed the top of his fountain pen.

"Make it payable to Tyber," said his companion. "H. K."

He held a lighter while Rex wrote the cheque, tore it from the book. Tyber took it, waved it in the air, folded it carefully, put it in his breast-pocket. He kept his hands inside his jacket as he stood up and his voice had a sudden cold, metallic ring.

"All right, Belmer," he said, "now listen to me. Keep your eye on where my hand is, and don't try anything. You greedy ones make me sick. You're too easy. Didn't you know there are Scotland Yard men here in Monte Carlo, incognito, right this minute, on the watch to send information to England about people who've done just what you've done?"

Rex felt his heart turn sickeningly over. "You—"

"Me? A Yard man? Don't make me laugh," said Tyber. "But I know who they are. And your cheque, Bellmer, in a plain envelope, without covering letter, will be in their hands by eight o'clock to-morrow evening. Think you can explain that cheque when you get home, eh?"

A shudder went through Rex, uncontrollably.

"I don't think you can," Tyber said, "by the look of you. I think you'll do better to buy that cheque back. I won't be hard on you. It's worth a hundred pounds. You can have it back at the regular exchange rate—say, a hundred thousand francs."

"You're mad!" Rex said thickly. "You've put one over on me, but you can't get blood out of a stone. You know I've got no francs."

"What about the old ladies you were with in the Casino there?" Tyber said. "Your aunts, I gather. The old duck with the knitting-bag has cleaned up over four hundred thousand francs in two nights. Will she let you go to gaol for a measly hundred thousand?"

"Better talk pretty to her. I'll give you till seven to-morrow evening. Be at the cafe at the corner of the Rue des Oliviers at seven sharp, with the cash. Fail me, and your cheque will be in the hands of the Yard men by eight. That's a promise. Good-night."

He turned and walked away swiftly along the moonlit path.

Rex lighted a cigarette. His hands shook. He never had been so frightened in his life.

Rex spent a sleepless night, and on the dot of nine o'clock next morning he presented a haggard countenance at his aunts' hotel. The old ladies were at breakfast on the terrace.

Aunt Bernardine, with a benign smile, got out her knitting. Rex cast a shifty glance round the terrace.

"Aunts," he said, "I—I've got to talk to you. I'm in trouble. Serious trouble."

He told them about it, and there fell a long silence. They all sat very still round the table, looking at him. He shifted uneasily in his chair.

"You see how it is," he said. "I've got to have this money. I've simply got to."

He looked at Aunt Bernardine, but before her calm, forget-me-not-blue eyes his own fell. Aunt Bernardine began to knit, in the sunny quiet.

utes past seven, and no sign of Tyber. At twenty-past there was still no sign of him. Rex's spirits began to rise—then sank again as it occurred to him that, if Tyber had been arrested, the cheque might have been found on him. His, Rex's, cheque! He shuddered at the thought.

At half-past seven he left the cafe and headed for the Casino. He must find out what had happened to Tyber. Rex felt desperately worried. Until he had got that cheque back he would never again know an easy moment.

A familiar, deep contralto voice checked him. He looked round. He was passing the brilliantly lighted Cafe de Paris. He saw the shimmer of Aunt Tosti's shot silk shawl. They were all there, sitting on pink enamelled chairs round a table, with glasses of creme-de-menthe emerald before them.

They seemed to be having a wonderful time. With them was a man in a dinner-jacket—a tall man with iron-grey hair and a lined, tanned, distinguished face. He had a broad-brimmed white felt hat on his knee.

It was Tyber.

Rex swallowed with a dry throat. Staring, he approached the table.

Aunt Bernardine said to the grey-haired man: "Oh, Richard, this is our nephew, Rex. Rex, this is Mr. Richard Spedder. You've heard me speak of him—a very dear old friend of mine and of your uncle Simon's. It was Mr. Spedder who told me about the system which I'm afraid I found so muddling."

"Muddling or not, Rex," said Mr. Spedder amiably, "your aunt seems to have done very well at the tables."

His handshake was firm and friendly—and Rex felt a folded paper pressed into his hand. He knew that it was his cheque, but his mind seemed dulled; it didn't seem to be working very well.

Aunt Bernardine knitted away placidly. "I ran into Richard again yesterday, Rex," she said, "after all these years. So fortunate! I asked him to help me in a little plan I had thought of when I was lucky at the tables. Richard readily agreed to help."

Mr. Spedder smiled. "You know, Rex," he said, "this little party you see here has a very special purpose."

"Celebrating the return to Lent Hall, I suppose?" Rex said suddenly. He was still dazed, still scarcely able to comprehend the depth of his Aunt Bernardine's perfidy. She had tricked him, made a fool of him—him, Rex Bellmer!

"The return to Lent Hall?" said Aunt Bernardine. "Well, of course, Rex, that is a large part, a very large part, of the celebration. Because, unless I had first assured my dear sisters' happiness, how could I have been so selfish as to accept my own?"

Smiling, her color a little heightened, she looked up with her forget-me-not-blue eyes at Richard Spedder, and, laying down her knitting, she held out a hand to him.

He took it in both of his, leaning towards her. "My dearest Bernardine," he said softly. "After all these years—these wasted years . . ."

Aunt Hilary and Aunt April both touched wisps of lace handkerchief to their eyes, nodding happily at each other. Aunt Ellis lifted her proud chin.

"Bernardine and Richard," she announced, "will, of course, be married from Lent Hall, Rex—as Simon would undoubtedly have wished."

"Home," said Aunt Tosti in her most thrilling tones. "Home!"

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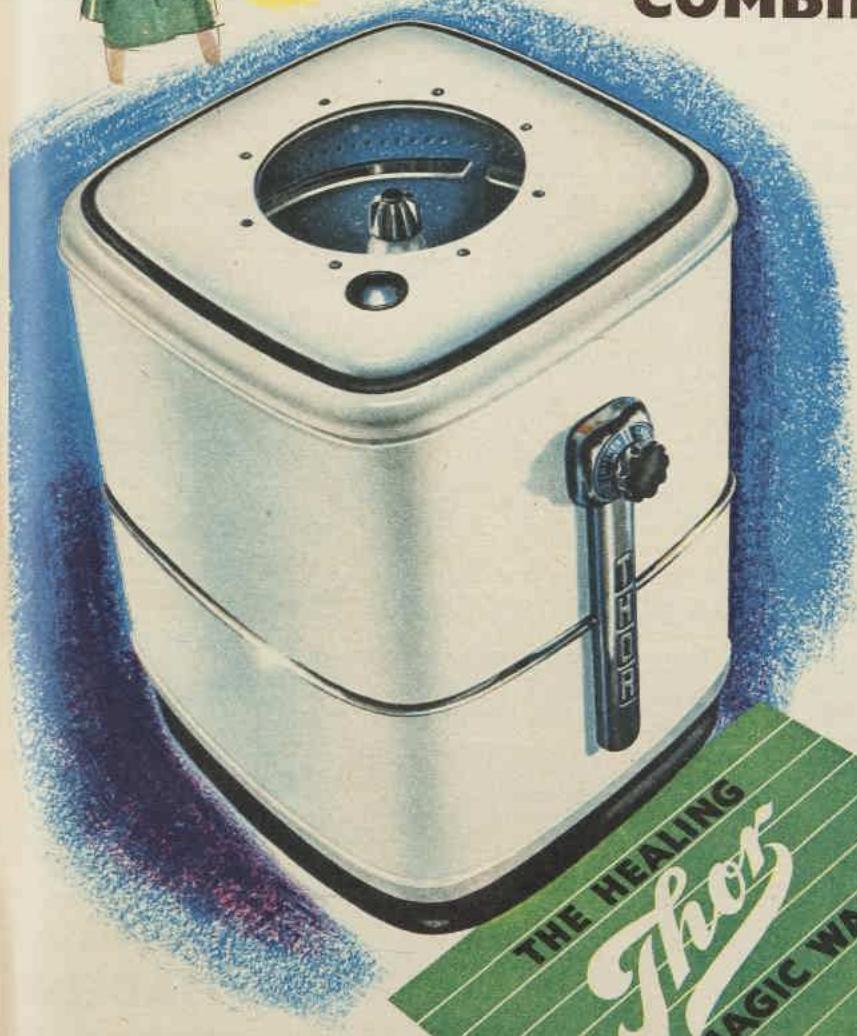
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It's the Automagic



HEALING

*Thor*

## COMBINATION WASHER



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Just heap in the washing M'lady . . . flick the dial . . . and Thor's super agitator-action swirls out every particle of grit and grime. Then Thor rinses the clothes as no other washer can — overflow rinses them. Dirt, soap and suds are forced to the top . . . flooded off . . . instead of being drained-down and re-embedded in the fabric. This Thor process equals 8 ordinary rinses.



Thor does the drying too — "spins" the clothes 'till they're 20% drier than wringer-dry. Some pieces you can iron immediately. And how long does Thor take to do the whole family's wash? For the average household of four people, less than an hour M'lady, *less than an hour!*

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A swift switch of inner tubs (it takes just 90 seconds) and Thor becomes a dishwasher to serve you faithfully 3 times a day, 7 days in every week. Thor washes crockery, cutlery, glassware — a table service for 6 in one load — and all the pots and pans too. Detergent-charged hot water sprays away the grease . . . gets dishes sparklingly, hygienically clean. "Fanned" air does the drying. Imagine, the washing-up over and done-with in just about 4 minutes!



Not once, M'lady, do your hands come into contact with the hot water. And no part of the Thor that touches clothes ever touches the dishes.



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# Triumph over paralysis

From **IRENE HANSTATTER**,  
in London

Twenty-year-old Donald Turner, of Sprone Road, East Ham, London, was once a helpless cripple, his body and legs racked with infantile paralysis.

**TWO** years ago he was faced with the alternative of being a physical wreck all his life, his whole body encased in steel supports, or making a terrific mental and physical effort with the possibility that at the outcome he would be able to live a normal life.

He made the decision. His parents, understanding and patient, encouraged him. A physical-training instructor at the municipal club devoted his time and knowledge of muscles to making life surge again through Donald's paralysed limbs.

Now the battle is almost won.

Donald, who has known what it was to spend 2½ years completely flat, his body and legs encased in a plaster cast, is a competent gymnast, cycles 24 miles daily to and from his work, lifts weights, and weighs a good 10 stone—2½ stone more than he did two years ago.

His only support is a small metal brace on his right leg, reaching from a built-up shoe not quite up to mid-calf.

He believes that his experience carries with it a message of hope to others who have been afflicted with the same disease. What he has done, others could do.

Dark-haired, jovial Donald, who earns his living by making surgical boots—he likes to tell how he once floored a Labor Exchange official by saying his occupation was "anatomical and orthopaedic mechanician"—remembers how he was attacked by the paralysis when he was six.

He awoke one morning and found he could not move his legs. It was as sudden as that.

Then followed 2½ years on his back in Treloars Hospital, Hampshire. Both legs and his back were in a plaster cast.

In 1939 there was an increase in infantile paralysis in England, and Donald's bed was needed for another sufferer.

He was sent home with metal



TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Donald Turner shows muscles developed by regular exercise with a chest-expander.

Donald went round to the municipal club. He saw the gym. instructor, ex-R.A.F. physical training instructor Ernest Clarke, exercise on the Roman rings—metal rings swinging from ropes, for gripping and lifting oneself.

Donald asked if he could try. From that moment Clarke took an interest in him.

First he gave him light exercises on the Roman rings and with a chest-expander.

He would say to Donald: "Can you do this?" Donald would answer: "I don't know." "Try it," said Clarke. And Donald always did.

Now Donald can do any exercises that involve his arms and stomach. He cannot do anything that requires much speed or balance with foot-work, because of his not quite sound right leg.

But he stands on his hands, holds on to a pole with both hands while keeping his body horizontal in the air.

His hands and arms are especially well developed. He can lift and hold out, while sitting down, a weight of 70lb.

Last summer, on holiday at Brighton with his family—father, mother, and 12-year-old sister, Frances—he taught himself to swim in the sea, now swims at the local baths frequently.

He determined to teach himself to ride a bicycle, borrowed a free-wheeler at first. Now he cycles comfortably with the right pedal raised to support the weak leg.

He plays table tennis, does electrical repairs at home, and, as a quiet pursuit, sketches. In a borough competition he has just won a prize for his drawing of a street scene.

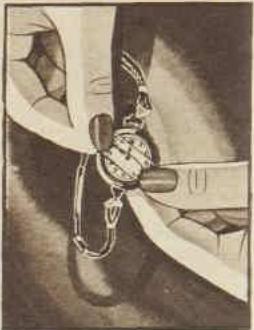
Once a week Donald goes to a drama class, is popular as the funny man, tumbling round the stage in variety acts.

Donald's wide, dark eyes laugh a lot these days. But he is quite serious when he says:

"If a person has the will-power he can do almost anything. I determined I would be like the other boys."

"At the club I am the only cripple. But I can do a lot better than some of the others."

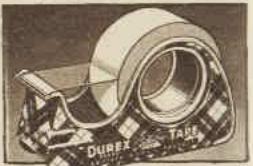
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Also a Heavy-Duty Dispenser at 15/- plus tax, and a Plastic Hand Dispenser only 3/- Tape extra.

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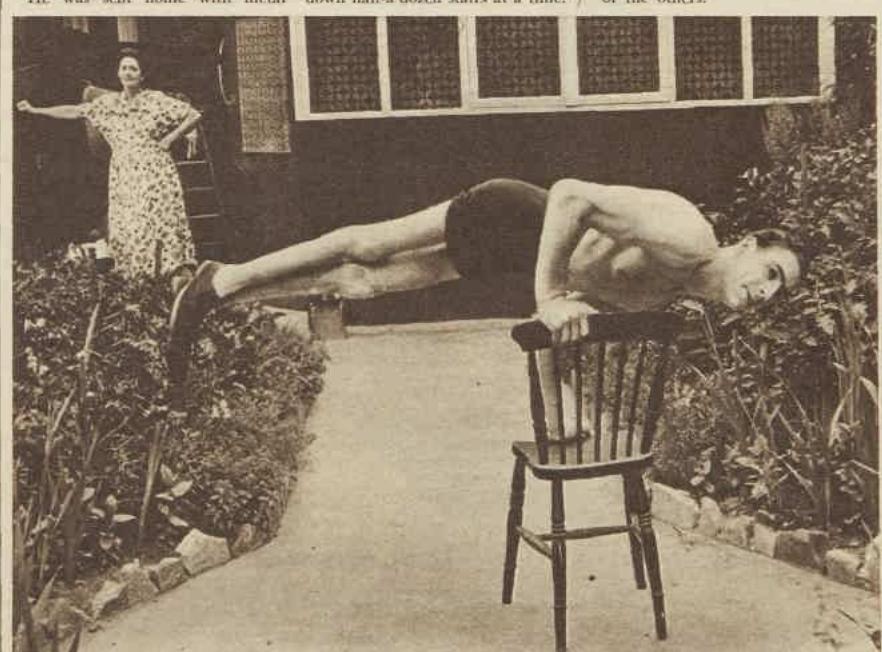
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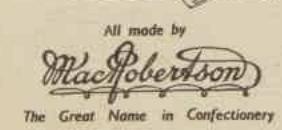
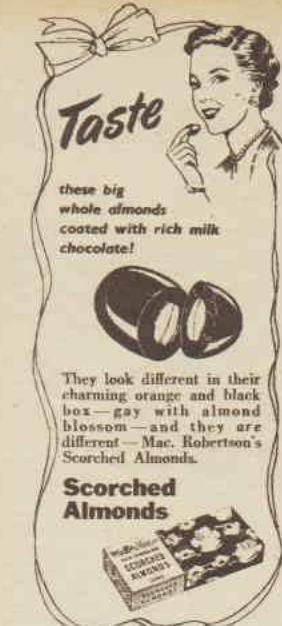
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HIS MOTHER watching from the garden steps of their East Ham, London, home, Donald proves that a cripple can perform difficult gymnastic feats.



# IS THERE AN ADOLESCENT IN THE HOUSE?

By LEONA M. BAYER, M.D.  
(Stanford University School of Medicine)

A twelve-year-old girl looked around her happy family circle one evening and remarked: "A girl's worst trouble is her mother! Next is her father; and after that her brothers and sisters." Then she went nonchalantly back to playing a game.

The parents glanced at each other and sighed. They knew their daughter's adolescence was upon them, and they guessed she would entangle them all if she could.

It is natural that in such a period of physical reorganisation and stress a child's whole personality will be involved.

So interwoven are adolescent action and response to environment, however, that a favorable setting can happily influence the whole course of development.

The physical base of adolescence is a metamorphosis from child to adult which occurs mostly between the ages of 10 and 20.

The immediate stimulus is related to activity of the sex glands; the effects are noted in spurts of growth.

The various aspects of development tend to follow each other in an orderly overlapping sequence or cycle.

The average girl goes through this cycle between the 10th and 17th birthday; the average boy about two years later. Somewhere in the centre of their respective cycles, the main physical manifestations of puberty occur.

Just because the upheaval of maturing is such a mighty one, the tempo, degree, and direction of development are widely variable.

One girl hides rounded breasts, while her friends can still sport swim trunks; another must wear "gay deceivers" even to her wedding; a third develops a boorish masculinity in distressing contradiction to her feminine ideal.

Or perhaps a late maturing boy stands relatively still, while his schoolmates pass him up in height and weight to become the football heroes; another exploits his exaggerated breadth and strength with the arrogance of assured masculinity; a third maintains a girlish roundness in spite of efforts to reduce.

Out of the relative sameness and anonymity of childhood, the rapid changes of puberty start each boy and girl on a unique path of development which they must recognise, evaluate, and accept.

The physical changes alone are greater than any the child has undergone since the first year of life and are thus a truly unsettling, physiological experience.

It adds greatly to the inward disturbance that the patterns are so individual. There is, in fact, cause for each child to wonder how quickly and how far he will develop, and whether his sex development will be normal.

All other phases of adolescent life stand in some relation to its unquiet physical foundation.

Modern psychology has pointed out the tortuous path the psyche must travel to attain its ultimate goal of personal independence and the capacity for normal love. The physical changes of puberty give the signal that these goals are now to be tackled in earnest. The impulse towards growing up is felt as some kind of inner need.

Simple awareness of physical change is enough to explain some of the new concern about the self. Besides this, there are specific interrelations between hormones and behaviour whose mechanisms are not clear, but whose importance is established.



PARENTS can help their children to cope with the rapid physical and psychological changes experienced in adolescence.

*In their teens young people need help with many of their problems.*

If the child's reaction to the felt need for growing up were just to grow up, life for and with the adolescent might be hard, but not so bewildering as it usually is.

The confusion arises when, instead of walking quietly up the path to adulthood, many an adolescent alternates bold hops forward with sharp retreats.

Even this doubling back would not be too distressing if the adolescent were more aware of the half-heartedness of his advance. To him it is beyond question that he wants to grow up. He wants to have his own opinions, his own friends, his own responsibilities. Then why the hesitations? Since he does not see that it is his own doubts which sometimes reverse him, he tries to make out that it is others who impede his progress.

Thus, it is not he who hesitates to leave the comforts of home for a vacation job, but "Father cannot spare me." It is not she who doubts her success if she joins the dancing club, but "Sister gets all the best clothes."

This mechanism of attributing to another what he cannot face in himself is called "projection."

In general, then, the adolescent reacts to the experience of physical maturation by anxieties about the maturation process itself, by conscious psychological thrusts forward, which are often accompanied by unconscious psychological retreats on to authoritative figures around him who he fancies hold him back.

This whole process of progress, regression, and projection is wonderfully described for girls in Helen Deutsch's "The Psychology of Women."

Parent-child relations are still crucial to this age; furthermore, adolescent attitudes toward the whole community are colored by their feelings toward parents.

The most helpful parents will be those who are themselves as mature as possible.

Parents can give maximum reassurance to boys and girls about the probably satisfactory outcome of their teen-age changes.

They are able to recognise forward thrusts when they see them, and are able to overlook retreats into childhood as only incidental to progress. Finally, they may be able to avoid being drawn into the child's inner contradictions by keeping themselves and their own doubts deliberately out of the picture.

Each of these tasks requires considerable insight. In the matter of physical maturation, for instance, wise parents can give much comfort. As adolescents become conscious of pubertal changes, they sometimes enhance each other's anxieties by unkind remarks and disparaging comparisons; they also give each other support just because they are all changing together and have occasion to observe and discuss.

This belongs to the normal give and take of teen-age group life and needs no special comment.

If parents, however, have not digested their own anxieties about whether Jack will be too short, or Jane too tall, they not only fail to reassure their child, but immeasurably increase his worries.

It is the mother who "doesn't want Jack to be fat like his father," or the father who "doesn't want him to be weak like me," who reinforces the child's own doubts about himself.

Parents should realise that the time to worry about the laws of heredity is before they procreate. After that, they must be ready to accept them.

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.. others do!



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PAGE

Page 77

What—  
**ME**  
make  
apple pie?

Yes!

even you, Mister Man-of-the-House can make perfect pastry with Maxam Bakeo! Here's how you make that apple pie:—Add one level tablespoonful of sugar to a packet of Bakeo, and mix with as little water as possible to make a stiff dough. Divide in half and roll out thinly (on a lightly floured board) into two rounds. Line a 9 inch pie plate with one round, letting it overlap the edge well. Cut up apples into smallish pieces, add a few cloves, and pre-cook in a pan for 5 minutes. Pour apples into the pastry lined plate, heaping slightly at centre. Sprinkle liberally with sugar. Wet edges of pastry and cover with other pastry round. Pinch edges together and trim with a knife. Brush over top with a little sugar and water. Place in hot oven, lower heat immediately and bake for approx. 30 minutes, until golden brown. You'll turn out a super apple pie, with crisp, feather-light short crust that will simply melt in your mouth! (Incidentally there will be enough pastry left over from the trimmings to make a jam tart which can be baked at the same time). Be sure you use Maxam Bakeo, the original pastry mix!



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### MAXAM BAKEO APPLE CRUMBLE

**Ingredients:** 4 apples, stewed;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Maxam Bakeo;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar.

**Method:** Add the sugar to Bakeo. Place apples into a greased pie dish and sprinkle the Bakeo and sugar mixture over the top of the apples. Bake in a moderate oven (Temp. 375 deg. F. Gas—450 deg. F. Electric) for 25 minutes. Serve with custard or cream.



### MAXAM BAKEO ROLY POLY

**Ingredients:** 2 cups Maxam Bakeo; sweet or savoury filling (see below);  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water.

**Method:** Mix Bakeo and water and roll to an oval shape about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick; moisten edges. Cover with filling to within  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch of edge, and roll lengthwise as for Swiss roll. Wrap in pudding cloth, tying ends securely and sewing along edge. Lower into gently simmering water. Cover and cook steadily for 1 hour. Stand for 1 minute out of water, remove cloth and serve at once with sweet or savoury sauce.

#### SUGGESTED FILLINGS

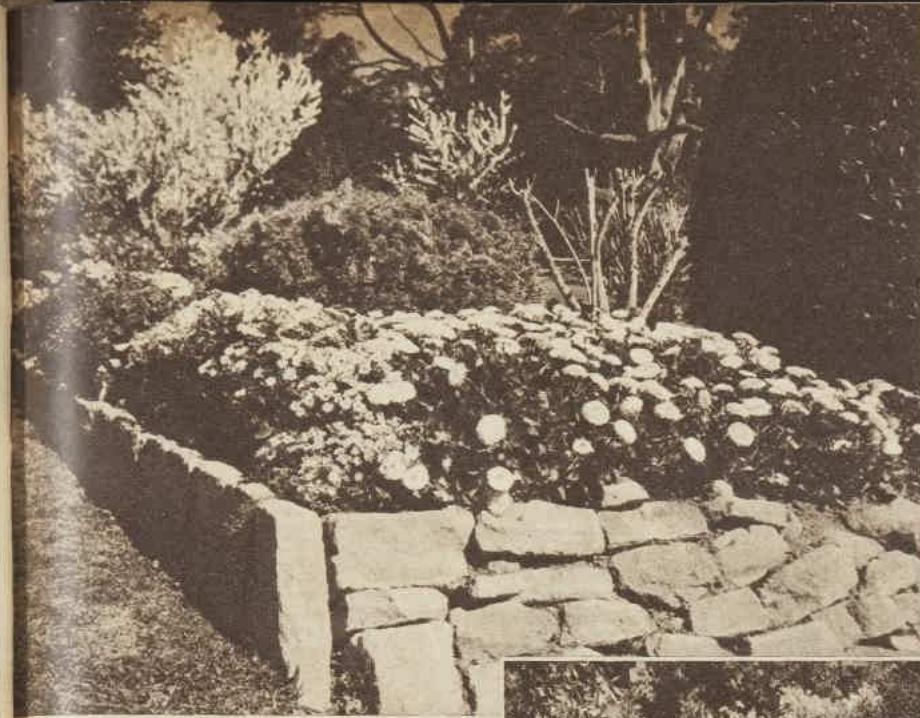
**Fruit Roll:** 2 cups mixed fruit;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar; 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

**Apple Roll:** 2 or 3 apples;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar; 2 or 3 cloves.

**Minced Steak Roll:** 1 lb. minced steak; 1 small onion, chopped; 1 tablespoon (or to taste) tomato sauce.

**Fish Roll:**  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups flaked cooked fish; 1 cup white sauce; lemon and salt to taste.

**Bacon Roll:**  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups chopped bacon; 1 large onion, chopped; mixed herbs.



LOW DRY WALL of rough stone topped with colorful annuals and (right) a flagged footpath edged with low flower-beds planted for a massed effect leads to a pergola supporting French clematis and wisteria.

## Right time now for heavy jobs

● Before the summer comes get all the heavy garden jobs done—such as building new rockeries, dry walls, and flagged pathways.

—Says Our Home Gardener

If you want to make a new lily or fish pond, build a bush house or pergola, erect a new length of trellis, make a sunken garden, now is the time to do it.

Home-makers living in areas where there has been excessive rain during the past months are probably feeling that their earth, gravel, or tanbark pathways are inadequate, and that something more solid and permanent would be an improvement.

While flagstones are fairly easy to lay and always give a substantial appearance to the pathway, they cost a lot of money to-day, for quarrymen demand top rates for freestone slabs, and even bits and pieces. Concrete makes a more lasting job of a footpath, but it always looks artificial, and, being solid from end to end, cannot be lifted in part or whole without considerable loss.

Where pathways are already laid, dry walls are built, or rock gardens established near by, the gar-

den at this time of the year can start to beautify the beds, and in this way break up straight lines, or plant near the edges material that will eventually spill over them.

Shrubs and trees can be planted while winter lasts to provide shade and privacy, to beautify unsightly spots, or to add color and gaiety to the garden generally. Large clumps of perennials such as irises, kniphofias, michaelmas daisies, shasta daisies, statice, and similar plants can be set out in selected positions on rock walls, in well-constructed crevices, or in open beds along the footpaths.

When the weather really warms up they will wake up with a jump, and the garden will be glorified by their beauty, fragrance, and restful greenery. At this time of the year, too, seed of many half-hardy annuals can be sown in boxes under glass,



for filling the gaps along the pathways. Forget-me-nots, godetias, snapdragons, larkspurs, clarkias, phlox, calendulas, asters, marigolds, gazanias, dianthus, candytuft, and petunias are some of the easiest to grow, and most colorful of all.

### Complementary feeding

By SISTER MARY JACOB,  
Our Mothercraft Nurse

THE term "complementary feeding" is frequently misunderstood by young mothers.

Many who cannot at first fully breast-feed their babies wean them, and the babies are fully bottle-fed from the first weeks of life.

Advice on how this type of feeding should be managed would obviate unnecessary early weaning.

A leaflet explaining correct methods for complementary feeding can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with the request.

PATHWAY OF CHARM (left). Forget-me-nots, rhododendrons, and lirnia grow in profusion along this stone-flagged pathway edged with a rough stone wall.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 26, 1950



# Amazingly QUICK RELIEF! from SORE THROATS, COUGHS, COLDS & FLU with LARYNOIDS

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In seconds after placing a Larynoid Pastille in your mouth that sore throat is soothed, that shattering cough eased—thanks to Anesthesis, the quickest-acting specific ever prescribed for mercifully quick relief. It saves the inflamed throat membranes. Relief comes immediately. Soreness is deadened. Irritation disappears. A sensation of blessed relief is enjoyed.

The extraordinarily effective properties of Anesthesis make Larynoids universally demanded when quick relief is sought. But Larynoids go even further. By virtue of the other important medicaments contained in their famous formula, Larynoids can prevent sore throats and coughs developing, stop infection from spreading and thereby protect you from more serious ailments, such as bronchitis, 'flu and those dangerously persistent colds.



A SPECIALLY MEDICATED PASTILLE  
SOLD BY CHEMISTS ONLY

Where LARYNOIDS act to stop the spread of infection: A cold results from millions of infective microbes multiplying in—



1. THE THROAT. Larynoids nullify their activity and prevent them spreading to

2. THE PHARYNX. When infected, this area becomes acutely sensitive and sore. Larynoids soothe the rawness and, if taken in time, prevent infection from spreading to

3. THE LARYNX. This is the seat of soreness, dryness, pain when swallowing. Unless relieved in time by Larynoids, infection may spread and cause a deep-seated condition in your

4. BRONCHIAL TUBES. Here is the home of bronchitis and other stubborn infections. A slight cold allowed to get this far may cause a more serious illness. Larynoids will protect these vital areas.

Never be without a handy packet of Larynoids—in the medicine cupboard at home, in the office desk and in the children's school-bags. Take Larynoids at the first sign of a cough, cold, sore throat or chill.

Manufactured by THE WALCOT PTY. LTD., Annandale, N.S.W.

Distributed by LIFE SAVERS (A'SIA) LIMITED

# It's Spring!

Serve delicious, colorful luncheons and afternoon teas outdoors and enjoy the warmer weather



AFTERNOON TEA served on the verandah gives a fillip to the appetite, so prepare plenty of foods, either sweet or savory. Dishes illustrated above include chicken puffs, coconut caraway cake, cherry napoleons, creamed salmon rolls, and chocolate cake with maple syrup frosting.

A SUN-SPASHED verandah is ideal for afternoon tea; garden or terrace is a charming setting for a luncheon.

Choose foods which are easily prepared in advance so that you are free to arrange the table and serve on the spot instead of having to make frequent trips to and from the kitchen.

Afternoon tea is another story: the loaded traymobile is wheeled to the chosen corner of the verandah or porch just when required.

#### CHICKEN PUFFS

Pastry: Half pint water, 2oz. butter or margarine, 4oz. flour, 3 large eggs.

Filling: Two cups white sauce, 2 cups diced cooked chicken or rabbit,  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 cup coarsely chopped ham, 1 dessertspoon diced parboiled red pepper (may be omitted), parsley, salt, and pepper.

Boil water and butter or margarine. Stir in sifted flour and beat well over stove until mixture leaves sides of saucepan and is free from lumps. Turn into basin. When cold gradually add beaten eggs. Place a teaspoonful at a time on greased oven tray, spacing well apart. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 40 to 45 minutes. Do not open oven door for first 15 to 20 minutes cooking time. Allow to cool, cut each puff open near top and scoop out any moist pieces with a teaspoon. Combine all filling ingredients, just before required fill into puffs and heat in oven before serving. Garnish with parsley.

#### COCONUT CARAWAY CAKE

Two ounces butter or margarine, 4 tablespoons sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon caraway seeds, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk.

Topping: One third cup of coconut, 3 dessertspoons apricot jam,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cornflakes.

Cream butter or margarine with sugar and lemon rind. Add un-beaten egg, mix well. Fold in caraway seeds, then sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Turn into greased 7in. ring-tin. Prepare topping. Mix coconut and crushed cornflakes with the apricot jam. Spread over top of cake mixture. Bake in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) 35 to 40 minutes.

#### CHERRY NAPOLEONS

One plain sponge cake cooked in a slab-tin,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flaky pastry (bought ready mixed if desired), 1 cup whipped cream or substitute, sugar to sweeten, cherry conserve, maraschino cherries (or strawberry conserve and fresh strawberries), warm icing.

Divide pastry in two and roll each portion to fit slab-tin used for cooking the sponge. Prick well with a fork to prevent undue rising. Bake each in a hot oven (500deg. F. gas,

550deg. F. electric) 12 to 15 minutes. Allow to become quite cold. Spread each one with conserve, then with half the whipped cream. Place cold cake on top, lift second piece of pastry and place on cake, cream side down. Cover with warm icing, cut into blocks and decorate with cherries or strawberries.

#### CREAMED SALMON ROLLS

One and a half cups white sauce,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups flaked salmon (or other tinned fish), squeeze lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper to taste,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup soft breadcrumbs, thin slices bread, butter, bacon rashers, prawns, and parsley to garnish.

Mix sauce with drained flaked salmon; flavor with lemon juice, salt and pepper, add breadcrumbs. Remove crusts from bread and cut into pieces about 4in. x  $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. Butter lightly on both sides. Place a spoonful of creamed salmon on each piece, roll up. Remove rind from bacon rashers, cut into pieces. Wrap each roll in a piece of bacon and secure with a cocktail stick. Place on greased tray in hot oven (400deg. F. gas, 450deg. F. electric) and cook until bread is crisp and lightly browned and bacon cooked and crisp. Serve piping hot, garnished with parsley and whole prawns.

#### CHOCOLATE CAKE WITH MAPLE SYRUP FROSTING

Two ounces dark chocolate (or chocolate pieces), 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 4oz. butter or margarine, 5oz. white sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

Break chocolate into pieces, place in small basin with milk. Heat over boiling water until melted and well mixed, add brown sugar. Cream butter or margarine with white sugar and vanilla. Add un-beaten eggs one at a time, beating well after

#### MENUS

##### AFTERNOON TEA PARTY

Creamed salmon rolls, chicken puffs

Coconut caraway cake, cherry napoleons, chocolate cake with maple syrup frosting

Tea

##### SPRINGTIME GARDEN MENU

Fruit cocktail

Jellied tongue shape Garden salads

Cherry and almond cream roll, fruit punch



each addition. Fold in sifted flour, salt, and soda alternately with cold chocolate mixture. Turn into 2 greased 8in. sandwich-tins, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 125deg. F. electric) 30 to 40 minutes. When quite cold, join and coat with maple syrup frosting and decorate with chocolate pieces.

**Maple Syrup Frosting:** Into a thin basin place 1½ cups sugar, 2 egg-whites, 2 tablespoons water. Beat over boiling water 10 to 12 minutes until sugar is dissolved and meringue frosting holds its shape. Remove from heat, continue beating while gradually adding 1 dessert-spoon lemon juice and 3 dessert-spoons mock maple syrup. When frosting is nearly cold and very thick (it should hold its shape), spread between layers of cake and then coat cake all over. Decorate with chocolate pieces or coarsely grated chocolate.

#### FRUIT COCKTAIL

One cup cubed papaw, 1 cup cubed pineapple, 1 cup white grapes (when not in season use sliced bananas drenched with lemon juice), strawberries, 2 tablespoons dry sherry, small quantity castor sugar.

Place prepared fruits in a bowl with sherry and sugar. Mix lightly and chill until just before serving. Pile into serving glasses, decorate with whole or halved strawberries.

#### CHERRY AND ALMOND CREAM ROLL

One sponge roll (freshly baked), cherry conserve (or any red jam or jelly desired), whipped cream or substitute, cherries, toasted blanched almonds.

Spread freshly baked sponge roll with cherry conserve or other jam. Trim edges and roll up. Allow to become quite cold. Arrange in serving dish, coat all over with cream and rough up with fork or swirl with knife blade. Decorate thickly with split toasted almonds and cherries.

#### JELLED TONGUE SHAPE

Half to ½lb. sliced, cooked ox tongue or sliced sheep's tongues (home cooked or bought), ½ pint meat or vegetable stock (or water flavored with meat or vegetable extract), 2 thin slices onion, small thin piece lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, scant ½ cup hot water, 2 or 3 tablespoons chutney, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, endive or cress or lettuce and quartered or halved boiled eggs to garnish.

Place stock in saucepan with onion, lemon rind, vinegar, salt, and cayenne pepper. Bring to boil, simmer 1 minute, strain. Add gelatine dissolved in hot water. Allow to cool. Set a very thin layer on bottom of large recess-tin or ring-tin. Arrange tongue slices around outside and add sufficient jelly to just hold tongue in place. When quite set spread base of tin with chutney, sprinkle with parsley, add a little more jelly. When set fill tin with any remaining tongue (chopped up) and balance of jelly. Chill until quite firm. Unmould on to serving dish, garnish with cress or endive or lettuce, and hard-boiled eggs.



LUNCHEON: Gay flowers and attractive glassware and china add charm to this outdoor luncheon planned for the week-end. Menu includes fruit cocktail, jellied tongue shape, garden salads, cherry and almond cream roll, fruit punch.

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- eggs contain all the known vitamins except vitamin C!
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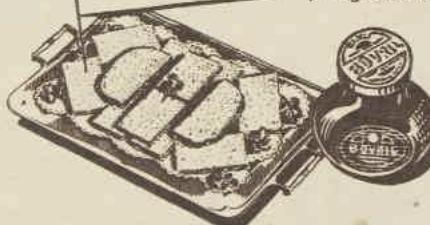
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Box of 20 Powders, 1/6

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INFANTS' POWDERS**

# Prized for their flavor



## Week's awards to two savory dishes and chocolate cake

- Recipe for making an appetising and wholesome dish for luncheon or dinner from a small quantity of fish wins this week's first prize of £5.

**A**NOTHER prizewinner is a smooth, even-textured chocolate cake requiring only one egg. This is topped with a delicious rocky-road icing, and is very simple to make.

The cake is very economical; this means that you can let your head (and the purse strings) go and use a  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. block of chocolate in the icing!

For extra flavoring for the gravy you serve with kidney-stuffed shoulder of lamb, try adding  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sauteed mushrooms. This recipe also wins a consolation prize.

Remember, all spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

### SAVORY FISH AND CHEESE CASSEROLE

Three-quarters of a pound smoked fish (cooked, drained, and flaked), 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, dash cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon cold water, 2 teaspoons lemon juice.

Combine flour, mustard, salt and pepper, blend with water to make

smooth paste. Stir into warmed milk, continue stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Stir in cheese and butter, continue stirring until melted. Fold in fish and lemon juice, pour into greased casserole, and cover with cheese scones.

To prepare scones sift 1 cup self-raising flour and pinch salt. Rub in 1 dessertspoon butter or margarine and mix to soft dough with milk flavored with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Knead lightly on floured board, press out to  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. thickness. Cut with floured cutter and arrange on top of casserole. Glaze with milk and top with light sprinkling of grated cheese. Bake in hot oven (475deg. F. gas, 525deg. F. electric) 15 minutes until scones are puffed and browned. Serve garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Boorman, 214 James St., New Farm, Brisbane.

### CHOCOLATE CAKE WITH ROCKY ROAD ICING

Two tablespoons butter or margarine,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups

ONE-EGG CHOCOLATE CAKE is rich and tempting for special occasions when filled with mock cream and topped with a luscious rocky road icing made from melted milk chocolate, marshmallows, and nuts. (See prize-winning recipe.)

self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla essence.

Cream butter or margarine and sugar. Add egg, beat well. Blend cocoa with milk, add carb. soda, stir until dissolved. Add gradually to creamed mixture. Fold in sifted flour, then, lastly, boiling water and vanilla. Fill into well-greased Jammington tin or slab tin and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake cooler, cut in halves. Join one half to the other with mock cream and top with rocky road icing.

Rocky Road Icing: Four ounces milk chocolate, 4 oz. marshmallows, 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts.

Melt chocolate very slowly in basin standing in hot water. Cut marshmallows in quarters and add to chocolate. Spread quickly over cake and top with walnuts.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Price, Market St., Trentham, Vic.

### SHOULDER OF LAMB WITH KIDNEY STUFFING

One shoulder of lamb, 3 kidneys, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 or 2 shallots or 1 small onion, 1 cup breadcrumbs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dried herbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 rasher bacon (rind removed), pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, fat for baking, 1 cup stock or water, 1 tablespoon fat or margarine, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon sherry.

Remove bone from shoulder, wipe with damp cloth. Soak kidneys 1 hour in warm salted water. Remove skins, cut into dice. Sauté for 5 to 7 minutes in melted butter or margarine, shaking pan to prevent over-browning. Combine breadcrumbs, finely chopped shallot or onion, parsley, herbs, salt, pepper, and chopped bacon. Bind with beaten egg and pack into bone socket. Roll up and secure with skewers or string, and place on baking-dish with fat. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric), allowing 20 minutes for each lb. Serve with gravy made with fat or margarine, flour, and stock or water. Season with salt and pepper, and, just before serving, stir in sherry.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss J. Dawson, 56 Barton St., Mayfield, Newcastle, N.S.W.



TOPPING of savory cheese scones adds flavor interest to a casserole of creamed fish. Serve piping hot with or without vegetables as a luncheon or dinner dish. (Recipe on this page.)

# Menu Planning with PECK'S

SO QUICK...  
SO EASY...  
AND SO DELICIOUS!

## ANCHOVETTE LAMB CUTLETS

Lamb cutlets. Peck's Anchovette, creamed potato, minted carrot balls, green peas, brown sherry sauce. Slit a neat pocket in the eye of each cutlet and spread inside piping hot with Anchovette. Grill cutlets or crumb and fry. Serve into balls and tossed in melted butter and chopped mint. Green peas and a piquant brown sauce flavoured with sherry. Salmon & Anchovy can be used in place of Anchovette.



## NEW FLAVOUR FOR AN OLD FAVOURITE VEAL, HAM & CHICKEN SAVOURY PANCAKE

Half cup sifted flour, 1/2 teasp. salt, 2 egg yolks (beaten), 1 cup water. Mix the flour and salt, combine egg yolks and water and add gradually to the flour, beating until smooth. Bake on a hot greased griddle or frying pan. Cool. Spread with savoury filling (see below) and roll lightly. Garnish with slices of tomato and hard boiled egg and parsley.

SAVOURY HAM FILLING: One jar Peck's Veal, Ham & Chicken Paste, 2 hard-boiled eggs (chopped), 1 teasp. made mustard, salt and cayenne. Mix all ingredients well together and spread generously on pancakes.



## TURN A PICNIC INTO A PARTY with BEEF, TONGUE & TURKEY FANCY SANDWICH LOAF

Small loaf fresh bread (square), butter for spreading, 2 tbbsp. chopped ham, a little mustard, pickle, 1 lb. cream cheese, 1 hard-boiled egg, mixed with a little butter and milk, season with salt, pepper, 1 teasp. curry powder. Remove the crusts from the bread and cut lengthwise into 3 slices. Spread one slice of bread with butter, then mayonnaise and with curried egg mixture. Cover with second slice. Spread this with butter, mustard pickle and chopped ham. Cover with third slice of bread. Beat the cream cheese with sufficient milk to make a spread consistency. Flavour with salt and cayenne and 1 jar Peck's Beef, Tongue & Turkey Paste. Completely cover the sides and top of loaf with this mixture. Chill before serving. Serve on an oblong plate, garnished with lettuce leaves and salad vegetables.



## PECK'S SPECIAL TREAT SALMON & ANCHOVY IN CASSOLETTES BOHEME

You'll like the milder, spicier flavour of Salmon & Anchovy. It's a treat for sandwiches, savouries or for a super supper dish like this. Add one teaspoon Salmon & Anchovy, squeeze lemon juice, pinch paprika, and 4 hard-boiled eggs to your usual shortcrust recipe and prepare one dozen pastry cases. FILLING: 4 tbbsp. milk, 1 teasp. butter, 1 teasp. curry powder, 1 tbbsp. capers, pepper and salt, chilli strips.

Whip eggs with the milk, butter, curry powder, chopped capers, pepper and salt. Heat, stirring well, until lightly scrambled. Pile into cooked Anchovette Pastry Cases and garnish with capers and red chilli strips.



SEE YOUR GROCER ABOUT THE  
NEW SMALL SIZE . . .

## NEW IDEAS FOR SANDWICHES . . .

The best way to endear yourself to the "cut-lunch brigade" is to surprise them with new flavours, new taste combinations. With easy-spreading Peck's Paste you can make up unlimited varieties of appetising, nutritious lunches. Here are a few to start you off.

PECK'S ANCHOVETTE with chopped celery, or chopped egg.

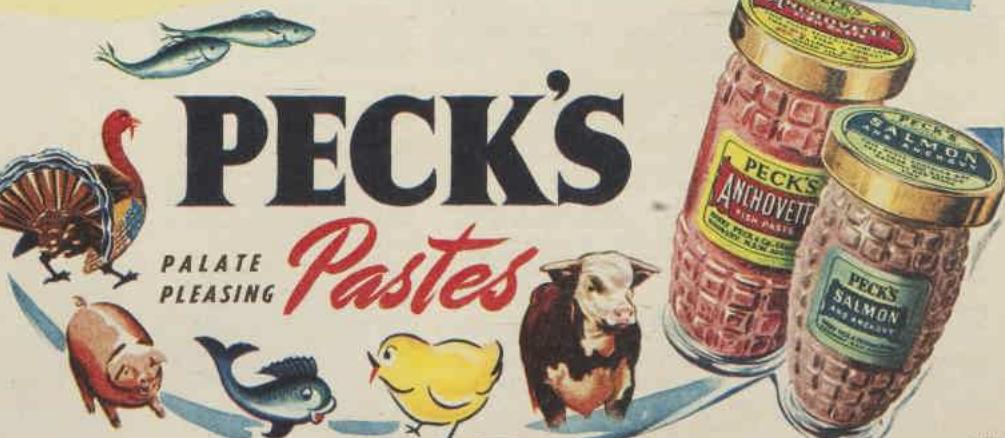
PECK'S BLOATER with cucumber slices or beetroot.

PECK'S BEEF, TONGUE & TURKEY with fruit chutney.

PECK'S BEEF Paste with lettuce or chopped gherkin.

Peck's Bloater, Salmon & Anchovy and all the meat pastes now available in handy 1/2 oz. jars as well as regular 24 oz. jars.

# PECK'S Pastes





## Two Bargains in Nutrition

by ELIZABETH COOKE, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.



### Cheese Tart

Make a dough with 4 ozs. Krusto Pastry Mix and line a tart dish. Prick all over with a fork. Flute edges and bake in a hot oven until lightly browned. Melt 6 ozs. Kraft Cheese in a saucepan with half a

cup of milk, add 1 teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce and 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion. Pour into pastry shell and place in a moderate oven until cheese is lightly browned.

This recipe combines the crispness and flavour of golden pastry with the outstanding nutrient of Kraft Cheese—eleven times richer in calcium than cream, more protein and calories than meat! Kraft Cheese is a splendid source of phosphorus and vitamins A, B<sub>2</sub> and D as well.



### Cheddar Creme

1 pint milk; 2 tablespoons butter or margarine; 3 tablespoons flour; 4 ozs. grated Kraft Cheese; 1 tablespoon chopped celery; 1 tablespoon chopped onion; 1 tablespoon diced carrot; 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley; 1 cup water or chicken stock.

Melt half the butter or margarine, add flour and blend smoothly. Gradually add milk, stirring constantly. Bring to boil, add cheese and remove from heat. Melt remaining butter in another pan. Add celery, onion and carrot. Cook

gently until lightly browned. Add water or stock. Combine the two mixtures, reheat and add parsley. Serves four.

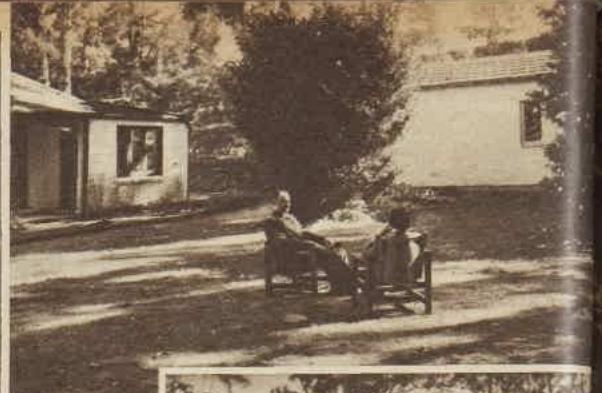
Like all cooked cheese dishes, this recipe depends for success on Kraft Cheese—the one cheese that melts so smoothly, cooks so delightfully without losing its fine cheddar flavour.

**Saves Money Too!**  
There is no rind on Kraft Cheese. Every carton is all mellow, nourishing cheddar, kept fresh to the last delicious slice in hygienic foil. Use Kraft Cheese for exciting

savouries, glamorous hot dishes and, of course, to put real nourishment in sandwiches.

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tastes better because it's  
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Sold everywhere in the 8 oz. carton, or the economical 5 lb. loaf.



SPACIOUS lawns (above) surround Mr. Eric Scott's house at Pymble, Sydney. On sunny days he entertains here beneath a big jacaranda tree.

VERANDAH (at right) runs round two sides of the old home. This catches the early morning sun, provides a cool retreat on hot summer evenings.



## Old-fashioned houses can be lovely too

By EVE GYE, Editor of Our Homemaker Department

- There is a certain charm about old-fashioned houses that is rarely found in a modern house. This is true even of old houses that do not seem to belong to any particular architectural period.

ROOMS in these old-fashioned houses are usually spacious and sometimes attractively irregular in shape, ceilings are high, windows are tall and deep, and french doors leading on to verandahs and garden are often a decorative feature.

The charm is a purely individual thing, attributable in no way to design; often, indeed, to its haphazard planning.

Pictures on these pages show just how attractively an old house can be arranged.

This particular house was built more than 40 years ago and stands well back from the road in Pymble Avenue, Pymble, Sydney.

It was purchased less than a year ago by Mr. Eric Scott, radio scriptwriter and actor.

Mr. Scott looks upon it as his dream home, and, he says, the hours spent in the painting of walls and in

the selection and arrangement of furnishings have been among the happiest of his life.

He did not rush out and buy any kind of furniture and accessories to fill the rooms. He searched antique shops, attended scores of sales, and acquired his pieces a few at a time when he found them at the prices he was prepared to pay.

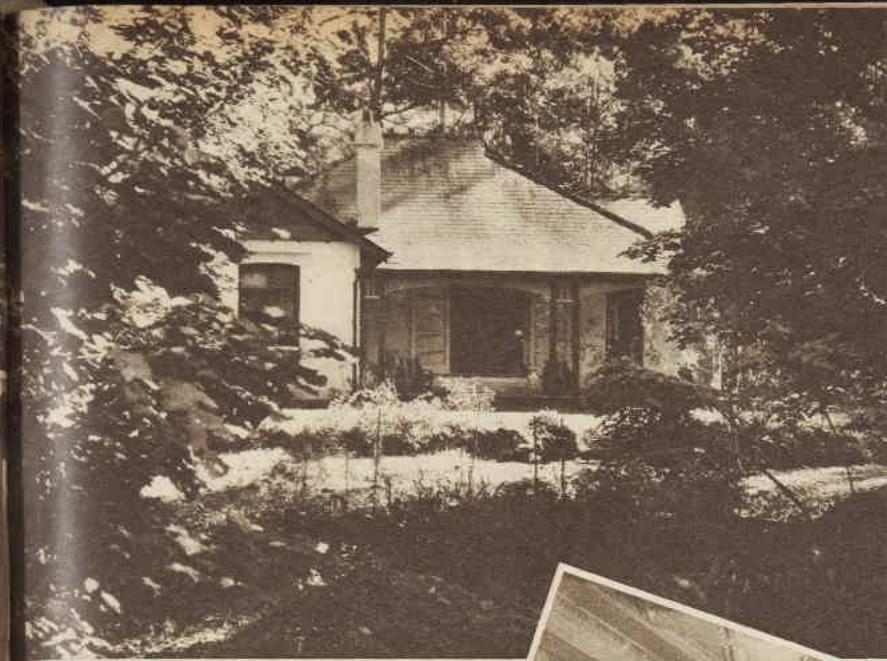
Now each room has an air of elegance.

Walls throughout the house are painted cream and floors are covered all over with coral carpet.

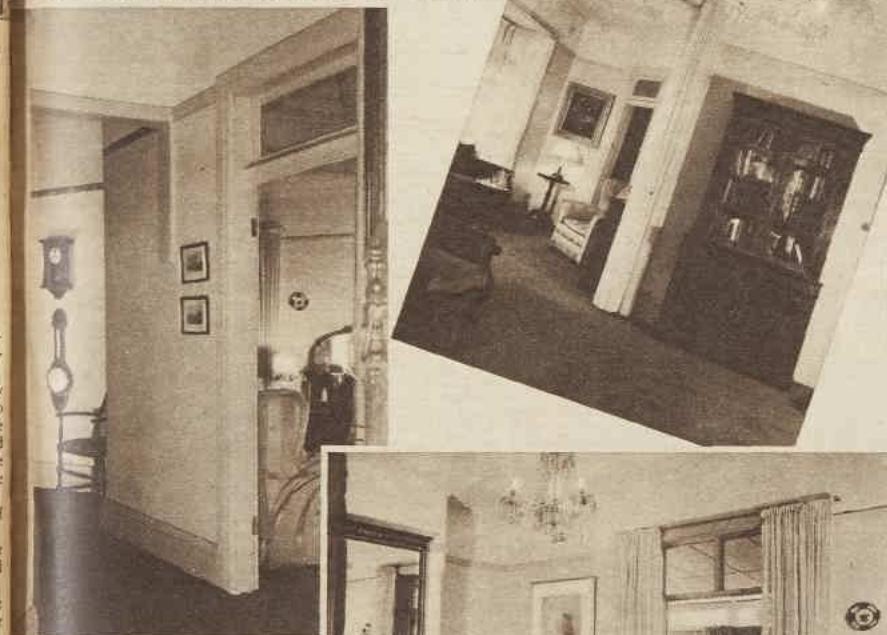
The only architectural change made was in the dining room, when a small, round window facing the street was replaced by two large french doors which open on to a narrow but sunny verandah.

CORNER of dining-room (below). Dining-chairs and valance are in Regency stripes. The "high-back" chair with quilted back is upholstered in off-white embroidered satin.





BETWEEN THE TREES. View of Mr. Eric Scott's home taken from the winding driveway. (Right) Coffee-room adjoining the sitting-room. Settee and easy chair are covered in soft green; floorlength curtains are off-white.



AMERICAN IDEA of wall clock hung over an ornamental barometer is used instead of grandfather clock in hallway. (Below) Portion of dining-room.



SITTING-ROOM has lime-green velvet upholstery, coral carpet, cedar and walnut antique furniture, Italian mantel mirror, and original Louis XIV chandelier. (Below) Another view of dining-room showing the grouping of old London prints over the fireplace.



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gave me Garrick"



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You don't have to be an expert to recognise the whole-wheat goodness in CERIX Puffed Wheat. You can tell simply by looking at it that it is a 100% whole-grain product — rich in everything that makes wheat such a wonderful food — including bran. Natural whole-wheat EXPLODED into fluffy, easily-digested morsels, it's a grand breakfast food for children — an entirely new taste thrill for grown-ups. From all grocers in the big value pack.

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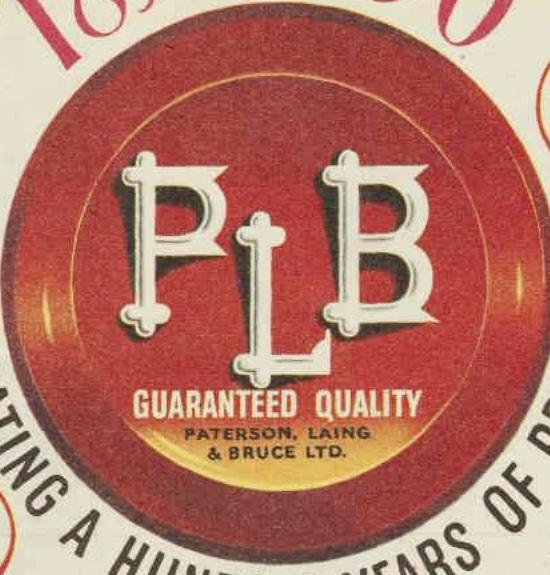
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Shield attached to every kind of clothing.  
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P.L.B. Shield. Look for it. Ask for it. It means you  
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MEN'S WEAR SPORTS CLOTHES  
AND BOYS' WEAR

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 26, 1950

## Needlework Notions



No. 413.—SMOCK SUIT  
A pretty style for the tiny tot, cut out ready to make in white or pale blue cretonne or crepe-de-chine. Sizes: Length 16in., 6mths, price 19/9, postage 1/3. Length 17in., 1yr, price 22/3, postage 1/3. Length 18in., 2yrs, price 23/6 postage 1/3.



No. 414.—LITTLE GIRL'S SUN-SUIT

Frilled yoke and round neckline are featured in this pretty suit, cut out ready to make in dainty floral haircord in aqua, pink, and blue on a white ground. Sizes: Length 18in., 2yrs, price 4/11, postage 6d. Length 19in., 3yrs, price 5/9, postage 7d. Length 20in., 4yrs, price 6/11, postage 8d. Length 23in., 5-6yrs, price 8/3, postage 1/3.

No. 415.—SUN-FROCK WITH STRIPED JACKET  
Useful frock with big pockets and full skirt, cut out ready to make in white shub linen. The jacket is in pretty British cotton, in variegated tonings of red, blue, lemon, brown, and green. Sizes: Bust 32-34in. or 36-38in., price (frock) 25/9, postage 2/-; (jacket) 10/3, postage 1/3; (complete set) 34/11, postage 2/6.



No. 416.—GUEST TOWELS

Traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen, or sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green, or good quality British cotton in lemon, blue, pink, and green. They measure 17in. by 24in. Prices: Linen 4/11 ea., postage 4d. Cotton 2/11 ea., postage 4d., or set of three, linen 14/3, postage 1/3, cotton 8/3, postage 1/3.

No. 417.—COTTAGE LUNCHEON CLOTH

Traced ready to embroider on heavy cream Irish linen, or sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green, or good quality British cotton in lemon, blue, pink, and green. The cloth measures 36in. x 46in. and the serviettes 11in. x 11in. Prices: Linen (cloth) 14/11, (serviettes) 1/3 ea. Cotton (cloth) 8/11, (serviettes) 9d. ea. Postage (cloth) 1/3, (serviettes) 3d.

• TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 22.

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## Fashion PATTERNS

### PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F6121. Beginner's patterns for a pretty one-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Special price, 1/3.

F6093. Formal evening gown designed for plain or printed dress fabric. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 8yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/4.

F6122. Bare-shouldered ballerina-length party dress with matching fitted jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 8yds. 36in. material and 1/4yd. 36in. lace contrast. Price, 2/8.

F6123. One-piece daytime dress has short cuffed sleeves and twin pockets in the skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/3.

F6048. Sun-dress and matching short-cut jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5 1/2yds. 36in. material and 1/4yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/4.

F6124. Child's party dress. Sizes 33, 37, and 38in. lengths for 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F6093



F6122



F6048



F6126



KEEP FRESHER! First, bathe. Then shake Cashmere Bouquet Talcum all over the body. How fresh it leaves you. And cool! Divinely cool.

FEEL SMOOTHER! Toners the sensitive spots with extra Cashmere Bouquet Talcum. Its silken sheet of protection insures you against chafing.

STAY DAINTIER! It's an inexpensive toner. The Cashmere Bouquet Talcum toner and talc. Gives your person the fragrance men love.

GIANT SIZE - 3  
REGULAR SIZE - 1 1/2  
MEDIUM SIZE - 1 1/2  
DUSTING POWDER - 3



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GOOD COFFEE  
IS EASY TO MAKE

1 Put Coffee in warm pot.

2 Pour on briskly  
boiling water.

3 Stand 5 mins.  
strain &  
serve.



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